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This study is dedicated to new friends Sam, Bob, Ed, Ed, Jim, Gary, Jeff, Kipper, Gordon, Andrew, Al, Ab, Jim - attorneys, doctors, engineers and other community notables who have enriched my life in these last few years and broadened my perspective. And each has brought to me his own love of history and many tales of lore.

ONE THING LEADS TO ANOTHER . . .

For the **Love** of History

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BS, ThM, DMin

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Preface

History, as pouring from a bottle, the present into the future. I think of July 4ths from the past. I remember in the Bicentennial year, walking with Renée and fellow church members up the George Washington Parkway along the Potomac which was closed down. It was hot and very humid and a million Americans gathered with lawn chairs, awaiting the fireworks. George Washington meandered there on the 20th Independence Day, on horseback, riding to the locks at Matildaville—named for General Light Horse Harry Lee's wife, near the Great Falls. Sixty-six years later, Confederate rangers on patrol in 1862, peering down the slopes into the new fortifications of Washington, dodging federal snipers, under command of another General Lee.

And 205 years later in 1981, Renée and I were in the Cotton Bowl at Fair Park in Dallas, under the booming fireworks. Renée was with child, our first, and she felt her jump at the Texas booms.

I have always loved July 4th. And today, this new book inclusive of all my Independence Days is done, marking the honor of another passing remembrance of that day when Thomas Jefferson et al, declared a new nation, crafted from thirteen British colonies, to be independent of the Crown and began the Grand New Experiment with the self-evident and Creator-endowed Rights which include life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Neil Damgaard

Roanoke, Virginia
July 4, 2025

Prelude

Writing, at its best, is a lonely life. Organizations for writers palliate the writer's loneliness but I doubt if they improve his writing. He grows in public stature as he sheds his loneliness and often his work deteriorates. For he does his work alone and if he is a good enough writer, he must face eternity, or the lack of it, each day.

Ernest Hemingway
Selected from his Speech of Acceptance
of the Nobel Prize in Literature
1954

Ernest Hemingway was perhaps the greatest American author of the twentieth century but this isn't just my opinion. As the Nobel Laureate, Hemingway was by reason of his health unable to be present at the Nobel Banquet at the city hall in Stockholm, December 10, 1954 (my second birthday). The 334-word speech was read by John M. Cabot, United States Ambassador to Sweden. It was seven years before the author's death in 1961 in Idaho.

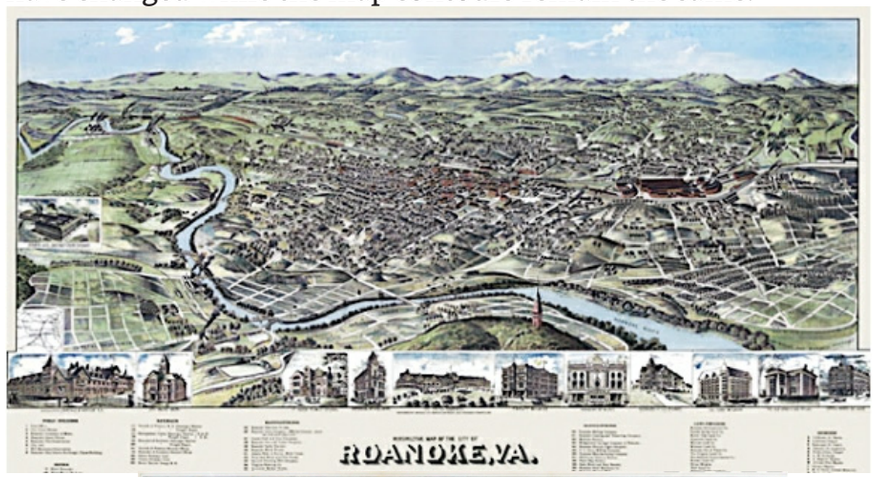
His line, "writing, at its best, is a lonely life," echoes loudly my own experience. Writing is hardly ever a collaboration. With the occasional noteworthy collaboration—Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, say, or perhaps John Lennon and Paul McCartney —writing is generally a solo act. Louisa May Alcott wrote alone; Alexsandr Solzhenitsyn wrote alone; Charles Dickens wrote alone. And the writing yields a smaller satisfaction more often than stupendous excitement. Its *prompting* though is inescapable. The feeling is that the urge to write must be, and will be heeded. And so, with a sense of duty to this prompting, this is my offering about the pursuit of a love for history.

Roanoke, Virginia
August 2024- June 2025

WHY BE INTERESTED?

Introduction

In our home there are two large, framed maps. They are fanciful aerial depictions drawn in the late 1800s[1] and are there as art as much as information. One is of Roanoke, Virginia, which was our one-time home in the 1970s and is now so again. The other is of New Bedford, Massachusetts where we lived for thirty-six years—half of my life. Each map (below) details these cities in the time of their drawing. Many of the features of these cities have changed while the map contours remain the same.



- One current city is mountainous, bisected by a river, and the other is a seaside fishing port (and at one time the

"whaling capital of the world").
- Each city owns a certain political incorrectness now: whaling for the one and a quiet Confederate heritage for the other.
- One is in the north with all its wonderful New England culture and history. The other is in the south, with an equally wonderful story to tell, a Civil War battle nearby, and a hub of early railroading.
- The northern city was the site of the first naval engagement of the American Revolution complete with the still existing coastal fortification of that event. And it was home of the Victorian era American industrialist, Henry Huttleston Rogers who, at the end of his life, in a final commercial saga, created the Virginian Railway which ran through Roanoke, the southern city of which I speak. A beautiful Virginian station still remains here today.
- New Bedford was sacked by British "Redcoats" in 1778. Daniel Ricketson, an early historian of New Bedford,[2] wrote of a woman who came out of her home which was about to be burned by the Redcoats, and from her front porch threw a pumpkin at them as they marched past her. "Cheeky," they said. Near to Roanoke (which was not yet named as such) Salem was sacked by Union General David Hunter's troops but then assaulted at Hanging Rock by forces of Confederate General Jubal Early. These events are remembered in Robbie Robertson's 1969 song, "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down."
- Our southern home owns from a century before, a dramatic piece of history in nearby in Blacksburg. During the French and Indian War, and the Massacre at Draper's Meadow, unfolded the capture, enslaving and then subsequently the rescue of Mary Draper Ingles. In an elegant counterpoint, eighty-two miles away from our northern home lies Lancaster, Massachusetts, scene of Mary Rowlandson's capture (1675) and enslavement during King Philip's War, eighty years before Mary

> Draper Ingles's saga (1755). Our northern home was also the residence for a time of Frederick Douglass and Herman Melville but also was the locale of the infamous Big Dan's Rape.

My life has been punctuated with history.

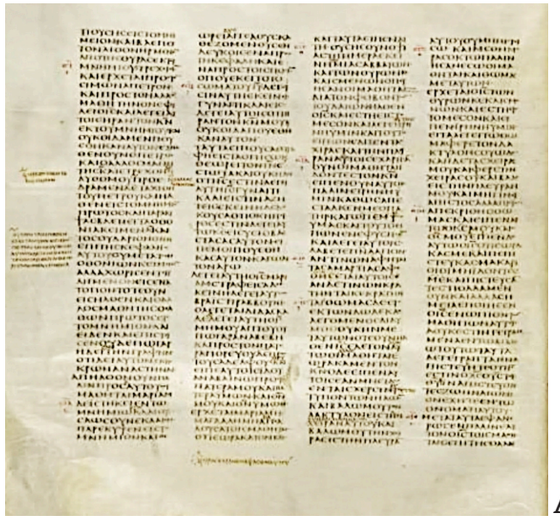
Neither Roanoke nor New Bedford has yet been paved over by development, washed or burned out in environmental disaster (although New Bedford was devastated in the 1938 hurricane and Roanoke was severely flooded in 1985). Each city survived.

Our home has other art on the walls which derive in part from my love of history: a handsome portrait of Robert E. Lee by John A. Elder, an original photograph of Aerosmith, two of its members, taken by the band's former photographer, Robert Bouley. There is a photo to "the Preacher"—of Jefferson Starship taken in New Bedford; a numbered print of Norfolk and Western engine #611, a photograph of my wife's father landing his TBM Avenger on an aircraft carrier in 1952, and another of him sailing peacefully on Smith Mountain Lake. (The warrior found some rest).

The art in our home illustrates the history of my wife Renée and me. We have lovely prints of paintings of N&W class "A" locomotive #1218, the Frank Lloyd Wright masterpiece, "Falling Water," and a large print of retired UMass art professor Anthony Miraglia's unique mixed media design. There is a small, counted cross-stitch creation of the Duck Pond at Virginia Tech done by Renée in 1976, the year after we were married (and within sight of the Draper's Meadow Massacre site). It reminds us of when we were dating! All of these pieces of art speak of our love of history and their connections to each other and to us.

There is also a beautiful facsimile of a single page of the biblical manuscript *Codex Sinaiticus*, from the twenty-first chapter of the Gospel of John, done in the late third century. The ancient manuscript resides

in the British Museum mostly, with forty-three pages (called "leaves") also held in Leipzig, and parts of three more leaves in the National Library of Russia in St. Petersburg, and finally, a few other remaining fragments still at St. Catherine's Monastery in Egypt where the main manuscript was found by Lobegott Friedrich Constantin (von) Tischendorf, a German biblical scholar, in 1844.[3] It is art, history and a rare and fabulous textual example of the Bible (above), all in one depiction.



And in our home, there are of course also many pictures of our children and grandchildren. They are part of our history.

One of the signal moments experienced by the person who truly loves history is the random thought, "that needs to go in my book" (even if he doesn't yet *have* a book). It might be a quote heard in conversation, a fragment of something written by a famous journalist, a piece of an old letter found, a movie clip or a line from a song. Here is an example:

> Every coherent society has a social ideal—an image of what the superior person looks like. In America, from the late 19th century until sometime in the 1950s, the superior person was the Well-Bred Man. Such a man was born into one of the old WASP families that dominated the elite social circles on Fifth Avenue, in New York City; the Main Line, outside Philadelphia; Beacon Hill, in Boston. He was molded at a prep school like Groton or Choate, and came of age at Harvard, Yale, or Princeton. In those days, you didn't have to be brilliant or hardworking to get into Harvard, but it really helped if you were "clubbable"—good-looking, athletic, graceful, casually elegant, Episcopalian, and white. It really helped, too, if your dad had gone there.
>
> David Brooks, *The Atlantic*, November 14, 2024
> *How the Ivy League Broke America*

Brooks's point in the article unfolds at its end:

> If we sort people only by superior intelligence, we're sorting people by a quality few possess; we're inevitably creating a stratified, elitist society. We want a society run by people who are smart, yes, but who are also wise, perceptive, curious, caring, resilient, and committed to the common good. If we can figure out how to select for people's motivation to grow and learn across their whole lifespan, then we are sorting people by a quality that is more democratically distributed, a quality that people can control and develop, and we will end up with a fairer and more mobile society.

If Brooks's rubric for education (or even wider, for a culture) is noble, it is not born out by many places on the timeline of

history. People tend to default to lesser ideals all too often.

But to get to the point of this book – history. Here are twenty-one questions that you need to answer by tomorrow because there will be a quiz on them:

- → Aren't there already too many books on history?
- → Who cares about history?
- → Isn't the subject of history inherently boring?
- → If I am just spitting back facts on a test, what is the point in that?
- → What makes some knucklehead think he can *write* history?
- → Why don't history books have more pictures in them?
- → Why do history books have lots of long-winded and strange and weird and uncanny and anomalous and lugubrious vocabulary words?
- → Why am I supposed to be interested in something in which I am instinctively and viscerally <u>dis</u>interested?
- → What difference does it make if a thing happened in 1865 or 1965? So what?
- → Can knowing history make me rich or at least make me a few bucks?
- → What if *someone else's* history is fundamentally offensive to me?
- → Why does a person have to take classes in history?
- → Did Lady Gaga (Stefani Joanne Angelina Germanotta, born in 1986), Taylor (Alison) Swift, born in 1989, or Bono (Paul David Hewson), born in 1960 study history and if so, what if they didn't like it? They sure made a lot of money.
- → Can I just pick one subject in history and make that my obligatory check-off for the subject?
- → Do women care about history?
- → What if I'm listening to an "authority" on history and he or she says something that I think is incorrect?
- → Can I disagree with his or her interpretation of history?
- → Did people in "olden days" study the history of things

that were older than they were?

→ What if I don't like to read books?

→ Doesn't someone's "history" of something pretentiously suggest that they were there?

→ Can a person move from loathing history to loving history?

These are questions people have about history. I have often heard them repeated in one form or another. Sometimes they are the protestations of young people and sometimes they are the less hot dismissals of older people. But they are honest questions. And they deserve answers.

And just to make the point plainer, here are a few carefully chosen historical questions which I am sure are utterly valid and reasonable, but about which I have never had, nor have now any interest:

→ How did IBM, Merck, CVS, or PwC have their beginnings?

→ Did any Incas ever meet any Aztecs?

→ Did Charles Dickens have a religious heritage?

→ When did the game *Dungeons and Dragons* have its beginning and what were the circumstances of its invention and how has its marketing and appeal spread from that date?

→ Did men wear neckties before 1600?

→ Did Martin Luther really drink a lot of beer?

→ What were the connection points between post-Impressionistic art and Fauvism?

→ Who were the significant advocates of feminism before 1912?

→ What were the late eighteenth century attitudes between Yale and Harvard Universities?

→ What were the first and earliest songs written and recorded by the musical group Aerosmith?

I could probably Google these all quickly, receive an artificial intelligence answer, and be satisfied.

History can be a grand and noble pursuit. Sometimes just a few

words capture an important part of the human landscape. Here are a few examples from the American experience:

- "That's one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind." These words were spoken by astronaut Neil Armstrong as he became the first person to set foot on the moon during the Apollo 11 mission in 1969. The line is often quoted as a symbol of human achievement and exploration. I remember hearing and seeing on television Neil Armstrong utter these words from the moon at the time. It was the middle of the night, and I was visiting the Cooper family on Smith Mountain Lake. It was an iconic moment. We were all impressed. Getting up in the middle of the night was worth it.

- "There is nothing left to do but to go and see General Grant and I would rather die than to do that," said General Lee to his remaining staff at Appomattox on April 9, 1865.

- "President Kennedy died at 1 p.m. Central Standard Time, 2 o'clock Eastern Standard Time, some thirty-eight minutes ago," said CBS News anchor Walter Cronkite on November 22, 1963, with words that shook the nation. It was a moment none of us who were listening or watching would forget for the rest of our lives. I remember that Cronkite had tears in his eyes as he uttered them.

Here are a few samples from the international stage of history:

- Queen Elizabeth I said, "To be a king and wear a crown is a thing more glorious to them that see it than it is pleasant to them that bear it."

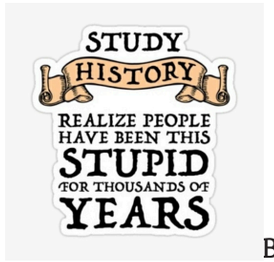
- Ghandi said, "It's easy to stand in the crowd but it takes courage to stand alone."

- Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn said, "Everything you add to

the truth subtracts from the truth."

- And baseball legend Yogi Berra said lots of funny things:[4]

  It's déjà vu all over again.
  A nickel ain't worth a dime anymore.
  You can observe a lot by watching.
  Ninety percent of the game is half mental.
  He hits from both sides of the plate.
  He's amphibious.
  Always go to other people's funerals; otherwise, they won't go to yours.
  Slump? I ain't in no slump . . . I just ain't hitting. (We remember him as a catcher, but he also had a career .285 batting average.)
  The future ain't what it used to be.
  If you can't imitate him,
  don't copy him.
  Nobody goes [to a certain restaurant]
  anymore. It's too crowded.
  If you don't know where you are going, you might wind up
  someplace else.
  In theory there is no difference between theory and practice. In practice, there is.



But history can be a great exploration of the absurd, as captured by this sign (right) from a history teacher's classroom door. History sometimes unveils foolishness, farcicalities, folly, coinci-dences, providences, and perhaps to counter the darker moments that one might wish to forget, humor and funny stories are remembered among comrades for

life.

> My father attended a major joint-conference of the Army Corps of Engineers for four separate countries: Great Britain, Canada, Australia, and the United States. It was held in Vancouver, British Columbia in about 1960. My dad was on the American team. After long days of planning, sharing engineering ideas and insights and many clandestine and secure intrigues, the men would gather after dinner—my dad told me—in a lounge of the hotel in which they all were staying. After consuming adequate quantities of liquid refreshment, the men would overturn couches and sofas and create a long tunnel. Two teams of men would then enter each end of the tunnel in a raucous competition to see who would burst a team member through to the other side first. From that year until the end of his life in 1994 my father delighted to remember and tell that story.

My own love of history continues. It refines. It broadens and I am still teachable. It occasionally corrects and adapts. It learns. I am not without prejudices or blind spots. But I want to know the whole story, not redacted propagandas about the past. That is my hunger. And it seems to be never satisfied although I feel like I am running out of time. We do not have forever to ponder, filter, refine and even reinterpret.

A person living in one time, reflecting on an earlier time . . . how does it affect their views of the future? I wonder about moments like these:

- What was the feeling about the American Revolution pondered by

U.S. Grant (left) as he pursued R.E. Lee to Appomattox in early April 1865? Then, as he took the office of president from 1869 to 1877 (dying in 1885), how might he have reflected on the country's earlier history? His 1,200 page two-volume *Memoirs*, edited by his friend Mark Twain and completed just before Grant's death, reveal his numerous post-war thoughts and reflections. Here is one which reached back to the War with Mexico (1846-1848). The names that Grant mentions speak loudly:

> Cerro Gordo is one of the higher spurs of the mountains some twelve to fifteen miles east of Jalapa, and Santa Anna had selected this point as the easiest to defend against an invading army. The road, said to have been built by Cortez, zigzags around the mountain-side and was defended at every turn by artillery. On either side were deep chasms or mountain walls. A direct attack along the road was an impossibility. A flank movement seemed equally impossible. After the arrival of the commanding-general upon the scene, reconnaissances were sent out to find, or to make, a road by which the rear of the enemy's works might be reached without a front attack. These reconnaissances were made under the supervision of Captain Robert E. Lee, assisted by Lieutenants P. G. T. Beauregard, Isaac I. Stevens, Z. B. Tower, G. W. Smith, George B. McClellan, and J. G. Foster, of the corps of engineers, all officers who attained rank and

> fame, on one side or the other, in the great conflict for the preservation of the unity of the nation.[5]

Grant (left) also wrote this small insight:

"It is men who wait to be selected, and not those who seek, from whom we may expect the most efficient service."[6] This speaks to me now, 140 years after Grant wrote it.

What would Martin Luther have told his students around the dinner table that can be learned by thinking about, say, Jerome? The volume from the massive collection of his extant writings, called *Table Talk*, reveals some of that about which he chatted with his dinnertime guests.

Did General George S. Patton (right) think about his grandfather, Colonel George S. Patton Sr., killed at Third Battle of Winchester, September 1864?

■ Was Clara Barton (left), with her amazing experiences, informed in her conscience by any whispers of religious influence in her memory of the Universalism in which she was raised?

- Did Frederick Douglass think about the 1619 slaves trafficked into Jamestown two centuries before him by Pocahontas's husband? Did he know about them?

- Did the Christian apostles Peter and Paul and John and James have any awareness of the Maccabean Revolt two centuries before them?

History, as viewed at a certain point in time, will either ripen, mature and become classic wisdom, or it becomes irrelevant with the passing of time. It then crumbles and is forgotten. We are stable in our own context of time; we imagine backward into history, and dream forward into history yet to be made.

I will reach my life's end with the regret that I ran out of time to learn more. I am hungry to motivate, inspire, and illustrate the great value of seeing beyond our own lives, beyond our own times, and beyond our own limited perspective. I occupy no classroom or pulpit that is mine to use as a platform.

Occasionally I am invited to stand behind a lectern briefly. That is my only public visibility any more. But my zeal and enthusiasm for history and its untangling are as fervent now as they were in my youth (though that zeal, then, was mixed with other priorities too).

Ours and others' histories are together a great tool to see more distant borders. There are stories to tell! To the reader: I do not presume to tell you what topics of all that which has happened in which you should be interested; just that you should be so. Find something. Learn of it. Dive into it. Be hungry. Exegete it and refuse simple, merely popular renderings of a happening. Study it down to its roots, if you can do so to its end, so that there is little else to learn about it. Then write about it. And know what you are talking about.

→ In history we find heroism of a kind that makes ordinary life almost seem embarrassing. It is the best of what humans are. We see rescue, sacrifice, brilliant planning, and creative resourcing.

→ In history there are also despicable people, selfish, betraying, egomaniacs, shamefully opportunistic, brutal, cruel, disloyal, and sometimes people for whom no other words carry it as "evil." Sometimes a just desert is provided and other times the evil escape, apparently.

→ In history there is providence. There are praying people, awaiting favorable answers to their prayers to a God they believe is ultimately good—they band together with other praying people somehow concentrating together their efforts of petition. And there are, amazingly, extraordinary, and very clear instances of God showing up. And there are other times when God seems to go silent despite impassioned group prayer, even regional and national prayer. Calling for a National Day of Prayer, Abraham Lincoln did not simply see an immediate and miraculous cessation of hostilities, deaths, maiming,

deprivations, or peace. These people learned a lesson in God's sovereignty. He is not Santa Claus, a Fairy Godmother or the tooth fairy or Glenda the Good Witch of the North.

This Book

I am always hungry for history. People might be hungry for science, mathematics, engineering, gaming, athletics, economics and banking, the arts, the social sciences, and so many other pursuits. History is my love.

I don't know if a reader of this book will find its point empty or barren or sophomoric. I hope not. I hope that I can communicate a fascination with what has happened, with tragedies and victories. I only illustrate with a few topics. I hope I can inject the reader with something of an awareness of *process* that I have seen in the chapters of history of which I write. The purpose of this project is to demonstrate my own love of history and to preach its value. It is not to promulgate a specific opinion about the Civil War or rock and roll or the English (although I certainly entertain opinions on all of these). My desire is to extrude the unfolding of select times of history, of interest to me: the subject, sometimes with its beauty and drama and sometimes with its failings. I am still learning. I am amazed that I have not heard this point articulated very often: the historian gets to choose that with which he or she is interested. This point cannot be overemphasized. In more repressive societies the currents to be mapped are often prescribed by a government, an autocracy, or a monarch. The scholars and teachers are then largely coerced to study and instruct within those pre-screened boundaries. This was the case within the Third Reich, within many of those

countries who have chosen a Marxist world-view, and in many other smaller histories. History is defined by those in power. When I am finished with this introduction to studying history, I will explore . . .

My home town, Annandale
The American Civil War
England's broad history
The Second World War
Church History's even broader story
The Work of "**Textual Criticism**" (biblical manuscripts)
- A brief excursion (not a full chapter) to look at a single year in American history, **1968**

A (shamefully brief) **study of rock and roll music**

And time is like weather. It rolls on through and there is no stopping it. It has storms, interludes of peace, beautiful days too. Human history is events that occur like weather events: often predictable, often surprising too.

An appendix to be included may seem a little disjoint: a chronicle of the design aspects of a single Christian church building, the one with which I was affiliated for thirty-six years, half my life now. It was no cathedral or mighty temple but one which I loved. And it has history too, and of a sort that if I don't write it, I fear it will be lost.

History's Genesis For Me

As I get nearer to *becoming* history, I am inclined to compose and to expose my thoughts *about* history. When I was in high school, History was typically maligned along with a few other subjects: they're boring required classes. And then, trying to slip one over on us I suspected, people would take Western Civilization, which I always judged to be a snobby designation for what, still, I thought, sounded boring.

So, I managed to bypass the contagion of sleepy, irrelevant readings, assignments, papers, and lectures. I never took history in high school. As I approached my junior year at Annandale High School, American History was a required course, to be followed in my senior year by American Government. Having heard the continuous litany of upper classmen, I applied for and gained admission to what would be a first-time experimental (and trial) sequence of two alternative linked courses. The two-year experiment was called "**U.S. Studies I and II**" and was taught by a single teacher, Mr. Paul Douglas (left). Cool.

I don't know how it began or whose idea it was but, I thought, it was a great experience. I loved the seamless approach of weaving both history and government together, which of course is how reality works. Yes, we read about many events in America's story but not just as an interminable string of crammed-together facts

in a mind-numbing sequence of wordy obituaries. I remember one suggested book, which
surveyed and compared capitalism, socialism, fascism, and communism, entitled *Today's Isms* (by Alan Ebenstein). This was heady stuff for the young man that I was but I still own a copy. It was calling us to think beyond just a recitation of the Bill of Rights.

We ran class simulations of various civic situations (with Mr. Douglas acting as the "god of fate," injecting changes and events into the class curriculum), community problems and attempted solutions: gaming--before gaming became a thing. I couldn't wait to get to class and we were told that if we didn't cut class our grade would be an automatic "A." We wrote and presented papers, staged mock debates, and visited historical sites around Washington DC. I was already playing Avalon Hill's days-long history board games (*Gettysburg, Chancellorsville, The Battle of the Bulge, Midway*) with several friends, this in a time long before fantasy games like Dungeons and Dragons emerged. Our Avalon Hill games seemed like a natural complement to the lessons of our class. One thing seemed to have led to another.

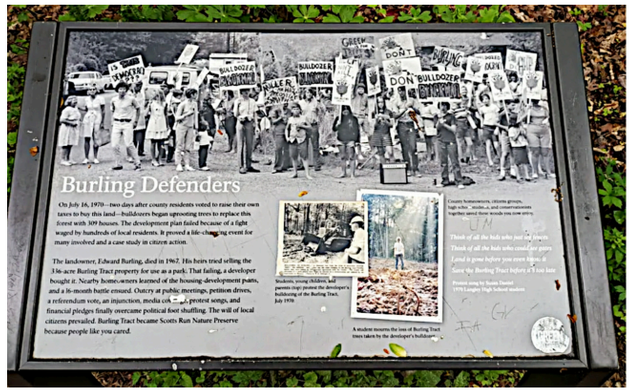
In US Studies II, we were introduced to one site in particular on an unofficial field trip that earned my fascination in 1969 and '70. It was called "the Burling Tract," a 400-acre expanse on the banks of (and overlooking) the Potomac River above Washington DC—on the Virginia side. I had grown up in the same zip code but had never heard of this piece of land. It had been owned by a famous Washington lawyer[7] named Edward Burling who had died in 1966.

He was one of Washington's most famous attorneys. With a small delegation of my US Studies II class, I arrived on his old land on a Saturday morning in 1969. We parked on Old Georgetown Pike and hiked in. Deep in that quiet forest and on top of a rise, Edward Burling had cleared a space with just an axe and his own shoulders. He built a cabin, cut two swaths of trees to view the Potomac from above and would invite many

important Washington people out to the cabin on the weekends, escaping the Washington heat and humidity in respite. He also dug out a very rudimentary swimming pool, fed by a spring (my sketch from memory, is here, right). When I arrived, the floor and walls were still there. Now they have disappeared. No one in the area seems to know of this pool any more. The cabin's stone chimney remains today and the site is a county park.[8] I stood in his pool. I scraped leaves and brush out of it to reveal its brick bottom. But who cares, anyway?

This was the cause with which I was involved in that time in my life, an early environmental/zoning/activism endeavor

which actually did bear fruit for the public good. I heard retired Secretary of the Interior, Steward L. Udall (1961-1969) give a speech about preservation and conservation at the site.


Burling Defenders
On July 16, 1970—two days after county residents voted to raise their own taxes to buy this land—bulldozers began uprooting trees to replace this forest with 309 houses. The development plan failed because of a fight waged by hundreds of local residents. It proved a life-changing event for many involved and a case study in citizen action.
The landowner, Edward Burling, died in 1967. His heirs tried selling the 336-acre Burling Tract property for use as a park. That failing, a developer bought it. Nearby home-owners learned of the housing-development plans, and a 16-month battle ensued. Outcry at public meetings, petition drives, a referendum vote, an injunction, media coverage, protest songs, and financial pledges finally overcame political foot shuffling. The will of local citizens prevailed. Burling Tract became Scotts Run Nature Preserve because people like you cared.
Students, young children, and parents (top) protest the developer's bulldozing of the Burling Tract, July 1970.
A student mourns the loss of Burling Tract trees taken by the developer's bulldozer.
Protest song by Susan Daniel 1970 Langley High School student
Think of all the kids who just cut down
Think of all the kids who could see grass
Land is gone before you even know it
Save the Burling Tract before it's too late

Who can predict who will become a great historian? There must be a good blending of knowledge, objectivity, discipline, and passion. Perhaps a bit of obscure detail and a few previously unknown jewels of discovery are appropriate in his (or her) writing? And otherwise, who can pull off *writing* history? It is one thing to be an academician. But perhaps a person can write history because he or she has lived some of it. What Dwight Eisenhower and Winston Churchill and Corrie ten Boom wrote in the last years of their lives illustrated their credentials. When I was still a young person, I quickly developed the taste for it. Some insights are discoverable by searching:

> Historian Doris Kearns Goodwin has said as follows: "Stories have a beginning, a middle, and an end. You can't start with the end. And I think that's what too often happens when we teach history. The great historian, who was a mentor to me in some ways by reading her works, Barbara Tuchman, said that even if you're writing about a war, you have to imagine you do not know how the war ended, so you can bring your reader with you every step along the way from beginning to middle to end. For example, I was talking not long ago about D-Day, and D-Day of course took

> place June 6, 1944, when the Allies finally were able to get into France. And everybody knows that it worked out well. I was thinking about the day before D-Day, June 5, when you don't know how it's going to turn out, when Churchill cannot sleep at night because he's worried that 20,000 people will be killed the next morning, when Eleanor Roosevelt is pacing the halls [of the White House] and she can't sleep, when the soldiers are worried, how are we going to make it to the shore? That's how you have to teach history, so that you can capture the person back in time and realize that they only see as far as they know that day."
>
> She also said, "You learn the dates, and dates are important, and really I think it's important to know what happened when. But you want to know the meaning of it. What was the drama of it? What did the people feel?"[9]

One story, illustrating what can randomly happen to us, might ignite a hunger to explore, understand, and deepen one's appreciation for a broader history. This has been my experience. I have constantly explored, after stumbling on a single find that initially glittered, fizzled, or smoked. And then one thing led to another.

My parents drove me to George C. Marshall High School in Falls Church, Virginia to take the PSATs[10] on a blustery Saturday morning in March of 1968 (which I always remember as the year of Martin Luther King Jr.'s and Senator Robert F. Kennedy's assassinations, and the year of the Beatles *White Album*.) It was a four-hour test. They were waiting for me in the school parking lot as I emerged, tired, hungry, drained, and not fully gleeful of the process of taking the Preliminary Scholastic Aptitude Test. They said to me, "we need to show you something." It was lightly snowing and the wind was cold. My mother handed me a bologna sandwich wrapped in waxed paper.

They showed me a couple of strange figurines and an old book. Then they again drove the thirteen miles out into the old village of Herndon, Virginia. Now I was curious as I did not remember ever being there before and this excursion seemed so random. The little village had nothing of note, no interesting buildings, new construction, or signage to alert to its significance. It was close to the relatively new Dulles International Airport but other than that, it just looked like a little old, worn-down southern hamlet. Later I would learn of its rich history during the Civil War.

We pulled up on a village street (perhaps Station or Monroe Street) in front of an old and dilapidated house which looked to be from the Civil War era, which even then, sparked my interest. Dad parked and said, "Let's get out." We walked up to an old, rickety front porch, a front door swinging open and shut in the breeze. We entered the house to no greeting from anyone. It was empty. My dad said, "look around." There were random things, old belongings of some long-departed resident, strewn about. A bookcase, I remember, was on the wall in the living room, collapsed and whose books were crushed by pieces of ceiling and plaster. They books were all still there.

My parents then informed me that they had visited the town police station that morning to inquire of the dwelling. They were told it was abandoned, and that no one owned it and that sure, they were welcome to go inside if they would be careful.

That's what I remember about that

morning. This seems, in my parents' minds, to have made it fair game for exploration and removal of anything of interest. Which we did. It was 1968, and not 2018. My dad was wary of anyone who might be watching, but that caution also juxtaposed with any law which we might be breaking. He felt there were neither. It was an abandoned house, and the police at the desk in the little Herndon Police station had written it off. The front door was open and the old screen door was swinging in the wind. We carted out small figurines, books, several old lamps, and a number of aged art posters. There was a small amount of silver dinnerware too, as I remember. They had a few cardboard boxes in which these items of "loot" (as my mother called it) were placed, and newspapers in which they wrapped the porcelain and brass figurines. I found this current picture (above) while viewing Herndon on Street View of Google Maps (on Elden Steet). It is probably not the actual house—our target was older, as I recall. But the address jogs my memory and it seems familiar. The place that I visited that day, forty-six years ago, was certainly similar to this residence.

My parents then had weeks and even months of researching at the local library what these artifacts and treasures might have been. Then they stored them in their basement until they died, and I became their owner. Today I retain none of them. And I am haunted by the question, "how much more could they have learned if they had had the internet?" Their research was determined, even inspired, if primitive; but it would have been so much easier had they possessed the internet.

Our Stories

Our stories, if we tell them, would become part of history. I do not mean merely our *own* autobiographical tales. I do mean those yarns, anecdotes, chronicles, and event-tellings of things that happened about which we have heard or in which we participated. They are endless. Of course, embellishment and invention are hazards. Doris Kearns-Goodwin reports in

The American Dream that President Johnson was notorious for growing a more dramatic story from a basic event. So, if we can filter out fiction and any unattractive enhancements, we can discover a rich cache of authentic events that might never be known if we do not share them.

With the now-rapid passing of the World War II generation, much effort has been invested in recording the living history accounts of its veterans. I explored this with one podcast in 2014 that I recorded with US Navy veteran, the late Robert Scofield of Westport, Massachusetts. He had been a machinist's mate on board USS *Wilkes-Barre* (CL-103), a light cruiser. Scofield vividly remembered his fire hose detail experience as his ship came alongside USS *Bunker Hill* to assist with firefighting after the latter's kamikazeing in May 1945. He recalled viewing Hiroshima from eighty miles away and he and crew not knowing what they were viewing, and being anchored in Tokyo Bay and from the deck of his cruiser viewing the surrender of the Imperial Japanese Navy on board USS *Missouri* in September 1945. It was a rich living history podcast by a gentle old sailor.

The excellent Tom Hanks and Steven Spielberg series *Band of Brothers* (2001) includes testimonies of many of the surviving 101st Airborne/ 506th Parachute Infantry Regiment/Easy Company paratroopers. Their accounts are far more than mere fact-telling, as important as that is. These men present the emotions, the determination, the frustrations, the pain, and the pride of their experiences.[11]

The smallest remembrance of something that happened, told by an actual friend or associate, in the wider context of a bigger event brings color and human reality to history. When someone tells what they saw while watching or experiencing an event, it rings true. It might not be the whole story and the witness might only have a limited viewpoint—his own perspective—for what happened. But we appreciate the realness and the ardor in the moment. Three examples:

- My father talked about riding the "blind baggage" in the 1930s. He was a college student, hitchhiking to Chicago from Duluth. But they were doing the "hitching" as hobos. He and a friend would climb up on the back of a steam engine's tender, branch their arms across each other's chests, and cling to the tender's hand rails as the train sped for hours to Chicago, all manner of winter weather blasting them. I don't know how many times he did this. I hope not many.

- My late friend Dennis Cohen related about being a US Navy frogman (a UDT) in the water, attending to a just-splashed-down Gemini spacecraft, opening the capsule and the thrill of being the first "earthling" to welcome back the two astronauts. He was very proud to have been there and even said that those times were the best in his life.

- Ravensbrück POW and later famous author Corrie ten Boom told of her encounter after the Second World War with a former German soldier and Ravensbrück guard, while she was speaking at a church in Germany. She said the man approached her, identified himself, and asked for forgiveness. She related how she could not shed her bitterness and the prayer she prayed after, and how her life was changed from bitterness to forgiveness. It was living history.

My story begins at birth at George Washington University Hospital, continues all in one home, one town and one set of parents in Annandale, Virginia, continues to college for five years at Virginia Tech, and launches me into the work force back in Northern Virginia. I married, and then entered the ministry in Roanoke, went to graduate school in Dallas, Texas, took up ministry in one town, one church and one calling for thirty-

six years in Massachusetts, and now into retirement back in Roanoke. We had two children and now have two grandchildren. I have visited forty-two of our fifty states and thirteen foreign countries.

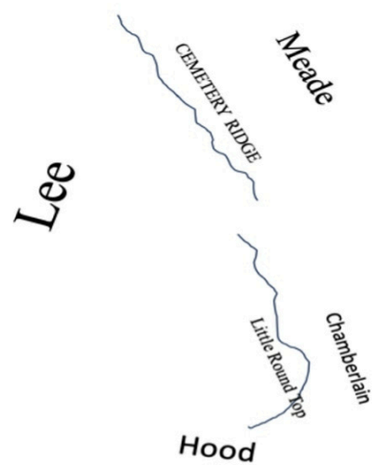
Small recollections which may seem trivial can often fill in the history of an event with much meaning and even inspiration. Such remembering, even nostalgia should not be lost!

Engaging History

Reading history has been a great pursuit of mine. It shall continue, I am sure, as long as I have my wits about me and my vision lasts. Admittedly I am selective, as I imagine most history readers would be. We do not generally delve into areas of saga or story for a topic that we do not care about (unless as a high school junior we are randomly assigned a paper to write on some obscure, irrelevant, boring, and stupid subject—an educational pathology that I managed to avoid). We read about that in which we are interested.

Sources of many kinds have served me in my engaging with history: academic courses, books and texts, historical novels, biographies, autobiographies, letters, scholarly and whimsical articles published in periodicals and scholarly journals, historical cartooning, internet articles, blogs, ancient writings as primary sources, podcast transcripts, lecture notes, personal correspondence, inherited historical artifacts and family documents, living history interviews, courses on DVD or streamed on-line, collaborative projects and discussions, parodies, historical tours of sites and locations, early aerial photographic surveys, old newspapers, old newsletters, old postcards, internet-accessed video series, popular films, historic films (for instance the classic 1922 silent film *Down to the Sea in Ships* archived and presented at the Whaling Museum in New Bedford, Massachusetts), television shows and series, personal histories and diaries, family archives and photographic collections, the writings of family members, websites like www.findagrave.com, historic homes tours, cemeteries of age with their monuments and epitaphs, public lectures and public debates. (One debate of note that I attended: a 1992 event at the University of Massachusetts at Dartmouth, between Dr. Timothy Leary and G. Gordon Liddy—two prominent historical American personalities from the early 1970s). They had monetized their classic opposition into a marketable product for a while.[12]

Old maps deserve special attention:



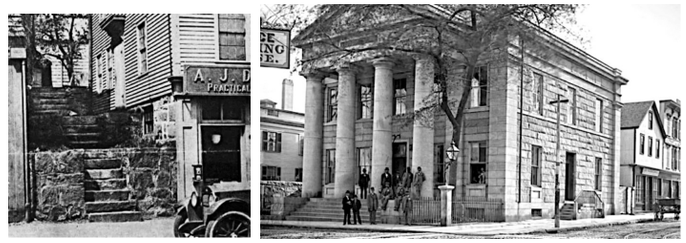
Maps surveyed, drawn, and printed from one to four hundred years ago are of unique utility in studying history. They illustrate the geography, topography, spelling and naming of places and sites, and in the case of military action or migratory histories, the persons associated with the place. Here is a very simple map of Gettysburg (left) which I drew, to show the simplest issue of combat: General Hood's attempt to scale and overrun Little Round Top, with Colonel Joshua Chamberlain's 20th Maine blocking.

The earliest Virginia exploration by an Englishman of any note, was carried out, in fact, by a good cartographer—none other than Captain John Smith of Jamestown fame. His 12 ½ x 16-inch map of Virginia, next to the "Chesapeack" Bay (1624) survives and is of great value:

Another

charming source for me is the two envelopes that came to my attention by my wife. Her mother, Florence Miller English, was a meticulous person. And among her belongings upon her death in 2016 were two envelopes of clippings: thirty years' worth of funeral notices, engagement notices and wedding announcements. As I read through them all—some were people that I did not know—there were lots of records of events the people of which I *did* know. Reading of their family members, names, places of residence, employment history, church membership and many other details was a small but rich treasure carefully cataloged by someone who loved detail. Each clipping was precisely cut and folded. Now, I am glad that my mother-in-law was so careful to keep possession of these clippings, an archival art or at least a pleasing habit, of which I fear is all but lost.

One other unusual source came across my path. A retired fire chief and friend from New Bedford showed me a box of 8 ½" x 10" black and white glossy photographs. They were random shots taken around the city, innocuous, pedestrian. They were shots of buildings, a few people, shops, intersections, and the infrastructure that goes along with living in a city. They were unified by the topic of "needing repair" and so there were potholes, broken curbing, worn or newly misplaced staircases (because the buildings to which they led had been demolished), damaged railings and signs, etc. My friend's mother had worked in city hall until her retirement and upon finishing her career simply took this box of photos with her. My friend inherited them and showed them to me. They struck me as an encapsulated "history of the city" without at all meaning to be so.



I encouraged my friend that his collection of photographs, seemingly so nondescript and unintentionally chronicling the city, was a story in itself waiting to be written.

Recently I enjoyed another source for engaging history. Renée and I attended a lecture and PowerPoint presentation at our local library by historian and Library Assistant Bryce Chalkley entitled, "Roanoke Before and After," which was a lecture with many photographs of area buildings, homes, and aerial overviews. It was as objective as a study could be, devoid of opinion or much interpretation. It was "here's what used to be here" and "here's what's here now." The presentation was expertly crafted between photographic history of the past and the developments that occur with urbanization, changing economy, and demographics. Chalkley began the talk with the question, "Why study our past?" He suggested three simple benefits and illustrated each with his content:

1. Uncover patterns
2. Discover roots
3. Understand the world

I thought this to be as compact and useful if a quick summary of *why* we should study history and why I love it.

To these historical sources I weave in ***my own personal recollections*** of the emotional impact of a few important events in my life: the burning of Ossian Hall in 1959, space shots and the moon landings, the October 1962 missile crisis, the arrival of the Beatles to America, the assassinations of President Kennedy, Martin Luther King Jr., Robert F. Kennedy, John Lennon with

the shootings of Ronald Reagan and Donald Trump, seeing and meeting the Blue Angels, walking the Burling Tract numerous times (usually alone), my high school baccalaureate service in the National Cathedral and subsequent graduation in DAR Constitution Hall, hearing the commencement speaker at my Virginia Tech graduation, Senator Sam Ervin; meeting members of the Jefferson Airplane in Washington, art exhibitions (the National Gallery of Art, the Getty Museum, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, Yale University Art Museum, many museums in Italy), private gallery art expositions, musical concerts (notably Handel's *Messiah* at Boston Symphony Hall, Hot Tuna and Alice Cooper at the *Cruisin' for Burgers* festival in Washington, Poco at The Ark in Alexandria, and Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young in Baltimore (just after Kent State), political demonstrations in Washington DC and at Virginia Tech, the *Roe vs. Wade* debacle, the untimely death of Christian musician Keith Green, participating with daughter Jocelyn in the 1997 Inauguration Parade of President Bill Clinton (during which we met Senator Edward Kennedy of our state), the September 11th tragedy, the Boston Marathon Bombing (2013), trips to Israel (with friends Sandy and Jan Lu Young in 1997), to England and Northern Ireland in 2001 (with friends Stuart Tanner and Caroline and Henrietta Louis), to Haiti in 2006 (with friend Willio Destin), to Germany and Belgium in 2013 (with daughter Jocelyn), Italy in 2015 (with Renée), and hiking the seven week and 500 mile pilgrimage on the Camino de Santiago in 2018 (with daughter Susanna), the Covid-19 pandemic in 2021 to 2023 and the political polarization and morally ragged disunification of the country in recent years.

Growing up in the Washington area, I

participated in (more like sleep-walking through) the usual field trips to Mount Vernon, the Lincoln and Jefferson Memorials, the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, and Manassas. We went to the Smithsonian multiple times, the National Gallery of Art, the Museum of Natural History, and on and on. I visited the Carlysle House in colonial Alexandria (no mention as I recall of the terrible slave trading warehouses nearby.) We saw the original Star-Spangled Banner on the wall of the American History Museum (later taken down for a long restoration.) We saw the remains of the C&O canal, Gunston Hall, and my graduating high school class had our baccalaureate service in the National Cathedral, fifth largest cathedral in the world (my photo above, 1976).

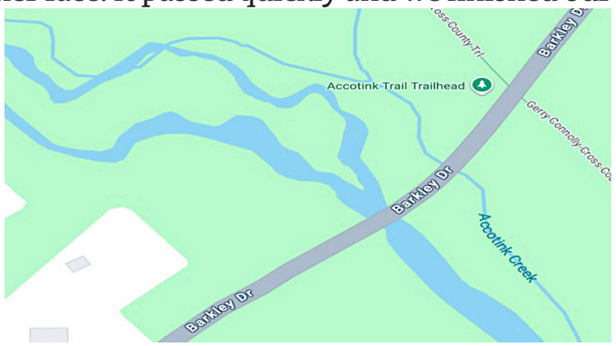
We visited many other **locations of record**. None of these animated me to learn more; my interest was still asleep.

I heard about the Civil War and began to notice lesser and quieter evidences still existing around my own home town. I found a minie ball sticking up out of the dirt on the kickball field in sixth grade (Spring 1964), later to learn (by reading in the Official Records) that there had been a Union army stockade right there, that had been attacked by Confederate ranger John Mosby (and his troops) in 1864. My minie ball was a century old (although I didn't know that for many years.) I got to know the Fairfax Court House where Mosby again figured into history, capturing a Union general in his night clothes. "Have you captured the ranger Mosby?" General Edwin Stoughton asked out of a deep sleep when poked on his behind with a bayonet. Mosby said, "No, but he has captured you!" And with Mosby again (gaining a permanent devotion to understand the man) I learned he had stowed away secretly in the attic of one of the old houses in Dranesville that I visited in connection to the Burling Tract project. One thing connects to another.

A little Methodist church (right), perhaps 500 yards from my house in Annandale, dated from the Civil War and its tiny graveyard had stones still from that era. The oldest gravestone is

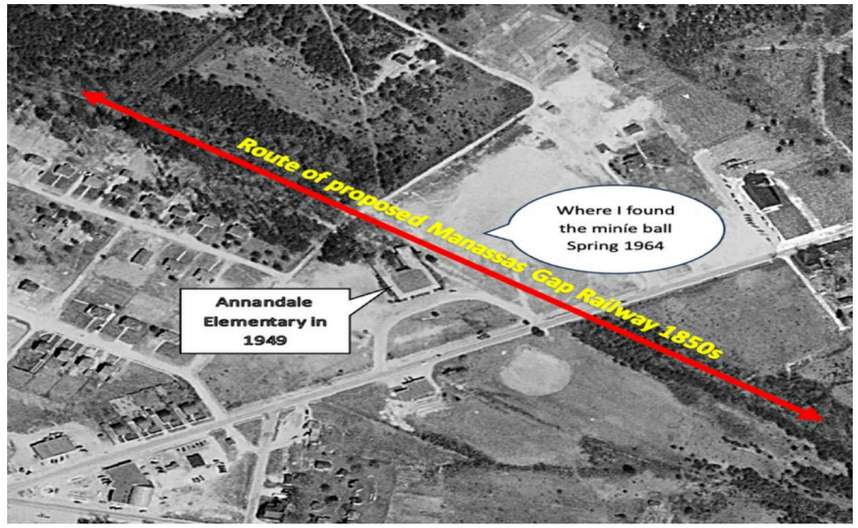
for Susan Fretz Garges, who died September 11, 1828. Her family owned the local sawmill and I mentioned them in my novelette, *A Ghost in August* (2022).

My parents took me to a stone dam across Accotink Creek (below), dating from the war—supposedly (according to my father's telling) thrown across the creek by Union soldiers. I remember sitting there, one Thanksgiving morning—I was maybe 12—and noticing my mother with a sad look on her face. It passed quickly and we finished our little hike.



She just said, "Yup, that's what it was…"

In high school I learned of and viewed a railroad embankment in Annandale—a lengthy berm—right in a residential neighborhood in which a



MANASSAS GAP RAILROAD
INDEPENDENT LINE
The roadbed of the Independent Line of the Manassas Gap Railroad ran through this area. Conceived to extend the Manassas Gap Railroad from Gainesville to Alexandria, grading on this part of the line began in September 1854. The nearby stone bridge abutments were built to carry tracks across Cub Run. Financial problems stopped the work in May 1857. In various places the roadbed provided shelter from attack and a route for troop movements during the Civil War. The Manassas Gap Railroad merged with the Orange and Alexandria Railroad in 1867. Tracks were never laid along the Independent Line.

friend of mine lived, which was in fact the remnant of the railbed for the unfinished Manassas Gap Railroad. The old maps show the line's planned route which, if built, would have run right through where my elementary school would later be constructed. Here is a 1949 aerial [13]photo of the line's proposed traverse, right through Annandale.

Some of the infrastructure that had been constructed still remains as well as sections of the railbed.

This trail follows an old railroad bed.

It probably should go without saying, but memories are a source to my mind for engaging history. Memory is not infallible and must be checked, referenced, and cross-checked with as many other sources as possible. But still, things that we recall are a valuable asset as long as they are available. And they should be archived as often as opportunity presents itself!

There was the 1783 Ossian Hall nearby (below), its razing at which I was present in September 1959. Its history included visits from George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Mrs. Robert E. Lee (probably the General too) and many other famous figures. My father took me through the abandoned, neglected mansion a few months earlier. Today the Town's Fire Department's seal includes a picture of Ossian Hall.

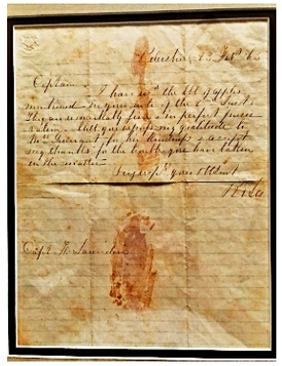
When my dad took me into the old house, he said, "let's go down into the basement" (through the door in the picture above, left). I remember pleading with him not to, as I was afraid. Dad was adventurous. I was Six and I was terrified. I also remember the fireplace and thinking, even though I was so young, "I wonder who has stood here before."

There was, and still is, a stone culvert and tunnel (above), from the Civil War Orange and Alexandria Railroad near Lake Accotink. It has no particular importance other than that it is still there.

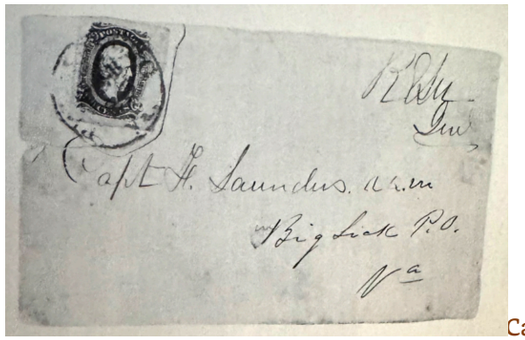
More celebrated is Fort Ward (below), the last one remaining of a ring of Union fortifications constructed around Northern Virginia after Fort Sumter.

We learned the presidents' names, the story of the growth of America, the attending story of the Native Americans, and a bit of the also-sad saga of the African American population in our culture's story (and unjustly interpreted in a very White manner). I learned a very basic history of Western Europe. My dad was fascinated by tales of the Vikings and so by default, I was introduced to those too. His parents were Danish immigrants and so I learned something of the history of Denmark—Dad liked to say that our distant ancestors were Vikings. And since my *other* grandparents were lifelong Tennesseans, I naturally learned their story too—which could not have been more different from that of the Damgaards. And gradually I became aware of the great immigrations of *other* ethnicities into the tapestry of American identity: the Irish, the Germans, the Chinese, the Portuguese, the various Hispanic peoples, the Cape Verdeans, the Italians, the French, the Swedes and Norwegians, the Dutch, and on and on. These are conjoined with all kinds of religious traditions which also play into our history. There were people groups nowhere to be found in the trajectory of my own early life: people from India, the Pacific Rim, Central America, most of South America, Jews, middle Easterners, Greeks, Russians, Canadians, Native Americans, and many others. I suppose that makes me Eurocentric in my world view to a large extent.

Another recent engagement with a piece of history is as follows: a new acquaintance here in my current residence



(Roanoke, Virginia) shared with me that his family still owns a letter written by General Robert E. Lee, to one of his captains on February 23rd, 1865—45 days before Appomattox. In his known correspondence, the General was writing directions (on February 21st) for the soon evacuation of Richmond, and so this simple thank-you note for a basket of apples from an orchard in Franklin County is notable. The time of the note, the inclusion of my friend's great great grandfather's name (owner of the orchard)[14] and the fact that it is an unpublished document, unseen even for many years, makes it a fascinating example of discovering a connection to a major historical figure, a local family and a profoundly important time in American history. Also its postal destination to Big Lick P.O. (later to become Roanoke) is charming. The letter reads...



Captain [H. Saunders *verso*]

I have re[d] the bbl of apples
mentioned in your note of the 2nd Inst;
They are remarkably firm & in perfect condition.
Will you express my gratitude to
Mr Guerrant for his kindness & accept
my thanks for the trouble you have taken
in the matter

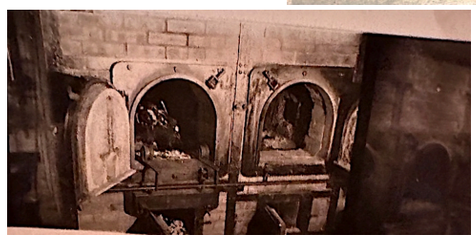
Very truly your obt Servant

RELee

I learned about the Second World War (in which my father was a soldier), a war which brought my parents together on a blind date in DC at its beginning. There were many residents of my childhood neighborhood who were Second World War veterans, notably General Reginald Clizbe (US Army Air Forces A-20 and A-25 aircraft), Captain Edward Beach (US Navy submarines) and author of *Run Silent*, *Run Deep*, Captain Audley McCain (US Navy submarines), Captain Cy Whited (US Navy aviation, USS *Shangri La*), Colonel Bert Kemp (US Army Air Forces B-17 navigator), Colonel Robert Tomkinson (US Army soldier) and others. I often heard about Fort Myer,

Fort Belvoir, Fort Meade, Andrews Air Force Base, the Navy Yard, and the Iwo Jima monument. An army antiaircraft base (below) lay a half of a mile from my home and my dad took me to see it

before it closed. He owned a collection of special artifacts from the war, which I inherited including original photos of Buchenwald concentration camp (below) taken in the first day of liberation in April 1945.



In 1963 he took me to Aberdeen Proving Ground in Maryland where there was a large and impressive collection of tanks and armored vehicles from both World Wars, many open for climbing through. There was no way that I could avoid learning about the Second World War, at least the European Theater of Operations even if I had wanted to. It was in the air still in the years that I grew up near Washington DC.

I was present on the opening day of Dulles International Airport, taken there by my parents, with its keynote speaker: John F. Kennedy. Then I sadly watched with my parents, as two years later his casket was delivered to Andrews Air Base on the night of the assassination with his widow still wearing her blood-spattered pink suit. Then we all watched as that casket was laid to rest in Arlington Cemetery and the lighting of the "eternal flame." I felt the national sadness in November 1963 that was not felt again in that magnitude until September 11, 2001. And I learned how that cemetery's grounds were once the possession of George Washington's granddaughter, Mary Custis, who herself later married a famous soldier, Robert E. Lee. And there was a profound counterpoint as I was paying close attention when Martin Luther King Jr. was assassinated in 1968, with the threat of dangerous civil reaction in my own neighborhood. That would be soon followed by the assassination of Senator Robert Kennedy. The next year saw the breakup of the Beatles, the Woodstock festival, extensive student protests against the war in Vietnam, and the first moon landing which I watched from a home on the newly created Smith Mountain Lake. Maybe my taste for history was just inescapable. Maybe I was just fated to become addicted.

But I don't mean to make my exposure to history sound too noble. I knew little-to-nothing and cared nothing about whole continents and their roles in the global story: South America, Africa, Asia (excepting Korea and Vietnam). I knew little about the great subjects of economics, medical history, or the development of literature (despite my teachers' efforts). Art and

its history almost completely eluded me. But as the ever-hungry teenager that I was, I slowly developed a voracious appetite for what I liked and little else. I imbibed ravenously. But only what I liked. No brussels sprouts please.

I would inherit from my father an eighteenth-century naval flintlock pistol (below), its construction carefully explained to me.

He said that he had received it from a captured German SS officer, trying to barter for better treatment considerations. Dad was very proud of this old weapon, studied it, and talked about it regularly when I was growing up.

For years I also knew about what at a glance was an unimpressive porcelain ashtray (because it was kept in a drawer in the family desk). It was crafted for the German Luftwaffe Chief, Herman Göering, from a set of china made for his birthday commissioned by Adolf Hitler himself. Dad snatched it up from the ruin of the Führerbunker in Berlin in his sole visit there not long after V-E Day. There were several small Nazi flags, a flag pole topper, a 105 mm artillery shell ashtray and other regalia. As to classic historical literature, from my dad I gained only one published title. He told me about, and gave me a copy of Sir Edward Creasy's

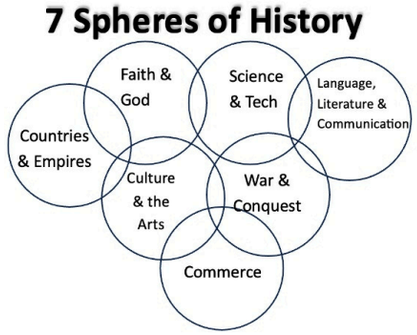
1851 book *Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World: From Marathon to Waterloo*. Even as a young man—I may have still been a boy—I remember feeling some objection. The book, of course, said nothing about The Crimea, Gettysburg, the Somme, Midway, or Normandy, all of which, even then, were famous *to me.* But at perhaps ten years old, I read Creasy's book. It got me going. It is not a book with copious philosophical reflection. It covers the battles that Sir Edward deemed critical to history. Victoria was Queen and Albert was Prince. But Sir Edward's concluding comment, I give here:

> In closing our observations on this the last of the Decisive Battles of the world, it is pleasing the contrast the year which it signalized with the year that is now [written in June 1851] passing over our heads. We have not (and long may we be without) the stern excitement of martial strife, and we see no captive standards of our European neighbours brought in triumph to our shrines. But we behold an infinitely prouder spectacle. We see the banners of every civilized nation waving over the arena of our competition with each other, in the arts that minister to our race's support and happiness, and not to its suffering and destruction. "Peace hath her victories, No less renowned than War," and no battlefield ever witnessed a victory more noble than that which England, under her Sovereign Lady and her Royal Prince, is now teaching the peoples of the earth to achieve over selfish prejudices and international promotion of the industry and welfare of mankind.[15]

We acknowledge of course that history is more than military topics. There is the history of culture, the births, the populating, the maturing and eventual decay of governments. There are the arts, exploration and (alas!) colonization, technology and

science, language, education, literature, and sociology. These things are replete with great individuals who made their marks. Whole nations split into other whole nations. Both young and old see and speak during their times. Men and women, kings and queens, little unlikely heroes and also despicable *bourgeois* villains peg the landscape. There is emaciated Mary Draper Ingles and there is the bulbous and swaggering Henry VIII. Brilliant thinkers and total idiots amazingly create alliances and at the same time populate the stages of the great saga of the human story. Visionaries arise but also millions of nameless ordinary workers, no less noble. There are noble do-gooders, selfless and heroic, but there is no shortage of evil scoundrels. And, of course, faith and religion whose own histories intertwine, affect the story, inspiring, sometimes abusing, but advancing the cause of an as-yet invisible Kingdom that is not of this world. History whispers its coming.

The man himself (or the woman herself) who writes a piece of history brings an interesting personal element too. Why did he write on this or that subject? Why did he feel that story needed to be told? Is she actually part of what she is recording? Does the writer have a personal agenda in writing or some goal to fulfill? Can he or she be objective? And isn't the task too hard and too gigantic to speak into it? Consider this very simple summary of connection between areas of human experience:



Perhaps seven connected "spheres" is not enough. Then perhaps these as representative can suggest one simple way to conceive of history. Other circles might be added. But there are intersections between spheres

and, while each has its own domain, the connections are what create history. As well, we would observe that the history of countries and empires is connected to that of faith and theology (Christian and otherwise). Spain alone dramatically illustrates the concurrent intersection of Roman, Christian, Templar, Moorish, and nationalistic elements. And all of that is connected to the story of science and pedestrian culture and music and literature and commerce. History is a multifaceted story, unfolding over time. We might look at a single year on the timeline—1517: the thirty-fourth year in the sixty-three-year lifespan of Martin Luther. Or, we might study a whole century as say, the years of 1700-1800 in the magnificent story of the city of New York. Or we might choose to survey how railroading grew from its birth in about 1830 to becoming the nation's very circulatory system by 1930 with all of the technological and engineering developments that are at the core of the story. Or we may also look at a four- or six-year chapter of history by considering a major war or conflict. The War to End All Wars, the First World War ran from 1914 (the year my dad was born) to 1918. In three short years then, the stage was set for the Second World War which raged from 1939 (the Chinese date it from 1937) to a dead stop in September 1945. If Versailles had been handled differently, could World War II have been averted altogether? And within that war we may zoom in and explore the life of individual major leaders, for instance Winston Churchill, Chester Nimitz, Omar Bradley, Dwight Eisenhower, Joseph Goebbels, Hideki Tojo, Georgy Zhukov, Margaret Bourke-White (*Life* magazine photographer, a picture of whom I have in Buchenwald Concentration camp), or Martha Gellhorn (wartime journalist and wife of Ernest Hemingway and the only woman known to have gone ashore with the Allied troops on D-Day.)

So as for history itself *en général,* why do I care? Why have I been interested? If I read about Queen Elizabeth the First, who cares? She died in 1603. If I explore Henry Ford's tale, so what? I always drove General Motors vehicles any way. Big deal. If I learn all the ins and outs of the American Revolution, I will

know dates and names and issues of the time and geographical details and weaponry and contrasting doctrines of the British and Continental armies but how does that affect my life? To answer this question is the great reason for history. I want to know from where I come. I want to know how I am similar to my forefathers. I want to know how I am different. I want to know how our country has come to be what it is now. I want to know the victories and the travails of the people.

Someone said to me recently, "I think I will listen to an Audible book or two about the Second World War. I know nothing about it." A noble aspiration, I thought, because people *should* know about that. For myself, I recently read all three volumes of Ian Toll's massive *Pacific War Trilogy* (2,284 pages) and was hungry for more. A good history writer does that—**he makes you hungry**. He infuses you with questions like, "what happened next? Didn't the bad guys get their just deserts? Did the victims recover? Were the good guys at least vindicated? Was there final justice? Did anybody at the time care?" Because it is a story. And if it is written well the story connects with something inside of us. The *Stanford Encyclopedia of History*, under its definition of "Philosophy of History," asks: "Does history as a whole have meaning, structure, or direction, beyond the individual events and actions that make it up?"[16] Who can divine the cohesiveness and any Great Design to human experience?

To me, everybody should catch the bug to read, reflect, and continue to reflect about history. History should not be an "elective" but to safeguard its importance no one should be allowed to teach history in a boring manner. That should be a punishable offense!

My first college class in history, in 1971, was *History of England, Part 1*, taught by the late Professor **Michael Van Cleave Alexander** (1937-2023) (left), at Virginia Tech. Dr. Alexander infected me with a love for *English* history. He spoke of William the Conqueror, Henry II, Eleanor of Aquitaine, Elizabeth I, and many others as if he had known them himself. And as I think about it, why did Professor Alexander *himself* become infected with a love of history?

Visiting History

There's nothing like *feeling* the history. I remember visiting Carlysle House in **Alexandria**, Virginia when I was a child. I can still remember the smells around that 1751 mansion with its colonial furniture and thinking, "this reminds me of Mount Vernon"—the old wood, the Potomac air, deliberately wafted spice and herbal smells intended, I suppose, to give a colonial sense.

When walking at the **Gettysburg** battlefield, one cannot but be struck by how little the acreage and the topography have changed since 1863. If you stand quietly on the ridges and feel the breeze, somehow you are taken back. The ground has not changed and you can almost see Meade's artillery, the lines of Longstreet's and Hood's and Pickett's assaulting troops, the commanding generals in the rear, peering over the flags and trying to see through the smoke, and pacing, the local citizenry huddled in their basements, the horses laboring, dying. You can feel Armistead leading, his cap stuck to his aloft sword before he is pierced by a round. You can almost hear Chamberlain calling out "Right Wheel" on Little Round Top as the 20th Maine counter-assaults down the hill, bayonets fixed. He would survive until 1914 (and the eve of the First World War) when he finally succumbed to wounds he received during the War, the last Civil War veteran to do so.

There is sad and unassailable dignity there. My daughter Jocelyn and I and our friend Sandy Young visited here in 2000, one of three trips I have made to the battlefield. Here is Devil's Den (right) in a shot I took.

In Israel, on **Masada** (below), one can easily imagine the soldiers of the Tenth Roman Legion building the siege ramp that still remains to this day. (Sandy and his wife, Jan Lu, and I visited there in 1997. I lost my wallet up there, but an accommodating bus driver called a co-worker, found it, and sent it with another driver back to Jerusalem, where I retrieved it at the King David Hotel.) The irony of my silly stressful hours backdropped by the 900 Hebrew lives lost there on the garrison's last day, was humbling. It felt embarrassing. Like losing a pair of gloves at Little Big Horn or an earring on Little Round Top.

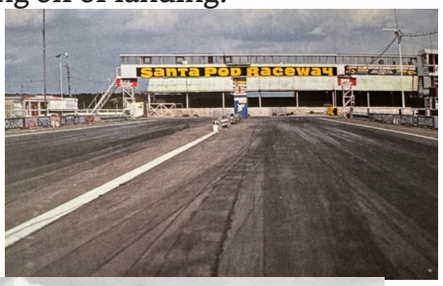
Also in Israel, in Jerusalem, was one of my most deeply felt moments of visiting history. It was not too many years ago that these mundane looking **stone steps** were unearthed.

They lead up to the Temple Mount on the south side. They are judged to be of first century vintage. Call me a romantic, but here are almost certainly the actual steps upon which Jesus walked, probably many times. And for what it's worth, so did the apostles. It is ironic that now, in an excavated state, they lead to nowhere, just to a medieval era wall of the Temple Mount. But in Jesus's day this was where He would have traversed to approach the Temple itself (which was destroyed in AD 70). As we, my friends and I, stood on these steps and were informed of their age and antiquity, I felt an immediate desire to fall to my face as I thought of Jesus being right here. We all did, I think, although

none of us actually did it to my remembrance. But the sense of being at a very special place was awe-inspiring.

On the deck of any mothballed **aircraft carrier** (I have walked on two, USS *Yorktown* and USS *Saratoga*), one can almost hear the engines, the PA commands and announcements and even feel the fear of kamikazes.

At the site of the **Twin Towers**, how could anyone but be impressed with the solemnity and the sorrow of the place? Around Fort Worth I could practically hear the cowboys. In 2001, I was northwest of London, standing next to the current Santa Pod Raceway dragstrip (below), which still utilizes one original runway of the **Podington** RAF and then Eighth Air Force 92nd Bombardment Group (heavy)—I could imagine the roar of the B-17Gs taking off or landing.



As in actor Dean Jagger's dreamy moment (as retired Major Harvey Stovall) when, after the war he visits the old runway, now laced with weeds and populated with milk cows in the 1949 Academy Award winning film, *Twelve O'Clock High*. I was deeply impressed as a kid watching that film. It is still one of my favorites, for its dramatic history.

In **Plymouth** harbor, at the mock-up *Mayflower* one can feel

the anticipation of those 100 "saints and strangers" as they clambered up across (or near) the rock and down onto the sand in November 1620, trying to get warm, eyeing the tree line for "savages." The same is true when you stand at **Jamestown** at the archaeological dig with its faded evidences of the small, triangular palisaded "fort" where the settlers' air is thirteen years older than Plymouth! Plymouth's and Jamestown's stories are radically different but also share lots of parallels: the same number of original settlers—all English—a presence of religious identity, dependence on a few important leaders, Indigenous peoples around who were sometimes friendly, sometimes not, and most significantly, survival (as opposed to the Roanoke "Lost Colony" and Bartholomew Gosnold's failed 1602 colony on Cuttyhunk Island). I cannot resist noting the unlikely synchronization here that Gosnold was present *both* in Massachusetts on Cuttyhunk (eighteen years before the Mayflower weighed anchor at Plymouth) and *also* at Jamestown, where he died only four months after the three Jamestown ships had arrived (he himself captaining the *Godspeed*), on August 22, 1607. His grave there was located in 2003. I also can imagine —if only in a silly fantasy—that given the opportunity, is it so preposterous to envision Captain John Smith and Captain Myles Standish being drinking buddies? History has so congruently described the character of each. And that I lived within sight of Cuttyhunk for half my life does not elude my vulnerability to history.

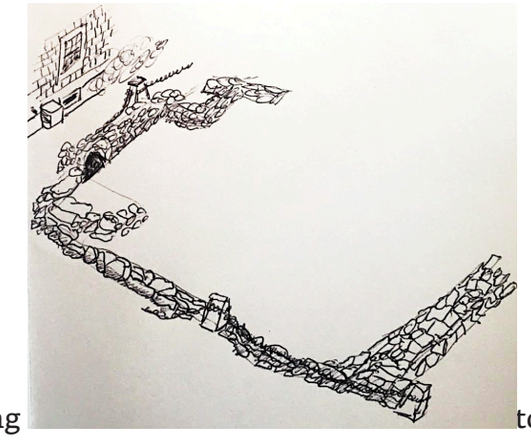
In 2001, I felt the moment in **Hastings**, England where we stood in the ruins of the Battle Abbey and around what is left of the first Norman castle, each dating from the eleventh century.

In 2015, Renée and I stood in the Forum in **Rome**, across from the site of Paul's martyrdom and both his and Peter's incarceration, the Mamertine Prison, over which now stands The Church of San Giuseppe dei Falegnami, completed in 1663. We lingered there briefly. It seemed a remarkably understated place. Here ended the lives of the two great apostles of Christ.

Amid all the rest of the grandeur and stories of Rome this site seemed to me to be most important. But you would not even know it was there if you were not looking for it.

In 1987 I *felt* history in an almost storybook way. I was being assisted for a season by a Dallas Seminary student who was a six-month intern with me. Guy Lumpkin and his wife Terry came from Dallas to Massachusetts and lived for a time with a family in **Rehoboth**, a colonial village nearby which dates to 1643 when the Plymouth colony was still young. In Rehoboth there still remain a few homes that date back to that time, and interestingly, mostly built in the shadow of King Philip's War (1675-76), a time of Native-American uprising and the sacking, burning, scalpings, and murders in English homes. Guy and Terry invited me for a brief visit into the home in which they were living that dated from that time. In it, behind the large central fireplace (above), they showed me a hidden room called an "Indian closet." The home dated from just after King Philip's War. A cleverly disguised door of faux-brick appearance opened to the small room designed as a refuge against Indian attack. There was nothing celebratory or marked about it. It was simply still there.[17]

As are the foundations of King Philip's War site of "Russell's Garrison"—what was one of six fortified homes in **Dartmouth**.



There they lie, harkening to a time of English community, war, danger, fear, death, and sadness near to the days of the beginning of our nation. Here is my rough sketch (left) of those foundations. We ministered in this town for thirty-six years. The history was "thick" everywhere.

In 2016, Renée and I visited the beach at **Paestum, Italy**. There stand two Greek temples of the Doric order dating from 550 to 540 BC. It is Italy, not Greece, but Greece had a foothold on Italian soil before Rome came to prominence. And as we stood at these silent temples, we noted that they still wear bullet markings and battle damage from the Allied landings nearby in 1943. Ancient history, pock-marked by modern history.

There are also still existing chunks of the fourth century **Basilica**

Paleocristiana in Paestum.

It is almost magical to linger for a time in the exact place where Christians worshipped over 1,600 years ago—especially since it is not a well-publicized site. I wouldn't have even known of it except for the small plaque which gave the name of the site, and its age. These ruins are within a younger church today.

When I stop to think about it, I have been to many places of history. But those places do not hail from every continent. I have never been to South or Central America, the Far East, Russia, India, Greece, or San Francisco. Or Salt Lake City. Or Mount Saint Helens. Or Cape Canaveral. I have never been to Africa or to either Pole or above the Arctic Circle. I have never been to Australia or to Southeast Asia and there are still eight states in which I have not yet set foot. I have not flown in space. I have not deep-sea dived. I have not even, as yet, visited either Canada or Mexico. And so I should always avoid any semblance of cockiness or braggadocio. I have not seen a lot that deserves to be seen.

The longest I have been out of the United States was a seven-week pilgrimage to France and Spain that I took with my daughter Susanna in 2018. We hiked the 500-mile **Camino de Santiago pilgrimage trail**—itself a thousand years old, including remaining portions of a Roman roadbed in place over 800 years prior—passing through two border towns in southern France, and many in Spain (large cities too like Pamplona where we stayed at a Hemingway-famous hostel.) We concluded the pilgrimage at the Cathedral of Santiago in northwest Spain. This ancient bridge crossed a stream in Basque country, and was in the 2010 film *The Way* with Martin Sheen and his son, Emilio Estevez.

But the quest goes on. In 2024, we visited two places which I had never heard of. **Barboursville** (below, left) is the mansion ruins of James Barbour, located in Barboursville, Virginia—northeast of Charlottesville in Orange County. He was the former US Senator, US Secretary of War, and Virginia Governor. It is now within the property of Barboursville Vineyards. The house was designed by Thomas Jefferson, president of the United States and Barbour's friend and

political ally. It was built in 1814 and burned on Christmas Day, 1884. It never included the large dome that Jefferson had drawn

for it. **Mayhurst** (below, right),is an1859 Italianate mansion in Orange, Virginia. It was built by the Willis family relatives of President James Madison as the plantation house for an estate comprising 2,500 acres (10 km^2) of fields, pastures, and forest. It was a scene of action in the Civil War and is currently operated as an inn. Stonewall Jackson, Robert E. Lee, and A.P. Hill all stayed in this home at various times. Charmingly, Hill's daughter Lucy Lee Hill (1864-1931) was baptized here, held by General Lee—her godfather—during the ceremony in November 1864.

Lucy's bed (above) was hand-carved by unidentified Confederate Soldiers encamped on the Mayhurst Estate.

When I meditate though, on the places which I *have* visited, I feel a deep stir in my soul. I feel privileged. I feel like I've seen a lot, smelled a lot, heard a lot, and felt a lot. I have met some truly amazing people along the way, a few of whom have been traveling companions. I enjoy thinking about them and looking at their pictures and remembering how I felt when I visited those places. Here is a list, not necessarily chronological and maybe not even exhaustive, of places I can remember having visited:

Superior, Wisconsin (nineteenth century vintage)

- **Duluth**, Minnesota and Enger Park
    - My grandfather careened his bicycle down from Enger Point into Duluth and fell off, around 1895 or so. When he died in 1941, my dad told me he still had gravel in one knee from that accident.
- Blackwater Falls
- Amnicon Lake
- Brule River
    - While fishing with my father in 1967, I caught a small rainbow trout here, for which the Brule is famous.

- Schafer Beach (Lake Superior)
    - I visited here with my Aunt Edith in November 1959.

- Allouez Iron Ore Docks and nearby gargantuan grain elevators; plus standing at the dock of a Great Lakes ore freighter, which may well have been the *Edmund Fitzgerald* - another scary moment; as we stood beneath the bow and I was so young, it seemed so giant.

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Poplar, WI and the Major Richard I. Bong P-38 Lightning monument (below); Major Bong began studying at Superior State Teachers College in 1938, where my father was teaching (while also working for the Great Northern Railway.) The famous World War II American ace's P-38 Lightning fighter was once displayed on a pylon here, his home town, and I saw it while passing through in 1967. Bong had died on August 6, 1945, while test flying the new P-80 Shooting Star jet

fighter, his twelfth flight in the plane. He had accumulated forty air victories in the Pacific Theater, was awarded the Medal of Honor, the Distinguished Service Cross, the Silver Star, the Distinguished Flying Cross,

Los Angeles Times

IN TWO PARTS

VOL. LXIV — TUESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 7, 1945 — DAILY, FIVE CENTS

ATOMIC BOMB HITS JAPAN

Jet Plane Explosion Kills Maj. Bong

Ace's 'Shooting Star' Blows Up in Test Flight Over North Hollywood

Death Ends Career of Sen. Johnson

California Fought to Last Against All Foreign Alliances

B-29's Pound Navy Arsenal on Honshu

New Raid Follows Wiping Out of Jap 'Mystery Town'

Man's Most Destructive Force, One Equal to 2000 B-29 Loads, Blasts Nips

Atom-Splitting Test by Science Group Disclosed

Recent 'Quakes Now Revealed

and the Air Medal.

Old Hickory, Tennessee (eighteenth century vintage) Thomas Overton Family cemetery (below) – I visited here in 1994

THOMAS OVERTON
1753 - 1824
Served in the Revolutionary War and as Inspector of Revenue in North Carolina, the same position held by his brother Judge John Overton, in Tennessee. Close friend of Andrew Jackson, he was one of Jackson's seconds in the duel with Charles Dickinson. This grave plot was part of his homeplace, "Soldier's Rest," where he lived from 1804 until his death in 1824. Overton is buried here with his wife and other family.

with my mother, her sisters Mary and Amy who also lived in Old Hickory. I lifted the crypt top and a side fell in and all three women ran out of the cemetery (there was nothing in the crypt.)

Roanoke, Virginia (Nineteenth and twentieth century vintage)

- I first passed through this town in 1962 on my way, with my parents, to Nashville. I remember

the Holiday Inn (below) downtown and a highway sign there which pointed south on US 460, reading “Bristol 180” which seemed to me as a ten-year-old to be an interminably long way away!

Human history begins in Roanoke with Native Americans.

The **Cave Spring** (below), was a popular rest-stop for them while hunting and my wife’s nearby high school is named for it.

Then came the English and German and other white ethnicities plus enslaved Africans after 1619, to the entire Shenandoah Valley. The English did not invent slavery in North America; it was a common practice among Native Americans before 1619. Following were the days of the French and Indian War, and the American Revolution, the times of Thomas Jefferson and westward exploration, the War of 1812 and then, most dramatically, the Civil War. Roanoke saw several battles and skirmishes nearby during the War Between the States. Then came the railroad era with the Norfolk and Western and the Virginian Railways (preceded by the Shenandoah and Virginia and Tennessee Railroads), fueled by the tremendously profitable coal industry. The story of the building of lots of rail-connected infrastructure, which was all then abandoned, is

fascinating and a story which few know about. Then in **Blacksburg** came Virginia Polytechnic Institute and State University (Virginia Tech), originally called the Virginia Agricultural and Mechanical College at its founding in 1872, my own institution, and the growth of Big Lick and the Roanoke Valley, the city of which is now the same size of New Bedford, Massachusetts where we lived for thirty-six years. Roanoke has a good and interesting history and now having lived here for eight of my years, it is a joy to be a resident.

Gettysburg, Pennsylvania (1863 vintage)

- As mentioned before, I visited here with daughter Jocelyn and friend Sandy Young in 2000. Jocelyn walked up from Devil's Den to Little Round Top. Our daughter Susanna went to college twenty-nine miles north of Gettysburg (where General A.P. Hill's troops were encamped before the battle) on US 15 at Messiah University. Being the site of the pivotal battle of the American Civil War, Gettysburg is one of the most important places in our history, and I would visit again many times if I could. My first visit was with Renée, Jocelyn, and Susanna when they were young. As often is the case, it was not a site of preference for either Lee or Meade.

Washington D.C. (Eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth century vintage)

- Where I have visited
  - Georgetown, the Mall, and every place there, the White House, Bolling Air Force Base, the Monuments, L'Enfant Plaza, Crystal City, the Pentagon, National Airport, Roach's Run, Building T-7 adjacent to National Airport (where my father worked for the Office of the Chief of Engineers), Georgia Avenue and the

Florida Grill, the National Cathedral, Adams-Morgan neighborhood (where my mother lived during the war), DuPont Circle (near where my half-sister Deb grew up)

Where I have not visited but would like to

- Fort Stevens, the Capitol, the Supreme Court, the National Archives, the Custis Mansion

Recently I visited the site of **Fort Vause**, Virginia, a place of which I had never heard until this past year when I read the novel *Follow the River* by James Alexander Thom (1986). It is the story of Mary Draper Ingles and her escape from capture by Shawnee Indians in 1755, and making her way back to English settlements through the wilderness. Her home in the settlement of Draper's Meadow (located on the campus of Virginia Tech) was attacked and destroyed by a raiding party of Shawnee. She was carted off in captivity. Upon her miraculous return and rescue (at what is now **Eggleston**, Virginia) and reuniting with her husband, she was recuperating at a small frontier fort called Fort Vause (named for a local settler, Ephraim Vause). On a Saturday morning in 1756, a few months after her return, she felt uneasy. She asked her husband to pack them up quickly and move further east, which he did. That very afternoon Fort Vause was attacked and destroyed by a large party of 100 Shawnee, Cherokee warriors assisted by a small number of French soldiers. Mary's prescience was amazing. One can only guess at what she smelled, a signal she might have spied, or something she just felt. She survived and lived in what is now Radford, Virginia until 1815 and died at age 83.

I knew there was a marker somewhere in Shawsville, Virginia for the fort. I might have opined that it deserves an interstate highway sign but one has to know where to look for it. We found it, and the hill of the second fort which also has a small historical marker. The second fort was constructed after the first was destroyed and would receive an inspection visit by George

Washington in 1756 when he was touring frontier forts before the Revolution.

An interesting parallel: Alongside the story of Mary Draper Ingles at Radford, in 1808, William Clark (of Lewis and Clark *Corps of Discovery* fame) was thirty-seven years old. Julia Hancock, the young woman whom he married on January 5, was just sixteen. The ceremony probably took place at *Santillane*, the estate of Julia's father Colonel George Hancock, just outside of the village of **Fincastle**, Virginia.[18] Santillane was thirty-three miles northeast of Hancock's other estate, Fotheringay, in Montgomery County where he would be buried standing upright. Although tradition states that Colonel Hancock built a house on this property before 1800 (as he did with Fotheringay), architectural evidence apparently indicates the present house is not the house built by Hancock. The present Greek revival dwelling dates from the 1830s but its kitchen wing may date from the earlier house.

D 32
SANTILLANE
Near here is Santillane, one of Botetourt County's most distinguished properties. The Greek Revival house sits on a tract of land originally owned by Colonel George Hancock, a member of the United States Congress from 1793-1797. In 1808 Hancock's daughter, Judith, married General William Clark. Clark served from 1803 to 1806 as a leader of Thomas Jefferson's famous Lewis and Clark expedition which was instrumental in opening the West for American settlement.
DEPARTMENT OF HISTORIC RESOURCES, 1980

Upon the Corps' return, William made a beeline back east to renew his acquaintance with Julia (Clark often called her Judith). He clearly had her on his mind during the journey west since he named a tributary of the Missouri in today's central Montana the Judith River. After less than a year's courtship, the couple was wed, departing in March 1808 for St. Louis.

William and Julia had five children: Meriwether Lewis, William Preston, Mary Margaret, George Rogers Hancock, and John Julius. Unfortunately, Julia died on June 27, 1820.

Clark then married Julia's cousin Harriet Kennerly Radford, the widow of Dr. John Radford, on November 28, 1821, in St. Louis. This marriage was blessed with three children: Jefferson Kearny, Harriet, and Edmund.

Hancock family legend has it that in about 1801 young Julia, who was about 11 or 12, and her cousin Harriet, age 14, were out riding near the spacious family estate in western Virginia. One of their horses became nervous and the girls were having trouble getting home. Along came a handsome red-headed gentleman, none other than William Clark, who helped the girls get the horse going and escorted them home. Little did the pretty young girls dream that they had both met their future husband.[19]

Inquiry? Could Mary and Julia have met? Wouldn't that make an intriguing topic for a work of historical fiction?

Julia Hancock Clark (below left):
21 Nov 1791 to 27 June 1820 from the Missouri Historical society
Mary Draper Ingles (below right):
1732 to 1 February 1816 from the Harmon Museum

What follows is a randomly remembered and tabulated listing of places I have also visited.

OTHER PLACES VISITED (U.S.)

Alaska: Fairbanks and Salcha and North Pole, the Tanana River, the Salcha River (bald eagles swooped and soared like sparrows)
Arkansas: Little Rock
Arizona: Flagstaff, Kingman, Grand Canyon southern rim
California: Pasadena, Bishop, Mammoth Lakes, Los Angeles and the Getty Museum, Death Valley
Colorado: Denver, Georgetown Loop Railroad, Colorado Springs
Connecticut: Hartford, Avon, Putnam, Danielson, New Haven, New London, Bloomfield
Flemington, New Jersey
Florida: Ft. Lauderdale, Tampa, Clearwater, Tarpon Springs, St. Petersburg, Bushnell, Orlando, Key West
Georgia: Atlanta
Illinois: Chicago, Cairo, Rockford
Davenport, Iowa
Gary, Indiana
Las Vegas, Nevada
Maine: Millinocket, Camden
Massachusetts: Plymouth, Duxbury, Boston, Taunton, Easton, Middleborough, Somerset, Fall River, Randolph, Quincy, Cape Cod, Lakeville, Westport, Martha's Vineyard, Raynham
Missouri: St. Louis, Springfield
Nevada: Las Vegas
New Mexico: Las Vegas, Santa Fe
New York: New York City, Queens, Astoria, Flushing Meadow, Newberg
North Carolina: Charlotte, Asheville, North Carolina, Winston Salem
Maryland: Rockville, Ocean City, Eastern Shore
Michigan: Grand Rapids, Spring Lake, Mackinac
Minnesota: Duluth
New Hampshire: Big Squam and Little Squam Lake, Lake Winnipesaukee, Rumney, Monadnock, Plymouth, Rumney, Manchester, Holderness, Conway
Ohio: Cleveland, Akron, Youngstown, Cedarville
Oklahoma: Oklahoma City, Lake Murray
Pennsylvania: Philadelphia, Breezewood, Gettysburg, Harrisburg, Dallas, Lancaster
Rehoboth Beach, Kennett Square, Delaware
Rhode Island: Providence, Newport, Little Compton, Tiverton, Westerly, Cranston
Santa Fe, New Mexico
South Carolina: Charleston, Folly Beach, Myrtle Beach
Tennessee: Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain, Nashville, Franklin, Memphis, Henderson
Texas: Dallas, Fort Worth, Paris, Houston & the Astrodome, Tyler
Vermont: Okemo
West Virginia: Charleston, Deep Water, Bluefield, Princeton, Beckley, Hinton, Pipestem, Bluestone
Wisconsin: Ashland, Madison, Poplar, Superior, Milwaukee, Amnicon Lake, Rice Lake, Rhinelander,
Brule River, Waupaca

Virginia: Blacksburg, Christiansburg, Eggleston, Smith Mountain Lake, Pembroke, Glen Lyn, Radford, Narrows, Pearisburg, Winchester, Woodstock, Lexington, Staunton, Bridgewater, Harrisonburg, Port Republic, Virginia Beach, Annandale, Fairfax, Warrenton, The Plains, Marshall, Ashburn, Reston, Herndon, Leesburg, Gainesville, Manassas, McLean, Falls Church, Leesburg, Middleburg, Culpeper, Charlottesville, Afton, Waynesboro, Richmond, Bristol, Christiansburg, Boy Scout Camps Thunderbird, Wilson and Goshen, Elizabeth Furnace, Bath County and the Cow Pasture River, Virginia, Front Royal, every Virginia Civil War battlefield, Custis Tombs, Eastern Shore, Virginia, Victoria, Lynchburg, High Bridge, Appomattox, Bedford (Liberty), Jamestown, Williamsburg, Barboursville, Orange, Gordonsville, Shawsville, Pembroke, Petersburg, Winchester
Washington: Seattle, Bremerton

VISITS TO PLACES OUTSIDE THE U.S.

FRANCE: Biarritz, St John Pied DePort, Arnéguy, Paris airport
SPAIN: Valcarlos, Roncevalles, Pamplona, Estella, Logroño, Burgos, Zabildika, Léon, Astorga, Sarria, Lugo, Santiago de Compostela
GERMANY: Berlin, Hamburg, Weimar, Buchenwald, Remagen, the Fermahn Belt (Germany-Denmark by rail ferry), Puttgarden, Cologne, Bonn, Bad Godesberg

- My visit with daughter Jocelyn and son-in-law Aaron to Buchenwald where my father had been present as a liberator on Day One and Day Four in April 1945, was one of the most profound and deeply moving experiences of my life.

ITALY: Paestrum, Amalfi coast, Naples, Pompeii, Rome

- A highlight here was to be near to the very site of the deaths of both the apostles Peter and Paul, specifically, the Mamertine Prison

ISRAEL: Jerusalem, Galilee, Golan Heights, Netanya, Caesarea Maritime, Caesarea Philippi, Qumran, Masada, Dead Sea, Mount Carmel, Beit She'an, Megiddo, Bethlehem, Nazareth, Jordan River, Sea of Galilee, Capernaum
United Kingdom: London, Hastings, Peterborough, Bedford, Belfast, Bangor, Ballycastle, Robertsbridge (East Sussex), Carrickfergus

- Sites of note included the Tower of London, the Battle Abbey at Hastings, the Santa Pod Raceway (Podington RAF) which was also an 8th Air Force air field, the St. Botolph church (now a private home), the Martyrs Memorial Church in Belfast and several castles in the UK: Bodiam, Carrickfergus, Rockingham, Hastings, and others

Denmark: Copenhagen, through Jutland by rail
Belgium: Brussels
Bahamas: Nassau, Great Harbour Cay
Jamaica: Kingston
Grand Cayman Island
Haiti: Port au Prince, Grand Goave

Airports: Shannon (Ireland), Tel Aviv, Rome, Paris, Miami, LAX, Heathrow (UK), Stansted (UK), Aeropuetro de Santiago – Rosalia de Castro (Spain), Detroit, Grand Rapids, Baltimore, Ontario (CA), O'Hare, Kennedy, LaGuardia, Logan, T.F. Green, National (Reagan), Dulles, Roanoke- Blacksburg, DFW, Manchester NH

Train Stations: Union (Washington D.C.), South Station Boston, Philadelphia 30th Street, NYC: Grand Central, Seattle, Spokane, Havre, Minot, Fargo, Minneapolis, Chicago, Cass (WV), Edaville

(Carver, MA), Strasburg, PA; Goshen (VA), Georgetown Loop (Colorado), Roanoke, Culpeper, Orange, Montpelier, Providence, Denver, Nottingham, London, Copenhagen, Fehrman Belt, Hamburg, Berlin, Cologne, Brussels

Battlefields: Hastings, England; Carrickfergus and Belfast (N. Ireland); Buchenwald concentration camp, Remagen Bridge, Berlin, the Humboldthain Flak Tower, above, (Flakturm), Brandenburg Gate and Führerbunker sites, Bonn and Bad Godesberg, Köln, USS *Massachusetts* (BB-59), USS *Yorktown* (CV-10), Paestum, Naples, Rome, Arneguy (France-Napolean); Jerusalem, Acre, Masada, Megiddo, Mount Hope Rhode Island, Brandywine Pennsylvania; and from the American Civil War: Gettysburg, Manassas, Ft. Sumter and Charleston and Battery Wagner, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Petersburg, Appomattox, High Bridge, Rice, Brandy Station, Cedar Mountain, Spotsylvania Court House, the Wilderness, Cold Harbor, Jamestown and Williamsburg CSA fortifications, New River Bridge, Cambria Station, Hanging Rock, New Market, Port Republic and Cross Keys, McDowell, Harrisonburg, Lexington, Kernstown, Front Royal, Winchester, Annandale, Fairfax Court House, Chantilly, Nashville, Franklin and Lookout Mountain (TN).

Museums: The Smithsonian (Washington), Air and Space (Dulles), the British Museum (London), Holocaust Museums in Washington, Jerusalem, Berlin, Buchenwald (Weimar); the Getty Museum (L.A.), the Whaling Museum (New Bedford), Museum of Fine Arts (Boston), The Shrine of the Book

(Jerusalem), The Dome (Berlin), The Vatican (Rome), Museo Archeologico Nazionale di Napoli (Naples), Pompeii, Mount Vernon, Monticello, Poplar Forest, Gunston Hall, the Lee Chapel (Lexington), the VMI Museum, the Virginia Transportation Museum (Roanoke), The Sixth Floor Museum (Dallas), Dumbarton Oaks (Washington), Cathedral of Santiago de Compostela, Spain

Feeling History

For the person who reads, books bring history into his hands. For the

person who dialogues and debates, conversation refines his understanding of history or hardens it or even changes it. For the person who visits sites, the effect is multi-sensory: sight, smell, hearing, and touch. For the person who holds history in his hands, it is existentially joining with the people and events of the object.

History bleeds an empirical feel on occasion. To sense it beyond words, and to perceive the moment or the person from the past is a special occurrence. I felt it in 2018 as I stood in the sunset among the ruins of a medieval St. Peter's Church in Viana, Spain (Ruinas de San Pedro), from a magnificent building that had crumbled even before the Reformation began. The gaping hole where once a Gothic stained-glass window shone, now through which the sun just sets (left, my sketch from memory in 2022). I felt it too at Gettysburg and at Spotsylvania Court House, at Masada, at Podington, and all around DC too. Many important places are overrun with pomp and commercialism and even corporate development. It was surprisingly hard to catch the feeling I desire, in Israel, with so much tourism controlling many sites.

I felt it at the ruins of the Battle Abbey (below) in **Hastings**, England. So much of European history was decided on those coastal fields outside those ruins in 1066.

England would become Norman. With the Plantagenet kings to follow, the political landscape would be shaped. *Magna Carta* would be foisted upon King John in 1215. And almost a millennium later, an imminent German invasion looming—almost visible in its preparations from Hastings--would be staved off mainly by a vigilant RAF. Crumbling Royal Army and civil defense bunkers remain.

For the person who owns artifacts, their possession can be

a special channel by which to feel history. I possess several artifacts which have had an enchantment for me (a couple which I have already mentioned):

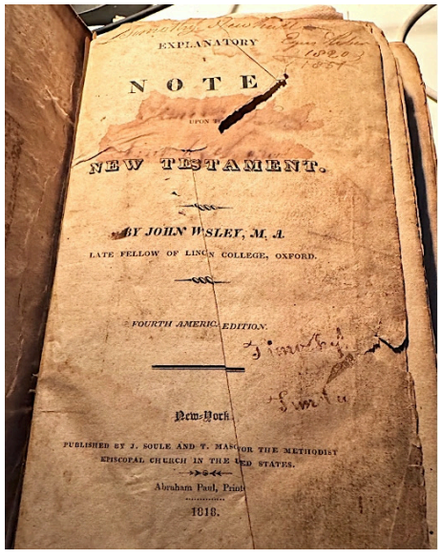
- The naval flintlock pistol that my father received in barter from a German SS officer seeking good post-surrender treatment
- A Herman Göring ash tray from the Führerbunker in Berlin
- Other lesser WWII items
- A piece of a spur recovered from the battlefield of the Battle of Franklin (Tennessee)
- Potsherds from Caesarea, Israel
- A few flecks of Roman glass from the top of Masada

- A tiny fragment of charcoal picked out of a long-layered row of ancient embers at Jericho – we were told that the row was from "the conquest level" of the dig there
- A flight compass from a TBM Avenger aircraft
- A 1944 naval vacuum tube (above) from an onboard radar set
- A collection of baseball cards from the 1960s and later. This might seem frivolous but the cards' information, pictures, and context of the players alongside each other on the timeline and even the small cartoons speak of another era, earlier in our history, less complicated by electronics, politics, or the frantic plethora of competitive new sports so common since then.
- Two thousand photographs of family, places, and WWII places
- The pictures from my father's collection are of many sizes, kinds of photo paper and subjects photographed. There are many pictures of his times in training in North Carolina, England, France, Belgium, and Germany as well as a few at sea as his boat left Marseilles, France for home. Most important are the photos from Buchenwald. Also valuable (to me at least) are those very old pictures of each of my grandparents. One each of my grandfather Chris as a young man still in Denmark as well as two of his sweetheart, my grandmother, also as a young Danish woman. There are also wedding pictures of my mother's parents just before their wedding in 1911. They all look so young.

- My father's 1934 *Echo* college yearbook (Superior State Teacher's College, Wisconsin)
- My mother's 1942 Isaac Litton High School yearbook (Nashville, Tennessee)
- My 1967 to 1970 *Antenna* Annandale High School yearbooks

- Several old books, the oldest of which dates to 1699 written by the English Presbyterian William Bates (more later)
- Vintage copies of periodicals transport us to the times of the issue with its reporting, advertisements, photojournalism, artwork, and attitudes. I own a few old copies of *Life* magazine from the 1930s. Each is rich in giving a hands-on *feel* of history. Even the magazine's smell can take me back.

Part of the love of history is to fantasize about being "back then." Artifacts in my hands reinforces the fantasy. I can almost be there.


EXPLANATORY

NOTE

UPON THE

NEW TESTAMENT.

BY JOHN WESLEY, M. A.

LATE FELLOW OF LINCN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

FOURTH AMERIC. EDITION.

New-York:

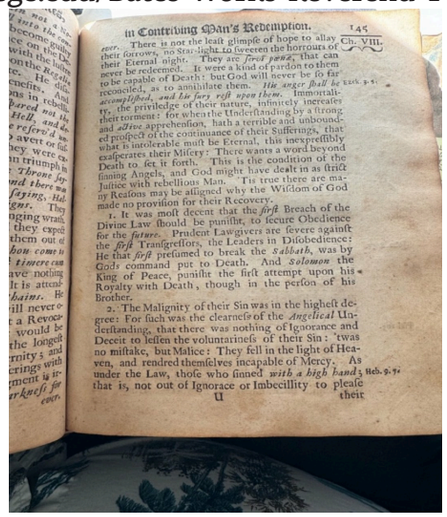
PUBLISHED BY J. SOULE AND T. MASON FOR THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN THE UED STATES.

Abraham Paul, Print

1818.

- An 1818 study Bible, (below) first edition, compiled by John Wesley entitled *Explanatory Notes Upon the New Testament*

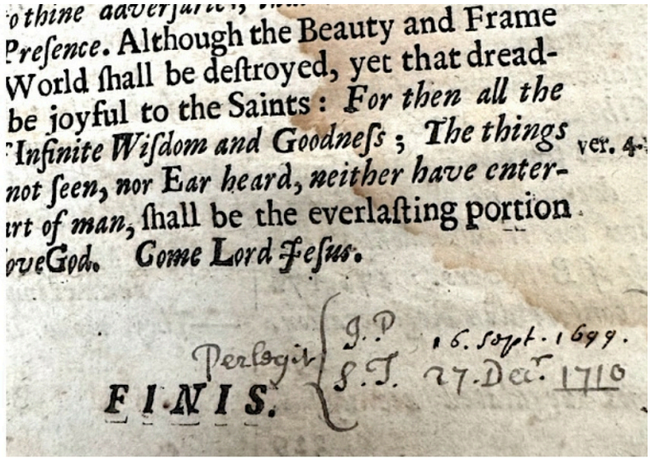
- My oldest book is by the English Presbyterian minister, William Bates (1625-1699) who wrote *The harmony of the Divine Attributes in the Contriving and Accomplishment of Man's Redemption* and my copy is noted as published no later than in 1699—at least it was read in that year. The complete works of Bates can be accessed on line at https://ebooks.regent-college.edu/Bates-Works-Reverend-1700/190/


in Contriving Man's Redemption. 145

ever. There is not the least glimpse of hope to allay Ch. VIII.
their sorrows, no Star-light to sweeten the horrours of
their Eternal night. They are *fired yonder*, that can
never be redeemed. It were a kind of pardon to them
to be capable of Death: but God will never be so far
reconciled, as to annihilate them. *His anger shall be* Ezek. 5. 13.
accomplished, and he fory rest upon them. Immortali-
ty, the privilege of their nature, infinitely increases
their torment: for when the Understanding by a strong
and active apprehension, hath a terrible and unbound-
ed prospect of the continuance of their Sufferings, that
what is intolerable must be Eternal, this inexpressibly
exasperates their Misery: There wants a word beyond
Death to set it forth. This is the condition of the
sinning Angels, and God might have dealt in as strict
Justice with rebellious Man. 'Tis true there are ma-
ny Reasons may be assigned why the Wisdom of God
made no provision for their Recovery.

1. It was most decent that the *first* Breach of the
Divine Law should be punisht, to secure Obedience
for the *future*. Prudent Lawgivers are severe against
the *first* Transgressors, the Leaders in Disobedience:
He that *first* presumed to break the *Sabbath*, was by
God's command put to Death. And *Solomon* the
King of Peace, punisht the first attempt upon his
Royalty with Death, though in the person of his
Brother.

2. The Malignity of their Sin was in the highest de-
gree: For such was the clearness of the *Angelical* Un-
derstanding, that there was nothing of Ignorance and
Deceit to lessen the voluntariness of their Sin: 'twas
no mistake, but Malice: They fell in the light of Hea-
ven, and rendred themselves incapable of Mercy. As
under the Law, those who sinned *with a high hand*; Heb. 9. 7.
that is, not out of Ignorace or Imbecillity to please
U their


thine adverſaries, &c.
Preſence. Although the Beauty and Frame
World ſhall be deſtroyed, yet that dread-
be joyful to the Saints: *For then all the*
Infinite Wiſdom and Goodneſs; The things ver. 4.
not ſeen, nor Ear heard, neither have enter-
rt of man, ſhall be the everlaſting portion
oveGod. *Come Lord Jeſus.*

Perlegit { G.P. 16. Sept. 1699.
S.T. 27. Dec. 1710

FINIS.

- In addition, there is the recent interest I have found in collecting vintage **post cards**. The post card enthusiast quickly develops his or her own areas of focus and interest. Mine include historical places, era-specific people, architecture, trains, aircraft, ships, motels, and historically relevant monuments.
- **Henry Huttleston Rogers**, mentioned elsewhere in this book as the founder of the Virginian Railway, built an 85-room mansion (below) in Fairhaven, Massachusetts in 1895. It only lasted until demolition in 1914, preserved in old post cards:

- The motel (below) owned and operated by my uncle and aunt, Boyd & Ruby Jackson north of Nashville.

The art on old postcards is sometimes remarkably rich. This one on a 1907 New Bedford card (below) is beautiful:

This card, undated but from a stack of c. 1900 cards given to me by a dealer, identifies this, on the back, as Bertha Kate Horne. I can only wonder at what was her story? Here she was, young, of the Victorian era:

Another 1920 German postcard, of Frau Klara Schmidt von Knobelsdorff, sent to a recipient ("Amalie") in New York, from Paris, messages: "I hope you like this little lady so much as I do? You never answered my last postal. I should like to hear you are all well. I am enjoying Berlin endlessly. With love, as ever, Dorothy"

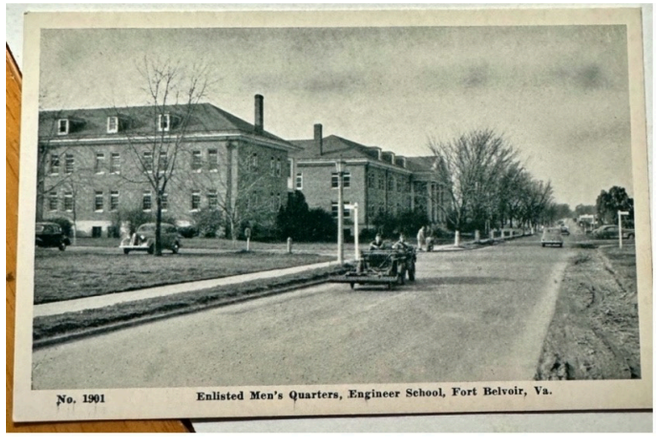
The picture in the original dates to 1848 and Frau von

Knobelsdorff was modeling the attire.

A 1928 German postcard (above) of Burgruine Ehrenfels castle (built no later than 1212 and sacked by the French in

1689) on the Rhine shows the exquisite art of the original painting, and connects to an architecture of 800 years ago. I paid one dollar for this specimen.

Ehrenfels today



Two cards link with my father: one is a 1916 card of Hammond Boulevard (above) in Superior, Wisconsin (my father was two years old) and one of Fort Belvoir, Virginia (above lower) where my father completed OCS, was trained as a combat engineer and worked after the Second World Warn those moments or experiences when we feel history, it can produce fruit. It can inspire our writing endeavors. And one thing can lead to another. In 2022, I wrote a short book, a "novelette" it might be called. It was my first experiment with writing fiction, and a personal engagement. I wrote a fantasy with history which tied together my home town, the Civil War, myself, and with a spiritual flavor too. In this story, which I entitled *A Ghost in August*, I imagined myself awakening in the middle of a road, a road that I grew up with in Annandale, Virginia. It was the Columbia Pike. But my waking up was not in the present time; it was in August of 1862. In my story I did not know who I was, nor could I remember my name. But somehow, I recognized the town in which I was aroused from a strange sleep. It was Annandale, which was where I was raised. I lived on Ridge Road and I worked as a construction worker on Columbia Pike when in college. I road my bicycle up and down the Pike. Learned to drive there. I knew the cemetery of the little, old Methodist church very well.

And in my youth, in this world, there was a large family nearby, two of whose children I grew up with all the way through high school, the Butchers.[20]

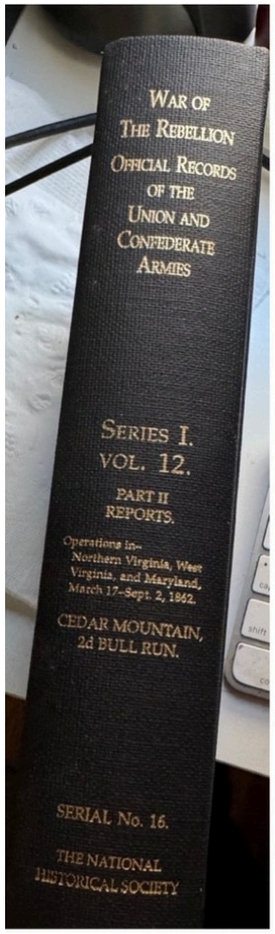
And in *A Ghost in August,* I meet a fictional character, a pastor, named Babe Butcher. He befriends me in the story as does his wife, Susanna Butcher. The story revolves around my stay in Annandale, on the back porch of the Butchers' home, in what was (in reality) a forest when I was young. The story engages the Civil War times right around the Second Battle of Manassas. It includes visits with John S. Mosby, "the Gray Ghost," battlefield nurse Clara Barton (eventual founder of the American Red Cross) and a fictional Massachusetts Union officer overseeing the wartime burning of the little church. It was an enchanting exercise in the marriage of real history, my home town, and the writing of a fictional time-travel story. Annandale was, in fact, full of the Civil War with skirmishes and thousands of retreating Union soldiers after both Manassas battles, "skedaddling" (as they said), back into the defenses of Washington.

Reading History

But what if a person does not like to read, is not a "reader," and completes only as much as required to serve his citizenship and commerce? Then, I would say, reading history will very possibly invest this person with a more delectable nosh! History is endlessly instructive, humbling, perspective-rich, sometimes tragic, sometimes funny, and always profitable to read. To the prejudiced person who sees no use in reading, I would say, "find an interest and give it a whirl. See what you can find that makes you hungry for more."

My primary interest is American history although as a very close second, that I would add, is what is called "church history." Then I have modestly explored various aspects of European history as well as the history of technology. The World Wars have gained my attention and reading about them *both* has been a lifelong activity. As well I am keen on the earlier histories of European expansion west into the "New World" and primarily that of Viking explorations, English, Dutch, and French expansion and later, the migrations of German, Irish, and Scandinavian populations. "Colonization" has become a political and philosophical conundrum in recent years in the public dialogue. I am interested in this and wonder, "Should Europeans never have explored, exploited, colonized, and spread their cultures to new geographical horizons?" And in our current times, migration by refugee populations and the importation and infusing of their cultures asks a similar question.

For some reason I have not read much of the Spanish, Portuguese, or Italian migrations although I certainly acknowledge the magnitude and impact of their cultures. Additionally, I am not very conversant beyond basic considerations, in details of African slave trading or Cape Verdean history. I had never heard of Cape Verde until I moved to New Bedford, Massachusetts and while the story of Cape Verdean



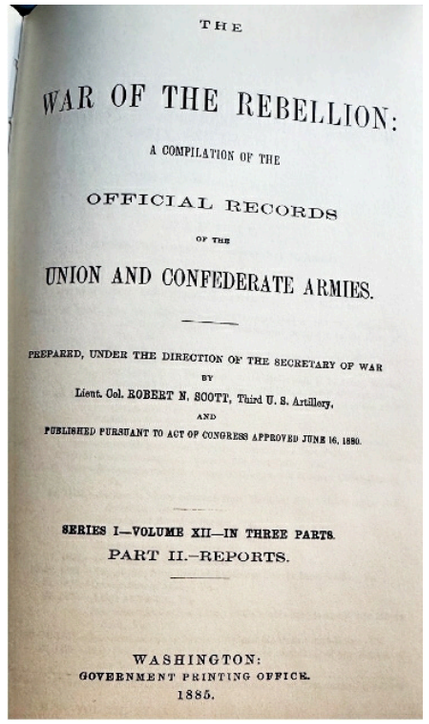
immigration flows not from slavery but from commerce, I must admit that as I was taught about slavery in America as a child, it was packaged in a decidedly "establishment" perspective until the 1960s. Now I know from history of that sad practice and its severe euphemization.

That said, and paradoxically, I am widely read in the history of the short-lived Confederate States of America. I am certainly not defensive of white enslavement of people of other races (which existed in the North as well as the South—and brutally so—and practiced and between Native-American nations from time to time) but I do not approve either. In my view there is no moral defense for the practices associated with enslavemet of any group by any other group. But I seek to avoid "presentism," the reading of our current and *present* attitudes back *into* the history of earlier times. It is simply a dishonest historiography to interpret history and to propagate a view that is only informed by present passions or social creeds. I learned of this pitfall in my graduate studies at Dallas Theological Seminary, when warned by both Professors Hannah and Blum not to read current theological proclivities into the study of Christianity in a prejudiced way.

I am grateful for that mature perspective and how it applies beyond the study of theology. It could hardly be more relevant today in the study of history. Taking up a steady and unending diet of reading from various perspectives is the best nutrient for learning history.

As regards the Civil War, I have read widely and will continue

to do so, in the voluminous *The War of the Rebellion: A Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies* (1885). This huge project includes 138,579 pages with 1,006 maps and diagrams assembled in 128 books, organized as seventy volumes grouped in four series, published between 1881 and 1901 (Wikipedia article). As well a companion volume, the *Atlas to Accompany the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*, was published in 1895. It included maps of military operations (175 plates), a topographic map of the area of operations (26 plates), and some drawings of weapons, uniforms, insignia, and flags. My father purchased this volume for me in 1976 which I still own.



THE

WAR OF THE REBELLION:

A COMPILATION OF THE

OFFICIAL RECORDS

OF THE

UNION AND CONFEDERATE ARMIES.

PREPARED, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR

BY

Lieut. Col. ROBERT N. SCOTT, Third U. S. Artillery,

AND

PUBLISHED PURSUANT TO ACT OF CONGRESS APPROVED JUNE 16, 1880.

SERIES I—VOLUME XII—IN THREE PARTS.

PART II.—REPORTS.

WASHINGTON:

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.

1885.

Here is a sampling of other writings of history, randomly remembered, that I have profited from reading:

- *Saints and Strangers* by George Willison (1945) – the best book of several I have read, of the Puritans and non-Puritan partners (pilgrims) on the *Mayflower*, and their start-up colony
- *Swamp Fox: The Life and Campaigns of General Francis Marion* by Robert D. Bass (1959)
- Caesar's *War Commentaries* from Gaul (translating portions from Latin)
- *Fifteen Decisive* Battles *of the World: From Marathon to Waterloo* by Sir Edward Creasy (1851)
- *The History of New Bedford, Bristol County, Massachusetts: Including a History of the Old Township*

of Dartmouth and the Present Townships of Westport, Dartmouth, and Fairhaven, From Their Settlement to the Present Time by Daniel Ricketson (1858)

- *Lee's Lieutenants* (3 volumes) by Douglas Southall Freeman
- *R.E. Lee* (4 volumes) by Douglas Southall Freeman
- *The Life and Letters of Robert E. Lee* by Robert E. Lee Jr. (1904)
- *Make Me a Map Of the Valley* – the Civil War journal of Stonewall Jackson's topographer [Jedediah Hotchkiss] edited by Archie P. McDonald (1973)
- *Mr. Lincoln's Army, Glory Road, A Stillness at Appomattox* by Bruce Catton and followed by his *The Coming Fury*, *Terrible Swift Sword*, *Never Call Retreat*
- *Battlefield: Farming a Civil War Battlefield* by Peter Svenson (1992)
- *The Killer Angels* by Michael Shaara (1996)
- *Gods and Generals* by Jeff Shaara (1998)
- *The Last Full Measure* by Jeff Shaara (1998)
- *Lee: The Last Years* by Charles Flood (1981)
- *The Lee Girls* by Mary Coulling (1987)
- *The Story of the Confederacy* by Robert Selph Henry, a railroad man, and first published in 1931 was a delightful and refreshing find. It is remarkably objective and even-keeled.

- *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* by William Shirer (1960)
- *In the Garden with Beasts* by Erik Larson (2011) about and American living in Berlin in the 1930s
- The Pacific War Trilogy by Ian Toll
  - *Pacific Crucible*
  - *The Conquering Tide*
  - *The Twilight of the Gods*
- *Six Frigates* by Ian Toll – the beginnings of the US Navy

- *Follow the River* (1981) and *From Sea to Shining Sea* (1986) by historical novelist James Alexander Thom (1933-2023). Thom was a careful researcher who modeled a love for history. These novels tell the story of Mary Draper Ingalls (known for her escape and trek home after capture by Shawnee indigenous warriors during the French and Indian War) and of the Clark family during the American Revolution. I have also read his 1984 novel *From Sea to Shining Sea* about the Clark family. This book is nicely joined with Brook Allen's historic novel about Will Clark and Julia Hancock, *West of Santillane* (2024)

- *Christ in the Camp* by J. William Jones (1887) giving a record of the religious revivals that were occurring within the Confederate army
- The 1909 *Bugle* (annual yearbook) of Virginia Polytechnic Institute & State University. This is a marvelous artifact as much as book, for its printing elegance, artwork, and the story of how a college education was envisioned at that time

- Individual **biographies** (a representative though not an exhaustive list) of Martin Luther, John Calvin, Ulrich Zwingli, John Owen, John Bunyan, Katharina von Bora Luther, Roger Williams, Myles Standish, Captain John Smith, George Washington, Mary Draper Ingles, Mary Rowlandson, Jonathan Edwards, Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Cochise, Massasoit, Tom Jeffords, Robert E. Lee, Mary, Annie, Agnes, Mildred Lee, Thomas J. "Stonewall" Jackson, James Longstreet, A.P. Hill, Richard S. Ewell, Oliver Otis Howard, Joshua Chamberlain, Jubal Early, John Bell Hood, Edward Ord, Ulysses S. Grant (2 volume *Memoirs*), John S. Mosby, J.E.B. Stuart, Jefferson Davis, Clara Barton, Chester Nimitz, Lewis "Chesty" Puller,

Mitsuo Fuchida, Louis Zamperini, Martha Gellhorn, Margarite Bourke-Wright, Erich Raeder, Frank Lloyd Wright, Lyndon Baines Johnson, Richard Nixon, Gerald Ford, Abraham Lincoln, Francis Marion, Oliver Cromwell, Erwin Rommel, Alvin York, Eddie Rickenbacker, William Halsey, J.R.R. Tolkien, C.S. Lewis, Herman Bavinck, Dietrich Bonhoeffer, Corrie ten Boom, Traudl Junge, Adolph Galland, Donald Grey Barnhouse, Lewis Sperry Chafer, Darlene Deibler Rose, Keith Green, Elisabeth Elliot (two separate biographies and authors), Eugene Peterson, Linda Ronstadt, Stevie Nicks, Al Roker just to name a few.

Academic History Courses At Dallas Seminary

I arrived at Dallas Theological Seminary in late August of 1979. I already knew that I wanted to focus on church history, and the faculty of the seminary's Historical Theology Department was aptly equipped to give me far more than I could ever absorb in four short years. All ThM students took at least four semesters of church history. The faculty included Drs. Edwin Blum, John D. Hannah, Edwin Deibler and doctoral candidates Ken Sarles and David Puckett. And here is where the spheres connected for history: theology, the actual history of the church, Protestant, Catholic, and Orthodox, the political environments in which each church movement occurred, links with Old Testament events, personalities and scholars, English scholarly luminaries for English history, language, literature and their connections to Scotland, architecture, northern Europe, archaeology and colonialism which took the church along as partner. Also, the disciplines of research methodology, bibliographic asset management, and academic formatting were fully indoctrinated.

My seminary training included rigorous courses in Old Testament Introduction (Walter Bodine) with a basic exposure

to archaeology and ancient near Eastern scholarship, ancient Christianity (Edwin Blum, ThD, DTheol), medieval Christianity (John Hannah, ThD, PhD), the Reformation (Blum), post-Reformation and early American Christianity (Edwin Deibler, PhD), post-Colonial Christianity (Hannah), history of Pentecostalism (Hannah), history of Presbyterianism (Hannah), Textual Criticism (Daniel Wallace, PhD) as well as focused studies of C.S. Lewis (Blum), Karl Barth (Blum) and Lutheran Theology (Blum).

Subsequent to my residence, John Hannah published a precise and very fair history of the Seminary in 2009 entitled *An Uncommon Union – Dallas Theological Seminary and American Evangelicalism*. In this work, Hannah describes the birth, rise and development of the seminary in the overall context of its times, the wider religious environment, and the parallel histories of other academic institutions. It comprehensively covers some eighty-five years of events, decisions, hirings, academic growth, visionary definition, and theological issues in the seminary's history.[21]

Movement From One Thing To Another

Exploring history has a certain traverse, a dynamic trajectory that moves the studier from one thing to another and to another. I can zoom into one aspect or a single detail and stay there, or I can allow my learning to take me from one event or person or topography to another.

Little Big Horn draws many students' attention to the battle and outcome. It took place on June 25–26, 1876, along the Little Bighorn River in the Crow Indian Reservation in southeastern Montana Territory during which 268 soldiers and at least 100 warriors died. That is a complex and worthy focus. But it pushes one toward studies of Major General George Armstrong Custer, his lieutenants, to Sitting Bull (above), Crazy Horse, to the other Native American chiefs, scouts, medicine men and warriors, to the topography and the weaponry, to the aftermath and the interpretations garnered after the battle, to the matter or preservation and publicity of the sites and to the disposition of the remains of those killed. The battle

foreshadows what was to come in the long "trail of tears" and sad story of American and Native American relations. One thing leads to another.

In 2020, I visited Radford, Virginia and the vicinity of the New River (bridge remnants below) with friends Bob Gordon, Larry Arrington, and Michael Zelonis. We were interested in the Civil War engagement—the Battle of New River Bridge—on May 10, 1864 that occurred there.

But we also learned about Mary Draper Ingles (1735-1815) whose story is one of the most inspirational, overpowering tales I have ever read—bearing a bit of repetition here! Mary and her two young children had been kidnapped by Shawnee warriors in 1755 from their small farm at Draper's Meadow (now on the campus of Virginia Tech). When she escaped from Shawnee captivity in a harrowing 42-day saga, and made her way back to the Southwest Virginia English community where she was reunited with her husband Will, who assumed she was dead. After recovery, the couple moved from Dunkard's Bottom (now under the Claytor Lake) after Mary was rescued at what is now Eggleston, Virginia, to Fort Vause (at modern Shawsville, Virginia) where there was a small, palisaded fort and a few militia and families. In June 1756 she had a strong uneasy feeling and asked her husband to pack them up and immediately leave the fort, which he did. That same afternoon no less than 100 Shawnee and Cherokee warriors with twenty-

five French soldiers attacked and burned the little fort, disposing of its twenty-five residents and militia by death or kidnapping. Mary and Will made their escape eastward just in time to what is now Montvale, Virginia.

Fort Vause was rebuilt and inspected by Colonel George Washington the following December who was making a tour of frontier forts and fortified homes. All of this I read in the 1981 historical novel by James Alexander Thom, entitled *Follow the River*, which was composed on careful and thorough research by Thom. The whole period of the French and Indian War is enthralling to me and next I wanted to visit Shawsville and learn more. The second fort location is marked on Bordertown Road by a historical marker, and the raised mound with a small marble plinth placed there by the Virginia Historical Society in in 1969. Subsequent to a visit to the site and a walk around, imagining those days, their terror and smelling the clean mountain air, I inquired with a local attorney friend who had done historical work in the archaeological project in the early 2000s. He provided me with an 18-page summary of that work.

So, from Radford, to Draper's Meadow, to Dunkard's Bottom, to Shawsville, to Fort Vause and eventually back to Radford where the Ingles ran Ingles' Ferry, and brushing by some fascinating records of George Washington, the hunger for history moves from one thing to another. The year 2025 is the 270th anniversary of Mary Ingles' great tale.

Post note: Two miles north on US 460 in Elliston is "**Fotheringay**," the home of George Hancock (1754-1820), a colonel in the Virginia Line during the Revolutionary War and aide-de-camp to Count Casimir Pulaski. The 1796 home was named in memory of Fotheringay Castle in England, where Mary Queen of Scots was imprisoned at the end of her life, beheaded for treason in 1587. Hancock later served in both the Virginia House of Delegates and in the US Congress, and was the father-in-law of explorer William Clark. (In 1808 Hancock's daughter, Julia, married General William Clark of the famed Lewis and Clark Expedition of 1804-1806.) Fotheringay (below left), an elegant expression of the Federal style, was built about 1796 with a steep mountain as a dramatic backdrop. Fotheringay's interior woodwork, particularly its chimney-pieces and doorways, features delicately carved motifs copied from the pattern books of English architect William Pain. Local lore has it that Hancock mandated his own burial, standing up or sitting on a bench, on the rise behind the home, with a window in front of his "gaze" so he could keep watch over his fields (below, right).

> Sadly, Julia Hancock Clark died in 1820 at the age of 28 at her father's Fotheringay estate in what is now Elliston, Virginia. She is buried there in a mausoleum built by her father for himself and immediate family members. Ironically, her father, George Hancock, followed her in death only several weeks after her own passing. It's not 100 percent certain what caused Julia's death, but the best guess is breast cancer, despite her young age. In a September 16, 1814 letter to [Nicholas] Biddle, Clark used a somber tone, sharing very personal details about Julia's problems with her breast. He stated, "I am apprehensive

> it will terminate in a Cancer." In her final days, Julia rallied, and Clark was persuaded to return to St. Louis to resume his duties as governor while she remained with her parents, convalescing. However, shortly after arriving home, he received word that Julia had died. Clark had a glass pocket locket made containing Julia's hair on one side and his daughter's on the other. Little Mary Margaret Clark followed her mother in death after a fever in October 1821. She was only seven years old. This two-sided piece is housed in the Missouri Historical Society Library and Research Center in St. Louis. I imagine William Clark pocketed this keepsake to remember his wife and little girl, keeping them somehow close in the only way he could.[22]

From Fotheringay and Vause and Draper I could explore the history of Virginia Tech, my university. And I could explore the tale of railroading with the Norfolk and Western, the Southern and the Virginian Railways. And from the Virginian Railway, I could learn about its founder, Henry Huttleson Rogers (1840-1909, above), who grew up in Fairhaven, Massachusetts and owned a wonderful story. As one thing leads to another . . . the Rogers connection would move me back to and through the history of the Massachusetts colony, Boston and Plymouth, and all that I learned while living in New Bedford—the pilgrims, King Philip's War (eighty years before the French and Indian War), the Revolutionary War (whose first naval engagement happened in our harbor off Fort Phoenix, and after having landed redcoat soldiers, an old woman who did not appreciate their marching up her street went out on her front stoop and tossed a pumpkin at them), the whaling industry

followed by the great textile mills and the magnificent houses built by the wealthy of that city. And in a sense, I would come full-circle back to my first book, *The History of Dartmouth Bible Church*, which I published in 2013, noting that the church is located at the intersection of Morton Avenue and Delano Street, named after two Mayflower pilgrims.

I love how a study, and an appetite for history moves the student from one thing to another. Some events, some eras end, isolated they seem. People die and new people rise up and take their place. But the people, the places and the events are connected by their conjoined histories. History connects people, the land, the great things that happen into The Great Story. I love it. And I can't seem to get enough of it all.

Talking About History With Other History Students

This is harder than it seems like it should be. Perhaps it is because once a conversation has struck up, each talker wants to talk about what aspect they are greatly interested in, and so talking past each other can easily occur. But exceptional examples of multiple history enthusiasts, if scripted, can be seen on the many excellent video productions of The American Battlefield Trust. Knowledgeable volunteer Trust representatives and National Park Service scholars and rangers discuss together various sites around the country known for what occurred at them.

Guided tours can also be enriching and great social events. We have enjoyed directed tours of the New Bedford (Massachusetts) historic homes and mills, the Amalfi Coast of Italy, Pompeii, Naples, Rome with Renée (and Dr. Anthony Miraglia), Parliament (London), Buchenwald concentration camp (Weimar, Germany), the Getty Art Museum (Los Angeles), many sites in Israel (Dr. Harold Sevener), Bath County, Virginia (with Dr. William C. Suter), Cedar Mountain Battlefield (Virginia) with friend Sandy

Young, sites in Wisconsin with my father, the late Martin Damgaard, historic homes of downtown Dallas (with Renée), visits with Bob Gordon to Lexington and Staunton, Virginia.

One especially enriching tour was with my cousin Buddy Hewgley as we visited many family sites around Nashville, Tennessee in 2018. It was where Buddy grew up as did all of our aunts and uncles. I enjoyed a similar family tour of Bakerville, Tennessee in 1994 with my mother and several of her sisters, which included viewing many family graves and markers there from the Civil War era. My mother and I also visited Tarpon Springs, Florida together as well as Franklin, Tennessee.

In all of these tours, people are talking with people who share the common interest of what they are looking at, and its history.

Talking About History With Neophytes

I don't mean to sound condescending. But not everyone knows a great deal about history. And it is gratifying to speak of history with an interested listener. When they are new to the idea of hearing about history it is important to keep the telling interesting. Stories are a great tool to use.

I remember various older adults telling me about such people as John S. Mosby, Francis Marion, Miles Standish, Mary Draper Ingles, and many others almost (like Professor Alexander) as if they personally *knew* the person being described. A fun example of this is to listen to the historian Shelby Foote speaking (featured in the Ken Burns 1991 video series on the Civil War) with great authority about leaders such as U.S. Grant, Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, James Longstreet, William Sherman, and Philip Sheridan. Foote's descriptions were fresh, folksy, relatable, and believable. Story-telling is a wonderful way to introduce a neophyte to the glory of history.

Learning My Own Family

I am surprised at how few people are seriously interested in their own family's chronicle. But I hardly think of my own family's story as "history" although it certainly qualifies as such. While my own parents were intentionally centrist, politically, my family roots on my mother's side were utterly southern colonial. She was truly a Daughter of the American Revolution. My parents were deliberately Washingtonian, they would say, but my mother's roots were inescapably Southern, Democratic and Confederate. Beginning with her testimony that she knew of no ancestor who was ever a slave owner, my mother never apologized for her family's story. It was culturally Tennessean and religiously Restorationist and rooted in the Churches of Christ. And even more deeply and telescopically, I have traced my mother's ancestors back as far as Saint Arnulf, Bishop of Metz (582-645), of Frankish ancestry and earliest named ancestor of Charlemagne and the Carolingian dynasty. Arnulf receives this fun legend:

> It was July AD 642 and very hot when the parishioners of Metz went to Remiremont to recover the remains of their former bishop. They had little to drink and the terrain was inhospitable. At the point when the exhausted procession was about to leave Champigneulles, one of the parishioners, Duc Notto, prayed "By his powerful intercession the Blessed Arnulf will bring us what we lack." Immediately the small remnant of beer at the bottom of a pot multiplied in such amounts that the pilgrims' thirst was quenched and they had enough to enjoy the next evening when they arrived in Metz. For this reason he is known as the patron saint of Brewers.[23]

Had my parents known this part of mom's heritage, they would have laughed heartily!

Of renown in my mother's family were several soldiers: Dr. William T. Porch (a field surgeon, my grandfather's uncle), General William Polk "Gotch" Hardeman (left) who became a CSA brigadier general near war's end, and then a Texas Ranger and is buried in the Texas state cemetery in Austin. General J.E.B. Stuart who was great grandson of Elizabeth Hairston, sister of Mary Hardin Hardeman, my fifth great grandmother.

Stuart's cousins James Stuart and Oscar Stuart served with him and were both killed (as was he) during the Civil War—James at Second Manassas (Groveton, charging a Union battery) and Oscar in the Chancellorsville campaign (but at Fredericksburg). Their brother Edward was also a soldier but survived the war until 1881. He buried his brother Oscar at Fredericksburg and erected an iron fence around the grave. (The Stuart cousins' father was also a CSA major general, Oscar Stuart.) Also in my mother's family line lies Princess Diana Spencer, ninth cousin, once removed; and actor George Clooney, sixth cousin, twice removed.

And there is A.W. Scott of whom I know very little. His grave is in the Bakerville, Tennessee cemetery—a very remote little town—alongside those of many other relatives. My Aunt Mary, in my one trip to the place, pointed out the grave to me and said, "Yes, and here is another of our Porch family." The grave says: "A. [Alfred] W. Scott 3D SGT CO A 10 TENN CAV Confederate States Army Nov 8 1826 Jun 20 1900." He was married to Victoria

Porch Scott, 1841 to 1890 and they had five children:

- Davis Lafayette Scott, 1861 – 1933
- Nancy A. Scott, 1865 – 1934
- Delia Scott Pullen, 1868 – 1929
- Sarah Gould Scott Porch, 1870 – 1933
- George S. Scott, 1874 – 1875

Victoria was the sister of Dr. William T. Porch, mentioned above. Their parents were William Booth Porch (1805 – 1876) and Matilda Ann Temple Porch (1806-1887). Piecing family history and documents together and joining with information from the *Find a Grave*[24] website, a full picture of the family is developed. Talking with living and older family members who, themselves, grew up with the stories of family lore, one has to decide what is fact, what is legend, what is wishful thinking, and what is pure invention.

In my mother's family there were American Revolution participants also, one well known soldier in particular, Thomas Hardeman (1750-1833) originally from Albemarle County, Virginia. He fought with the Overmountain Men in the Battle of King's Mountain as a member of Captain William Bean's Militia Company. He was engaged in wars with the Indians, and fighting Colonel Ferguson's British and Tories. In 1783 Thomas moved to Davidson County, Tennessee and settled on a plantation about three miles from Nashville. In 1788 and along with Elijah Robertson (brother of James Robertson) he represented Davidson County in the North Carolina House of Commons and then as a Member of the North Carolina Convention call to consider the ratification of the Federal Constitution. In 1796 he was one of five delegates from Davidson County to the Convention at Knoxville which adopted the first Constitution of the State of Tennessee. In 1797 he served as Senator in the second General Assembly of Tennessee.

In 1803, he established his residence in southeastern Williamson County, Tennessee and later named his home "Sugar Hill" (right) which is still there today. In 1816 he migrated to the Missouri Territory and settled in Howard County and in 1833 (April 8), returned to Williamson County, Tennessee where he died on June 3, 1833, his burial place unknown.

He was preceded by his forebears through the Jamestown colony no later than 1641 via his wife's family. She was Mary Perkins and her father, Colonel Nicholas Perkins, fought in the French and Indian War. There is an established land-grant record of her Great-grandfather, Nicholas Perkins Sr. (1646-1712). And in that line was a Richard Childers (1574-1617) from Hunslet, Metropolitan Borough of Leeds, West Yorkshire, giving us Yorkshire roots as well. And it was also at least my ninth great-grandmother, Marie Eppes (c. 1590 – 1674), who came though Jamestown married to Captain Francis Eppes. That triggers in me a personal interest in the beginning of the story of Virginia in which I (and all my childhood friends) were thoroughly indoctrinated in the early 1960s. We all grew up knowing about Captain John Smith, Powhatan, Pocahontas, and the tobacco plants of John Rolfe who died in 1622. His marriage to Pocahontas and her tragic death preceded by the legend of her intervention with her father for the life of John Smith, the sacking of Jamestown and many other English settlements by Native American warriors in the same year as Rolfe's death and many other stories, histories, and legends were all the stuff of

my upbringing. Perhaps a third of all English colonists (347 known) then living in various settlements around the James River were extinguished in that time, known by the settlers as the Massacre of 1622. (Incidentally--followed just fifty-three years later by King Philip's War in New England, where Renée and I lived for thirty-six years and where our daughters grew up. In our town of Dartmouth there remain the foundation of Russell's Garrison (mentioned before), a fortified dwelling from that War.

They were scary times for English colonists and for Native Americans too, when reprisals occurred. Thinking about history often moves from one thing to another.

But I was never aware of any Jamestown connection with my own family's story until the mid-1970s. Then I learned from my parents, who were only then researching these things themselves, that the Hardeman clan had migrated from Jamestown through Southwest Virginia and the Holston valley and into North Carolina and the Watauga Valley. Then into Tennessee and west, as far as Texas. Central Tennessee was the area—tiny Bakerville, just slightly bigger Waverly (where my mother was born), Henderson, and Nashville were important. It is not a stretch to imagine these places still being frontier communities when my ancestors arrived. Later, Old Hickory, Oak Ridge, as far south as Jackson, Mississippi, and the farm country east of Memphis all had relatives of my family tree.

On my father's side my family was immigrant. His parents were Danish citizens who immigrated in about 1890 to Superior, Wisconsin from Haderslev in Jutland and never returned to Europe. They were followed later to America by several relatives too, notably to Le Sueur, Minnesota. They were all religiously and culturally Lutheran. As he was leaving Denmark, my grandfather was given the family seal by his father, which I still own. It reads:
J.S. Damgaard—for Jens Sorensen Damgaard.
J.S. gave it to his son, Christian Sorensen. It went to my

father, Martin Jens and from him to me. The scene on the seal (above) depicts farm life. My grandfather married Metha Kirstine Hansen, of royal blood in her grandmother who was a Danish princess but had married a commoner. For that she had her name expunged from family knowledge. My grandmother knew her grandmother's name (his eldest sister Helen told me) but never divulged it to any of her children.

Other than my own immediate family, the only other living Damgaard that I know who is my family is Michael Damgaard, 60, in Monroe, Washington. He is the last Damgaard from my father's family, the son of my dad's brother Harry's son, Jim. As Jim died earlier this year, Michael inherited his family papers. It is a cache of family history and another special source of treasure for the story. One item that Michael found was *my* father's old US Army carry bag (left). Michael sent that to me recently along with some family papers.

Some date to the late nineteenth century.

Both of my parents came from large families: my father was eighth of eight children and my mother was sixth of nine children. High drama occurred in 1976 when my father's eldest brother's family surfaced out of nowhere. Emil had disappeared to the family's awareness in 1934, had died in 1972, having lived his latter life under a different name, Thomas Keith Churchill. His two daughters searched and found his birth family after his death, much to the delight of all.

My "lost" cousins Priscilla and Judy each had three sons. Tom/Emil's grandsons all are Damgaards, genetically. Priscilla Jefferson's sons are Jonathan (1964), Timothy (1964) and Richard (1966). Judy Stothoff's sons are Robert (1960), David (1968) and Thomas (1975). I do not know any of these men today, who now range from 50 to 65 years old.

I also grew up with the lore about my dad's partial family's relocation to St. Petersburg, Florida during the 1920s land boom there. My grandfather (he was Christian Sorensen Damgaard) worked in concrete construction and he moved himself, my grandmother, my uncle Harry, and my dad there where they lived in bungalows, and very small rental houses for eighteen months in 1924 and 1925. My grandparents were fifty-five years old in that time, my uncle was twenty, and my father was ten. My father remembered it as an idyllic time and all his life hoped to live there again. In 1990 he and my mother moved there and for his last four years he relived some of the memories of his youth —the culture, the streets, the semi-tropical vegetation and even the school he attended were all still there.

The First World War touched my family in that my aunt, my dad's older sister Frieda, was an army nurse (and her husband was an army doctor) and their eldest sister, Helen, was also a nurse. Both Frieda and Helen spent time caring for wounded American veterans returning from Europe.

My mom experienced drama too when, after delivering an out of

wedlock child in late 1945, who she gave up for adoption (with her birth name Tanya), the secret pregnancy (my father was in Europe in the last year of the Second World War) was discovered upon his return. They were not yet married, but they married in June 1946 and Tanya went out of our family's knowledge—though never out of my mother's heart. My mother died in 1997 and in 2018 my half-sister appeared, under her adoptive (and lifelong) name, Deborah Chapman, after her own lengthy search for her birth mother. She had searched, petitioned the District Court of her adoption to unseal her records and found us. Today Deb lives in Maine and she is a great delight to me. We have loved sharing so many stories of our upbringings, across the Potomac from each other, never knowing that either existed.

My wife Renée and I have two children, Jocelyn Charis and Susanna Jo. Jocelyn married Aaron Ensinger in 2012 and they have two children, Raymond Jens and Jane Elizabeth. Our own family history begins in Roanoke, Virginia, and after our wedding in 1975 we lived for two years in Falls Church where I worked for Naval Sea Systems Command. Then again in Roanoke for three years, then to Dallas, Texas for four years and then to Southcoast, Massachusetts—New Bedford—for thirty-six years. Now after retirement for each of us in 2019 we are back in Roanoke as I write this. Our daughters live in Denver and Rhode Island (Jocelyn) and Bishop, California (Susanna). Jocelyn's two children also divide their time between Denver and Rhode Island.

Renée's father was from Loyal, Wisconsin and her mother was from Sutherland, Iowa. They met when her father ("Mo," Cdr. Morley C. English) was a US Navy air cadet billeted at the college where her mother was a student, Mankato State Teacher's College in Mankato, Minnesota. Morley was his parents' only child and had grown up in Loyal, Wisconsin. Florence (Miller) was the fourth of six children, growing up in Iowa. Renée also has an older sister, Susan, and a younger brother, Morley Bard. Susan was married to Barry Arrington of Roanoke for twenty-

five years and then subsequently to David Castor. Susan and Barry had four children: Joshua (Roanoke), Leah (Kansas), Rachel (Kentucky) and Grace (Tennessee). Susan and David now make their home in Fairbanks, Alaska. Morley was married for five years to Beth Wiesel of Roanoke and then subsequently to Tricia Nunley for thirty-five years. They make their home in Cape Coral, Florida.

Embedded in this meditation is the idea of how a person's family might connect to the wider history of our country? Or to our state or county or town or even to a grander field —world history? My own family connects to early settlement of previously uncolonized lands, to the Revolutionary War, the Civil War, the First and Second World Wars. My dad's parents were immigrants from Denmark and then Dad was connected, through his work with the US Army, with World War II, the Korean War, and the Vietnam War. My mom found herself swept by opportunity to enter the labor force in Washington DC by the onset of the Second World War and its need for female workers in the nation's capital, a thing without which she would likely never have moved from Nashville and certainly never have met my Dad. Her family was variously connected to the Civil War (and three significant personalities—General JEB Stuart, General William Polk "Gotch" Hardeman, and Dr. William T. Porch.) She did not hear of this much growing up but I sought out all of it that I could possibly discover. The connection to General Stuart is that he was the son of a woman whose mother was sister to my sixth great-grandmother. Dr. Porch was my grandfather's uncle and "Gotch" Hardeman was connected in Texas through the Perkins family line.

My dad's connection to Denmark and its late nineteenth century history was intriguing if sadly yet another example of "not enough information." My grandmother's grandmother was a Danish princess, who upon marrying a "commoner," was disowned from the family and her name blotted out of all family discourse. In 1976, during my only visit ever with my

dad's oldest sister, Helen, they spoke of this cultural family secret. I remember Aunt Helen saying that their mother knew her grandmother's name but never divulged it to anyone in her family.

Also, one of my grandmother's brothers was a war veteran—the Franco-Prussian War (1870-1871), as near as I can discover. He was a Dane fighting for a coalition of German states, defeating France, and creating a unified Germany. I have his picture. My dad also went out of his way to teach me about his own home town (Superior, Wisconsin) and its story and various industries--which was the genesis of my own lifelong interest in railroading. He worked for the Great Northern Railroad from the day after he graduated from Superior State Teacher's College in 1936 until he enlisted in the US Army, a month before Pearl Harbor. His older brother, Emil, also worked for the Great Northern, fifteen years earlier.

My wife Renée's family connects us with the early twentieth century history of the Midwest and more distantly to Scots/ Irish Henderson family ancestors. They connect us also with the evangelical Christianity of that time and with the Korean War through her dad's flying and service career with the Navy. He flew TBM Avengers off of aircraft carriers and later the Super Constellation "Willie Victor" early warning and ASW aircraft. At the end of his naval career, he was commanding officer for the Naval Reserve Training Centers in Sioux City, Iowa and in Roanoke, Virginia. Morley English retired with the naval rank of commander.

Renée's mother Florence loved teaching small children and worked in various states doing so before marriage in 1950 in Seattle, Washington. She concluded her teaching career in Roanoke, Virginia, loving her work as much at the end as at the beginning. She and her husband Morley also taught Sunday School for many years.

Partners In History

Apparently in 1624, English poet and cleric John Donne said (and preached), "No man is an island." Whatever else Donne said, that much is true. People are usually and ultimately not very self-sufficient. We depend upon others. This is true as much as anywhere in "doing" history and writing about it. And it is true for me. I have been influenced in my thinking about history by a number of people, or joined together with them in its discovery, discussion, and exegesis. Our associations have been informal and non-professional.

- My **father**, Martin Jens Damgaard, had been a railroad worker and a young teacher after college and before Pearl Harbor—one of his students was the US Army Air Force ace, Richard S. Bong. Dad taught mathematics and science but he really loved history too. By the time I came along he was convinced it was the best thing there is to talk about—better than money, religion, or politics. He talked about history constantly. He was my earliest mentor in the pursuit of historical wisdom, facts, tales, and statistics. I remember that it was from him that I learned the caution not to quote statistics too casually; "they can be manipulated." He gave me what was probably my first book of history, *Fifteen Decisive Battles* (1851) by Sir Edward Creasy.

- My **mother**, Joe Evelyn, possessed a more subtle and quiet interest in history. Along with my dad, she explored the stories and an older colonial history of her own family as well as former times in Northern Virginia's story. In 1994 she and I were accompanied by several of her family members on an excursion to Bakerville, Tennessee, her father's homestead, the home of the Porch family. While she tolerated the

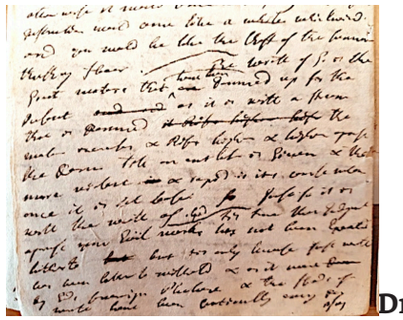
trip she was notably subdued; there was no magic there for her. She had very deliberately left that heritage in 1942 and apparently, fifty-two years had not awakened it much. But I can say that she always had an appreciation for stories of history, told in the room by other people.

- **Daughter** Jocelyn has an interest in her own sense of history. She completed six undergraduate courses in history and specifically enjoyed studies in Russian history which could have been a minor for her. She and I have visited a number of places together: Germany and Belgium, Gettysburg, Washington DC, and Cape Cod. When she was young, I took her and her sister **Susanna** with me to several very old cemeteries, showed them monuments and stones, and talked about that part of Americana. We could learn a great deal there. I remember the Culpeper National Cemetery in Virginia where Jocelyn and Susanna's grandparents are buried, the cemeteries on Concord, and in Sandwich, Massachusetts, the Plymouth, Oak Grove (New Bedford), Acushnet Cemetery and that of the Church on the Green (Middleborough) in Massachusetts. Susanna's and my seven-week hike on the Camino de Santiago trail in southern France and Spain exposed us to lots of history too.

- **Dr Bill Suter** and **Lorenzo Bean, JD** were both roommates of mine at Virginia Tech. Each had a keen sense of Virginia history and love for different aspects. They traveled together to Germany and Switzerland and explored those countries as young men. Bill was inextricably connected to the story of his home, Bridgewater, and the Shenandoah Valley with all its history. He had graduated from Turner Ashby High School, then Virginia Tech and

then Louisiana Tech. Lorenzo has family roots on the southside of Richmond and also "t.a."'d (was a graduate teaching assistant) for the great historian and Civil War scholar and biographer James I. Robertson. Bill and Lorenzo remain my partners in the never-ending pursuit of more history.

- **Rev. Brian "Sandy" Young**, a fellow graduate of both Virginia Tech and Dallas Theological Seminary, has been my lifelong friend. Both of his parents and his step-father (Charles Sanders, Battle of the Bulge veteran) were World War II veterans, his parents (Jack C. and Beverly Brandt Young) were both pilots in the US Army Air Forces. Sandy and I have shared many common interests in history, theology, music and other areas and have traveled together to a number of sites for symposia and explorations: Israel, Gettysburg, Fincastle, Atlanta, Cedar Mountain/Culpeper, Virginia, Spotsylvania/ Cold Harbor, and the Wilderness battlefields. Together we learned church history in graduate school, appreciated the pedagogy of various accomplished scholars, read books together and have shared countless coffee discussions together or in fellowship with other people. We also share common interests in architecture and of course, our spiritual heritage. Each of us came to a true faith in Christ while students at Virginia Tech.



- **Dr. John Hannah** was an

important seminary professor for me. He was Professor of Historical Theology and a very fine educator—one of several "double doctorates" I have known. I took a number of graduate courses in history from Dr. Hannah (surveys of the history of Pentecostalism, Presbyterianism, and Post-Colonial American church history), and hosted him for an excellent Bible and teaching conference in our church in 1994 while he was doing a post-doctoral fellowship at Yale University on Jonathan Edwards. On that occasion, when I met him in New Haven to drive him to Dartmouth, we rendezvoused in the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library at Yale. As I shook his hand, he handed me a small, old piece of paper (right) and said, "take a look at this." It was a document about the size of a 3x5 card with very tiny script written on it, on both sides. It was the original manuscript, Dr. Hannah said, of Edwards's famous 1740 sermon, *Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God.* It was checked out to him for two hours for his research.

- **Dr. Edwin Blum** was my main mentoring professor at Dallas Seminary, and like Dr. Hannah a superb scholar (also two earned doctorates) and later served as the General Editor for the HCSB Project (the Holman Christian Standard Bible) and the HCSB Study Bible. From him I also studied historical theology in many semester courses, read *Calvin's Institutes* under his tutelage, attended the church in which he was the main teaching-elder and served on staff there in my fourth year of seminary, and one might even say, he became a friend. Dr. Blum had a thorough, grizzled, and somewhat pithy way of looking at history. With him I learned in greater detail about Martin Luther, C.S. Lewis, Karl Barth and other Reformation and Puritan era luminaries.

- **Rev. Everett Kier** was a classmate at Dallas Seminary, work partner with me in our side jobs at Cascade Pool Service, then as a peer pastor when he took the job of pastoring the church which had ordained me (where he served for nine years), and we continue as friends; both in Roanoke, both retired now. He had the same concentration as I did at DTS (historical theology), and also focused his studies under Drs. Hannah and Blum. Everett has one of the most focused and well-informed perspectives on the development of Protestant theology of anyone I have known. Although we do not see each other often, I consider him in league with me in the love of history and its pursuit.

- **Robert Gordon** (originally from the Syracuse, New York area) and a fellow Virginia Tech Hokie, has been a good friend since 1978 and through all the years. Since my retirement we have rekindled a happy friendship and mutual interest in the history of railroading, local happenings in the Roanoke Valley and beyond. Occasionally accompanied by Renée and Karen, or friends Larry Arrington and Michael Zelonis, we have enjoyed in Virginia, excursions to Merrimac, Walton/Vicker Switch and Montgomery Tunnel, Victoria, High Bridge, Lynchburg, and Gordonsville/Orange as well as short discoveries of off-the-beaten-path stone structures that were at one time part of the infrastructure of the planned *Shenandoah Railway*, shortened in construction by the Civil War.

One recent spring day, Bob and I, with two railroad men, took a farm path off the highway (with permission). It took us to an 1856 tunnel (right) of the extinct *Virginia and Tennessee Railway*, parts of which were burned in the Civil War (and made famous in the

song, *The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down*). The tunnel itself and its craftsmanship were enchanting. Even at 169 years old it looks strong and immovable.

It was built by hand and the stone quarried locally and hauled to this spot. It was this railroad toward which General Robert E. Lee and the last of the Army of Northern Virginia was heading when they were cut off at Appomattox in April of 1865.

We also have visited Glen Lynn—once a major railroad Virginian Railway site—and in West Virginia, Bluestone Park, Pipestem, and Deepwater, as well as trips to Strasburg, PA and to Charleston, SC. Bob has picked up my own love for railroading and has shared that love with **wife Karen**, too. He has enjoyed Civil War sites as well as many other historic places. He and Karen are energetic and adventurous travelers and have also explored many places to which I have never traveled. And history is always on the agenda!

- **Skip Salmon**, a friend of recent times. Skip is a gold mine of information and enthusiasm for understanding the Norfolk and Western, Southern Railway and Virginian Railway with memorabilia, documentation, photography, and many personal stories. He is a walking example of living history.

- **Judge Sam Wilson**, also a recent new friend, has shared with me his passion to understand both our fathers' World War II travels, service and stories

which broadly paralleled each other. He has been writing a book documenting his late father's story in Europe from arrival in Normandy to departure from Le Havre. He has also been writing a first-century AD historic novel with careful research, imagination, and spiritual sensitivity. His historical interests, tempered by a long and successful career in the law capped by a federal judgeship, are a joy for me to encounter and absorb, added to my own knowledge (*sans* the law). He is a careful historian, an articulate writer and a good reflector of the things of which I am writing in this book. He collaborated with me on the chapter on "the ash tray" in my book, *The Top Dresser Drawer (Essays of Miscellany),* Amazon, 2024.

- **Steve Garay** (another new friend), and wife **Audrey**, lead the Roanoke Valley Christian Writer's Group of which I am part. Steve writes historical fiction and especially enjoys the history of the Old West as well as lots of local traveling on the East Coast. They are good friends and truly "partners in history."

- **Bill Stanton,** retired English professor from Clemson University is a friend and fellow music enthusiast. He also writes music and records his songs. **Joseph Blaha**, retired music professor of Roanoke College, is a friend and a great one to talk to regarding music history. He suggested to me, "Rock and roll did not begin in the 1940s. It began with the Reformation." **Dr. Robert Benne**, retired Philosophy and Religion Professor of Roanoke College is a friend and a great collaborator in the quest to understand how history has placed us on our current threshold of secularistic demise. He is a lifelong Lutheran, as that within which I was raised.
- **Paul Douglas** and **Michael Alexander**, mentioned before passed to me their love of history. Again,

I mention these two men as they each drew me into the *pursuit* of history when I was a young man. If there were any pathological vapors around that might have infected me with an anti-history sleepiness, these two men were antidotal.

History Previously Penned

I don't really think that people who aspire to write about history simply wake up one morning and begin to spontaneously compose historical text out of a vacuum. I think it is a gradual awakening to a love for it, or some driven agitation which nurtures the desire to begin to do it.

My writing with the smallest sense of history began when I was small in fact, just eight years old. I wrote a little paper about the 1960 presidential election (which still bears the date of November 2nd). I had opinions and I thought that I had good reasoning. I wrote, "I think Ike should decide" (who should be the next president). Somehow, I was even then arrogant enough to think that someone should listen to me.

Although I no longer possess the paper, I remember eight years later writing in high school about Georg Hegel. He was the German philosopher who was the (or at least *an*) early inspiration for Karl Marx. I remember thinking I was pretty smart for going around citing a Hegelian word like "dialectic." I was really, then as now, pretty unsophisticated with my understanding of philosophy. I would trade off saying "dialectic" with the occasional "metaphysics" but it would be many years before I would add the word "epistemology." I did pick up an inkling of what "logic" is a bit sooner in my education since I had good math and statistics teachers. I also played a logic game in high school in 1968 while Washington DC was burning (the post-King assassination riots) called Wff N' Proof, which was fun if a little erudite, not to mention ironic for what was going on historically at the time all around me (i.e., 1968.)

I wrote about gospel-blues singer Mahalia Jackson in 1974. I didn't especially like her singing (that style of music) but I appreciated her story. So, I wrote about it. It was recent history, but it was black history so that tied me back (I felt) a few decades into the American story—she seemed important to me. She had just died in 1972. My fellow Virginia Tech classmate, Renée English, typed the paper for me (on her Smith-Corona portable typewriter) and to pay her back I took her to a free concert. She also married me in October 1975.

I have written various papers about select church history topics:

- *John Owen, Pivotal Churchman* (1980) - Owen was a brilliant theologian and chaplain to Oliver Cromwell at one point. His written and published works comprise sixteen volumes, a massive corpus of his thought. With Karl Barth and Jonathan Edwards, John Owen might be the earliest in the trifecta of Protestantism's three most important thinkers.

- *The Conference at the Savoy, 1658* (1981)
  - This was the first major conference among the earliest English Congregationalists, with whom, ecclesiastically, I felt kindship.
  - Many years later, I visited the Savoy Hotel in London which was built on the site of the Savoy Conference. No one was impressed if I told anyone about this, but I could (as Smaug said in *The Hobbit*) "feel their air." It also had some significance during "the Blitz."

- *John Owen's Concept of the Office of Elder* (2018) – It must sound like an obscure subject but finding connections with the past is a major fruit of studying history. And I found one in Owen's understanding of the office of "elder" in the New Testament, which

is an important designation and advancement from the government of the people of God in the Old Testament. I have always been interested in and focused on the development of this ecclesiastical position of office. It is the bridge from the days of Jesus's original apostles down to the present day.

- *Issues of Polity in English Congregationalism, 1640-1670,* which was my Master's thesis (1983). I loved researching and writing this thesis, although it was not very long. Classmates poked fun because it was relatively short. I said what I wanted to say, articulated my research, and was done. Appendix B is the academic title page.

- *The Effect of Calvinism on Missions* – This was a short paper (1982) and evidenced my defensiveness for Calvinism against the claims that Calvinists do not care about world missions and this apathy can be traced to John Calvin. I took issue with that assertion, and wanted to contradict it.

- *Reformation History*– A 71-page project (1987) for instruction for a lay audience in a local church.

- *Evangelical Views on Israel* – written for Rabbi Jacqueline Satlow of the Center for Religious and Spiritual Life at the University of Massachusetts at Dartmouth (2009).

I prepared and delivered occasional lectures, given in one of the oldest extant churches in the country: The Church on the Green (First Congregational Church of Middleborough which dates to 1694), on historical subjects:

- *Theological Issues in the American Civil War*
- *Lessons from Masada*
- *Theological Issues Addressed by D-Day*

I have completed and published books which relate to historical interests:

- *The History of Dartmouth Bible Church* (1963-2013 the First Fifty Years). I wrote this because it was the fiftieth anniversary of our church, because I knew I could do it, and because I felt like if anyone was going to attempt it properly, it should be me.
- *Defiance at Cairo*, which includes some of my father's letters to my mother while he was in Europe during the Second World War. It is a biographical work (2020) motivated out of love for my parents and a wish to memorialize their story.
- *Shadows of Ravensworth* – I did a lot of research on the original plantation of the same name, where I lived in Fairfax County. It was engaging to write (2023) because it was once an important entity there, and now it is almost forgotten. It is about my home town and its history, which is full of history, well-known historical names, and important events. The Ravensworth mansion (which burned in 1924) was joined to the Ossian Hall mansion (at whose razing I was present in 1959) and the Oak Hill mansion (still extant as a private home). Today what was once a huge plantation is remembered only by the road (Ravensworth Road) off of which lies my high school (Annandale High School) and a single historic marker nearby.
- *A Ghost in August* – This is a short novelette in which I imagine myself awakening in 1862 in my home town of Annandale, Virginia but not knowing who I am. Published also in 2023, I include such persons as Clara Barton, Colonel John Mosby, and a fictional "Pastor Babe Butcher," who I invent as the minister at the little Methodist church which is still there today. (The Butcher family is a real family from my upbringing. I imagine an ancestral lineage.)

I have edited and published papers and materials of my father's writing[25], related to his story and the times in which he lived:

- His correspondence
- The comprehensive history of his World War II US Army unit, *The 602nd Engineer Camouflage Battalion, First Army,* which he wrote but was never released nor to my knowledge, even known.
- His 1933 college freshman English essays
- His 1936 paper on the Geneva Disarmament Conference
- His 1976 paper about the discovery of his lost brother, Emil
- His 1978 to 1980 remembrances and lectures about Naziism and Buchenwald concentration camp as a World War II veteran and a writer of succinct and poignant composition.

Seven Areas of Interest

I will say something about and reflect upon seven areas of interest to me, as to the history of each and from my own sense of them. As they came to my meditation, I will write of them in that order:

1. **Annandale and Northern Virginia** (for consideration because they are my home and the soft underbelly of our nation's capital, and in English lore at least go back to 1614 with Captain John Smith's survey of the area);
2. **The American Civil War** (1859-1865); mainly in Virginia
3. **England** (which also might seem unrelated but which, in fact, is the geopolitical parent of our first two permanent colonies, the environment which four centuries ago gave us the King James Bible and the roots of both my and my wife's ancestors);
4. **The Second World War** (1939-1945), overall thoughts and mainly focused on the European Theater of Operations.
5. **Church History**
6. **Textual Criticism** (which will be a term mostly unfamiliar to most readers but intensely important to me and the partner of church history).
   - An interlude of a short chapter, entitled simply "**1968**" is a later addition here in my story; and

7. **Rock and Roll** (which might seem completely whimsical but with links between American,

English, and church history).

I intend no implication, of course, that so many other great areas of thought and unfoldings displayed by history are of less importance than these personal focal points of mine. These are the pivotal subjects that sketch my own autobiographical identity. There is no universal guidebook for in what order history should be studied or in what geographic areas. Perhaps when I was young it was thought that logic prescribed that everyone should have at least a basic knowledge of American history and how our government is supposed to work. The whole nation assumed that any young person should be able to envision and articulate the basic timeline of the American story. That made sense then and it still does. But what about zooming in on certain phases of our drama? What about our *culture*? What about the story of our innumerable ethnic contributors? What about how our country has interacted with other countries? Why are we present in so many areas of the world and what took our people there? Each of those is a worthy query but in this work, I will restrict myself mostly to the **seven** centers of attention listed.

I imagine them to be loosely connected over time as follows:

It is too grandiose to term this project my own "historiography" for if I am not careful, I might be tempted to start again using words like "metaphysics" and "epistemology." But this topical survey will be the task of the remainder of this writing, developing these favorite focal points, discovering connections between them, and

showing why they have each come to fascinate me. These are the turrets, the ramparts, for my love of history.

I will not be without personal comment on each focus. I have opinions. But I do hope to achieve and maintain reasonable objectivity within each. A goal here is to infect you, the reader, with some love of history, its appeal, and its continuing work.

- ➢ Important things that happened deserve remembering.
- ➢ Important things that happened deserve a good telling.
- ➢ People that lived deserve to be remembered.
- ➢ Lessons that were learned deserve enshrinement.
- ➢ Noble achievements that occurred deserve remembrance.
- ➢ Heroic sacrifices deserve the trouble of recording them and passing them on to people as yet unborn.

Annandale and
Northern Virginia

Unlike many friends of mine, I was raised in a single town. It is called Annandale and is located in Fairfax County in Northern Virginia. It was named for a community in Scotland of the same name, on the Annan River there. Wikipedia tells me, “Annandale is a strath in Dumfries and Galloway, Scotland, named after the dale of the River Annan. It runs north–south through the Southern Uplands from Annanhead to Annan on the Solway Firth, and in its higher reaches it separates the Moffat hills on the east from the Lowther hills to the west.”

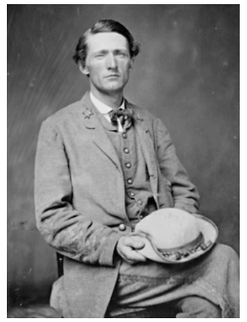
I never heard any of that while I was growing up nor would I have cared. Scotland, eh? Ok, whatever . . . It is a beautiful land with its own history. But I never heard any of that in my youth.

Today Annandale in Virginia is an urban sprawl. At just under eight square miles, populated in 2020 by 43,244 people, situated and centered at eight miles from the Potomac River, and centered on the intersection of Routes 236 and 244, the Little River Turnpike and the Columbia Pike. Its basic map, as such, dates to the times of George Washington. Today it is a continuous network of suburban neighborhoods, ribboned with multiple shopping centers, business complexes,

school properties, and parks—all laced in a complex lattice of frenetically busy streets and highways and connected to Metro urban rail on its northern edge.

Before World War II Annandale was a very small, sleepy, farming community which dated as such to its beginnings. War interrupted its somnolent pace during the Revolution, the War of 1812, and the Civil War but after each, the calm returned. After V-J Day, development and construction exploded in Fairfax County. My own housing development (Columbia Pines), in which my parents purchased their home, was built on farm land in the late 40s with nine original model homes, each a distinct design. My parents owned the smallest of the models—at 1,100 sq. ft. Columbia Pines was the furthest new development constructed into Northern Virginia out from Washington just after the war, as my dad remembered it. They bought their little home in 1950 and that is where I was raised. I went to a private school, Mary Dale School, for the first grade, in the home of Mrs. Bolling. It was just off Sleepy Hollow Road and almost in the back yard of what was once the Fountainbleu home, the fourth and least known of the four Fitzhugh mansions of the Ravensworth plantation.

Then I was a student in Annandale Elementary for second to sixth grade. It was an expanded school building, most of which was an addition to an existing 1920s era school and within the right-of-way for what was once planned to be the Manassas Gap Railway (which was never built). Its final construction was halted for financial reasons just before the beginning of the Civil War. Some of the infrastructure that had been constructed can still be viewed off of Hummer Road even today. As well, near my school there had been a Union army stockade, attacked on



one occasion by a force of “Mosby’s Rangers.” Notably, in one skirmish in 1864, Mosby (1833-1916) himself orchestrated the attack, but of course by that late date, to little effect. Interestingly, after the war he could come into the good graces of none other than U.S. Grant, who appointed him as United States consul to Hong Kong (1878-1885). Grant wrote of John S. Mosby (left), “Since the close of the war, I have come to know Colonel Mosby personally and somewhat intimately. He is a different man entirely from what I supposed . . . He is able and thoroughly honest and truthful.”[26] One thing, it seems, leads to another.

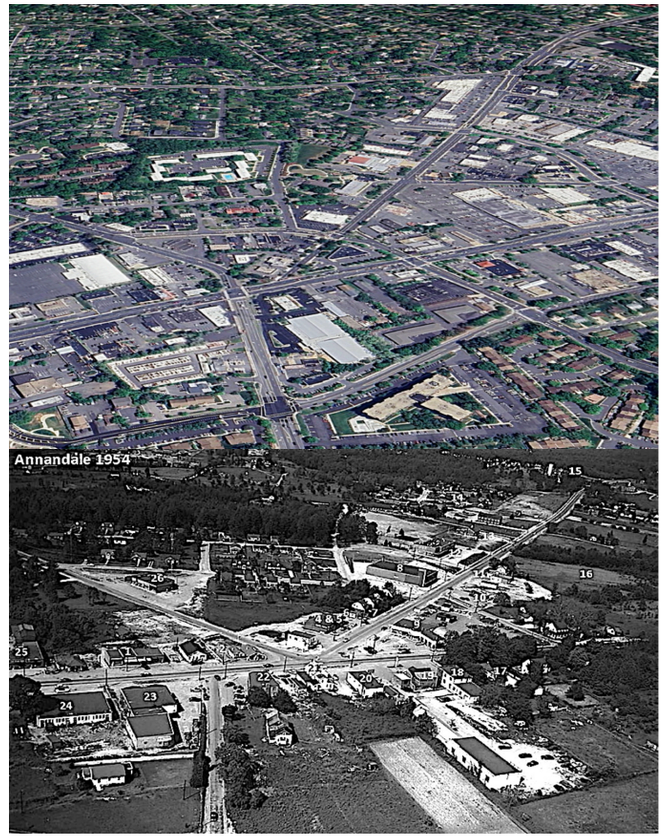
The County of Fairfax, with a population of 1,150,309 (in 2020), is the most populous county in Virginia, the most populous jurisdiction in the Washington metropolitan area, and the most populous location in the Washington–Baltimore combined statistical area. Again, according to the Wikipedia article, prior to European settlement, present-day Fairfax County was initially inhabited by the Algonquian-speaking Doeg Tribe. In 1608, Captain John Smith documented the Doeg Tribe's villages, which included Namassingakent and Nemaroughquand on the south bank of the Potomac River in present-day Fairfax County. By 1670, Virginian projects from the Northern Neck region drove the Doeg Tribe out of present-day Fairfax County and into Maryland.

Fairfax County was formed in 1742 from the northern part of Prince William County, and was named after Thomas Fairfax,

Sixty Lord Fairfax of Cameron, proprietor of the Northern Neck. The Fairfax family name is derived from the Old English phrase for “blond hair,” or *Fæger-feax*. (This resonates with me since when young, I was a strawberry blond (above, in 1970).

The county’s initial settlements were along the Potomac River. George Washington settled in Fairfax County and built his home, Mount Vernon, facing the Potomac. Gunston Hall, the home of George Mason, is nearby. Fort Belvoir is partly on the estate of Belvoir Manor, built along the Potomac by William Fairfax in 1741. Thomas Fairfax, the only member of the British nobility ever to reside in the colonies, lived at Belvoir before moving to the Shenandoah Valley. The Belvoir mansion and several of its outbuildings were destroyed by fire immediately after the Revolutionary War in 1783, and George Washington noted that the plantation complex had deteriorated into ruins.

As I grew, Annandale was a small village noted for its gas stations, shops and increasingly, shopping and small restaurant offerings. Here two photos, one from 1954 and the other from 2025 show the growth (#15 at the top is my neighborhood)



I loved my own school, Annandale High, and was very aware of our competitors: George Marshall High School, W.T. Woodson High School, Washington and Lee High School, and serious football high school rivals JEB Stuart, Falls Church, Fairfax, and Woodson. There were also Thomas Jefferson (today one of the most famous and respected high schools in the nation), T.C. Williams, Yorktown, Madison, and Langley high schools. Some of these have now had their names changed, deleting from remembrance, intentionally “unhonoring” their original namesakes.

I learned to shoot at the range at W&L (Washington & Lee) High School. I was on an NRA-sponsored rifle team there and I shot also at Dawson’s Small Arms of the World range in the center of Annandale. I would sling my rifle over my shoulder

and walk down to the range to shoot. My friends and I lived out our teenaged lives all over our town. We walked or occasionally rode our bicycles everywhere. We built slot cars and raced them in slot-car racing dens. The guys dated the girls, scarcely having any clue that life together would become permanent between a few of us. Mark Hamill (below, a.k.a. Luke Skywalker) lived in my neighborhood for one year (his father was Air Force) and reportedly dated a couple of classmates.

We played sports in the fields, explored the many creeks, made snide remarks about Lake Barcroft residents whom we imagined to be snobs, enjoyed the many inexpensive restaurants, mowed each other's lawns, swam in the summer, and trudged through snow with sleds in the winter. It would be overblown to say, "everyone knew everyone," but I can say that everyone knew somebody and many of us somebodies knew lots of our neighbors. There were no gangs and if anyone of us found ourselves threatened by some bully there was probably a football player nearby to intervene. Beer was consumed in mass quantities and about the time that nearby Reston was built, as a utopian-style planned community, marijuana entered the local culture. Other narcotics lay in the future, but not so much in my youth. For some unexplained reason I associated weed with Reston.

Annandale's history was marked by the little Annandale

Methodist Church which dated to 1878 and whose predecessor was burned by Union troops during the Civil War. (I play out this razing in my novelette *A Ghost in August*).[27] Annandale bordered other entities—Fairfax, Lake Barcroft, Bailey's Crossroads, Springfield, Backlick and Bradlick, Accotink, Burke, Alexandria, Lincolnia, Franconia, Falls Church, Arlington, and Fairfax, and others, each of which has its own story. I have always loved the stories and history of Fairfax County. I knew nothing about suburban Maryland (nor cared) and little enough about Prince William, Fauquier, or Loudon Counties.

My mother joked with her friends, that she knew the location of the legendary buried pay chest that General Edward Braddock supposedly hid as he marched his men north to their demise in the 1755 disastrous expedition against the French and Indians in the Ohio Valley. She said it was under Braddock Road someplace and laughed. George Washington though, had distinguished himself in this battle and it anchored his reputation considerably.

My first visit to the Custis Mansion (now Arlington Cemetery) occurred when I was very young and first heard the name of its one-time owner, Robert E. Lee and his wife, Mary Anna Randolph Custis Lee. I was intrigued when I was told, "Well, he lost the mansion because he became a Confederate." As a boy I did not know yet what that meant, and I remember asking of it. More impressive was the crisp marching of the guards at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, and later the Eternal Flame at JFK's grave.

My parents were not inclined to

speak of the Civil War very much and it would be years until I heard who Lee and his wife were. It was during the fourth grade, with my first Virginia history text book, that scant mention and perhaps a picture of two, was given of Robert E. Lee. It would also have been at that time, around 1962, that I first saw the Confederate flag, called "the stars and bars." I clearly remember thinking, "what a strange thing: a country within a country." In the sixth grade (1963) I remember reading with interest, from the "We Were There" series, *We Were There at Gettysburg* in which I again read of Lee. This was in the centennial year of the battle, coincidentally.

In fact, it was Mrs. Lee, Mary, who inherited the estate because of her family's identity and connection to
Martha Washington. Mary was the daughter of George Washington Parke Custis who was the grandson of Martha Washington, the wife of George Washington. General Lee, when home from his service in the US Army, managed the property and they raised their seven children there, but it was really Mary's home. She was evicted, without compensation, by the Union army after the First Battle of Manassas, the mansion ransacked and looted. To be fair, the Lee women were given some advance notice and they were able to quickly pack up, in some cases hide, and move many belongings, curtains, rugs, and family art. But the rough and vindictive confiscation was not taken easily by Mary or her four daughters. The army began then to use the grounds to bury the bodies of thousands of Union army soldiers. And every time I drove by the area, into or out of Washington DC, I viewed the mansion sitting on the hill overlooking the Potomac with all that sad and fascinating history.

The Custis Mansion's importance is perhaps dwarfed by that of Mount Vernon, the slave sites of Alexandria, the coming of air travel with the construction of National Airport and all that lay just across the river.

Another colonial history has called to me though, which

was right in Annandale. It was the Ravensworth plantation. **Ravensworth** was an eighteenth-century plantation house near Annandale in Fairfax, County, Virginia. Ravensworth was the Northern
Virginia residence of William Fitzhugh, William Henry Fitzhugh, Mary Lee Fitzhugh Custis, William Henry Fitzhugh Lee, and George Washington Custis Lee. It was built in 1796. Ravensworth was located near Annandale, Virginia, south of Braddock Road, west of the Capital Beltway (Interstate 495).

I have told the story of Ravensworth in my book *Shadows of Ravensworth,*[28] and will not replicate here all that I wrote there. But it was in my hearing often while I was growing up. The original and principle of four plantation mansions (Ravensworth, Ossian Hall, Oak Hill, and Fountainbleau) is only remembered today by a small historical marker in the Ravensworth shopping center off Port Royal Road in Springfield. It mysteriously burned in 1926. Oak Hill remains, as a private residence about a mile and a half northwest and **Ossian Hall** () was burned intentionally by the Annandale Volunteer Fire Department as a training exercise in

September 1959 after lying vacant for many years. I was present, with my father, at that razing. I still remember how hot it was to stand by. Its last owner had died fifteen years before in 1944.

Fountainbleau, which has received little attention, was located off Sleepy Hollow Road in Annandale and its ruins were still known, with a small family cemetery, until the early 1960s, although I never saw them. They were, however, within sight of my first-grade private school, Mary Dale School (on Georges Lane) and the place where I learned to swim, the Sleepy Hollow Bath and Racquet Club. I have been able to find no pictures of Fountainbleau. **Oak Hill Manor** (c. 1790, below), is located at 4716 Wakefield Chapel Road in Annandale, with six bedrooms and six baths and 4,426 sq. ft. is currently valued at about two million dollars. A wonderful photo walk-through can be viewed on Zillow at the address. Thomas Jefferson is recorded to have stayed here several times when in route back and forth between Washington and Monticello. It is similar to Ossian Hall.

Ossian Hall was located about a quarter mile from where my high school, Annandale High School, would be built in 1953. It was within sight of my high school's future football stadium. By using old maps, old aeronautical photographs of the area, and from memory of the fire I attended, the Ossian mansion was located on what is now Regina Drive. It was about a half-mile from Ravensworth, which was a mile and a half southeast of Oak Hill. Fountainbleau was about four and one-half miles northeast in Sleepy Hollow as noted above. These four homes comprised the network of colonial constructions which were the core of the Ravensworth plantation which would become the bulk of Fairfax County in modern times.

As an aside, I note that Jefferson also designed and built

his retreat home, **Poplar Forest** (below), in Bedford, Virginia (Liberty, at that time) in the first years of the nineteenth century. It is a wonderful site today still and well documented and preserved. From one of his surviving letters, he wrote of passing through what would become my own neighborhood—between the Falls Church and the Columbia Turnpike, "wanting to avoid the major roads" on one of his trips between Washington and Monticello. I like to imagine him riding on a dirt path across my back yard that a 1938 aerial photo of my town shows, where my neighborhood would be built ten years later.

In my teens, I learned from my father of **Earp's Ordinary** in Fairfax City, which we drove by many times on Little River Turnpike. Now called "The Ratcliffe-Logan-Allison House," (below) it is a historic home commonly and historically known as Earp's Ordinary. The structure is an expansion of the original Earp's Ordinary; a late eighteenth century building used as a tavern and store by Caleb Earp. It consists of two sections built about 1810 and about 1830, and is a small two-story, single pile brick building. A two-story rear wing connected by a hyphen was added in the twentieth century. A postal station and stage coach stop operated from the building in the 1820s-1830s.

There are so many historic locations throughout Fairfax County and around Annandale. The Virginia side of the Potomac is full of so many events in our country's history. From Great Falls to Mount Vernon stretches the shore of Northern Virginia's story. And crossing over the river is part of the story. When very young, I was given to various health problems and my mother had to drive me or accompany me on the bus line into "the District" for medical appointments. We drove over the 14th Street Bridge, which was where the Long Bridge was during the Civil War. Or we might take the Memorial Bridge, below Arlington and the cemetery. I heard about and was a bit mystified by the story of the Chain Bridge, now little more than an elevated viaduct, but the first bridge crossing the Potomac in the Washington area and first was constructed in 1797 when Georgetown merchants built the "Falls Bridge" at the "Little Falls." The bridge was built to replace ferry service and was primarily used to drive cattle across to the Georgetown auction markets after the cattle had drunk heavily at Pimmit Run. In 1810, a third bridge was constructed that was truly a "**Chain Bridge**," the name by which all subsequent bridges have been known. Two chains were made from four-foot links of wrought iron and suspended from massive stone towers at either shore. The bridge itself was 136 feet long and 15 feet wide. The stone abutments can still be seen. But one thing leads to another . . . (this picture from Facebook, DC History Center Post, "Group of men

on Chain Bridge during the flood, c. June 1889" (General Photograph Collection, CHS 01417H)

Later, I would drive over the imposing Francis Scott Key Memorial Bridge from Rosslyn to get into Georgetown. I loved Georgetown in the late 1960s, with its P-Street Beach park for concerts, the Cellar Door club, Orpheus Records, the Biograph Theater, and the Elysian Fields Head Shop. We walked around M Street and Wisconsin Avenue as if we lived there. Later the Beltway bridges (Cabin John and Wilson) served us, though with no interesting history. They just sterilely yawned at the urban sprawl, spewing endless traffic into, out of and around the Nation's Capital.

I cannot testify that religion played any large part in Annandale's or Northern Virginia's ethos. As I grew up there were standard churches around: mine was Hope Lutheran Church, across Ravensworth Road from St. Michael's Catholic Church. The Methodist church was there as was Annandale Baptist Church, in whose gym we sometimes played basketball. St. Alban's Episcopal was up the street on Columbia Pike. That was all that I was aware of. "Home churches" did not exist, at least so far as

I knew. By my arrival in high school the one parachurch entity I heard of was Young Life and I don't think I heard that it was religious. Online worship, major worship events (other than Billy Graham Crusades) and multi-site congregations offering streaming services were many decades in the future, imagined by no one. The practice of people's faith was brick and mortar identifiable, predictable, pedestrian, and denomina-tionally categorized. One brief spiritual exception occurred. My friend Barry and I, with me in the sixth grade and he in the fifth, began talking about faith. Briefly, we were hungry. We toyed with the idea of creating a special "altar" in his basement. I don't know what we thought we would do at this altar. We each spoke to our pastors. His was a Catholic priest, mine was a Lutheran minister. Each discouraged us from experimenting with anything outside of our respective churches, so there it died.

Religion as a moving and articulated force in daily life was almost extinct, to my awareness after the end of the Second World War. There was no embedded conservative Christianity in politics, in education or school issues, in government or in much public commentary on the news outlets. Until the Mormons bought "Farmer's Hill" off of Gallows Road and built a new church, I had never heard of the Latter-Day Saints or any other cult that might have then existed. The strange Masonic Lodge across from the Columbia Pines entrance was a bit mystical but seemed harmless enough. In our town if there were rapes, kidnappings, muggings, assaults, murders, grand larcenies, or human trafficking I never heard of them. Annandale was fueled by a sense of getting-by with modest forward-progress economically and educationally. Most of my 500 high school classmates applied for, were accepted into and graduated from colleges. Four classmates attended service academies. Four were All-American athletes. We went into engineering and science and teaching and business and law and government and a few went into the arts. A handful went into politics but most found careers in the usual predictable professions.

Northern Virginia, Fairfax County and Annandale would evolve into a massive gaggle of diversity. An ancient and idyllic and four-seasoned forestland of occasional Native-Americans and all kinds of wildlife would be joined by Englishmen and slaves, then driven west. Then those same gentle hills and fields and forests would come to be occupied by many famous persons, simple farmers, tradesmen, shopkeepers, mill workers and then soldiers with their generals and swashbuckling cavalrymen in a trampled and ransacked and burned interlude of civil war, then more soldiers and sailors and then airmen, lawyers, politicians and educators, practitioners of the medical arts, and then refugees and professionals from Vietnam, Cambodia, India and the Middle East came. Scholars, government workers and commercial entrepreneurs, athletes, writers and musicians, spies and intelligence experts, law enforcement civil servants, historians and curators, local government workers and park service employees, would all occupy the land. Most would now be from other parts of the country and world, but all are Americans.

The American Civil War

(and American History)

To Annandale and Northern Virginia, is connected the American Civil War[29] and to that, all of American history from Jamestown and Plymouth to the Pacific Ocean and fifty states. Annandale is one Northern Virginia town in an ever-evolving political experiment drafted yes, on Virginia soil primarily by Virginians. Northeasterners called George Washington a "farmer general." And other Atlantic colonists and politicians signed on of course with the First Continental Congress, but Virginians were the most strategic visionaries, seconded perhaps by their Massachusetts brothers with a few Philadelphian luminaries thrown in and certain New York, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Carolinian, Georgian, and Rhode Islander collaborationists.

Our American history is not a collection of isolated events, punctuated with a few dramatic biographies, grievous tragedies, or ecstatic victories. Nor are we detached from world history or other countries, with our heads in the sand, despite our isolationist tendencies in the 1930s.
The death toll of Americans in Europe from battle and at sea in World War One was 53,401, in about a single year and nearly matching American deaths in the ten years of the Vietnam War (58,220). We are all part of a fluid movement. There are seams in our national fabric with births and deaths, starting and stopping points. Borders are argued over, surveys made and boundaries are argued, easements negotiated and maps drawn. New organizations form. Old ones die. New friends are made and sometimes friends become enemies. Events and persons rise and fall, weave in and out of each other, breed others and a whole story is written. It is still ongoing. And we are still young as history goes.

But the capstone tragedy to occur in North American history is its own war with itself that occurred over four years in the mid-eighteenth century. Other countries have had them too: England, France, Russia for instance. And other great tragedies have happened (the eradication of Native-American life, slavery, the 1918 Flu Pandemic, The Great Depression, our self-destructive lust for abortion, the Covid-19 pandemic, human trafficking, the voracious appetite for narcotics, etc.), and a number of other American wars. But the champion of catastrophes to happen among us was what we did to each other with our own hands. It cost our nation over 600,000 lives which is more loss than all our other wars combined. Two percent of the American population died in that time. We cannot blame the Civil War upon the hundred (or so) indigenous American tribes that existed then, upon the United Kingdom, the Netherlands or France or Spain—the other European countries who colonized here—or upon the environment or disease or any kind of invasion of biochemical pathogens. Blaming southern commercialism or northern hypocrisy are embarrassingly simplistic characterizations. The war began complicated and only grew more so.

Fort Sumter was unforeseen at Yorktown, just eight decades before—one long lifetime. None of Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Madison, Adams, or Betsy Ross wrote, "watch out for a war between, among and by us, ourselves. Watch out for New York regiments invading Virginia or CSA cavalry invading Pennsylvania." No one could have imagined it. And it was the most terrible calamity our country has endured. I was born in Washington DC, twenty blocks and a mile and a half from Ford's Theater, the place of President Lincoln's assassination, and eighty-seven years after Appomattox, but I had not grown long before I picked up a lingering sadness still, from that war.

I fear however, that it has become suspect to teach about the Civil War in any kind of balanced and comprehensive way in our schools. I fear for what Spanish-born American author George

Santayana said, “Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it.”

Also, I must resist speaking too glibly about the experience in our nation’s story. I have never been subjected to actual combat, and writing history includes a certain danger of trying to pontificate about something for which the writer actually has no personal experience. It is no accident, I notice, that combat veterans so rarely wish to talk about what they saw. So, I do not wish to have been there in the Civil War. I hold no interest in imitating the culture, reenacting events, or watching such. It was a terrible time.

But we can fairly observe that it was also a time of rapid technological and tactical advancement. A simple summary of military applications that were wrought by the Civil War and developed during it include:

- Rail travel, railway and civil engineering and rapid troop deployment (as seen at First Manassas)
- Telegraph communications
- Submarines
- Trench warfare
- Balloon reconnaissance
- Repeating rifles and pistols; rifled gun barrels; artillery innovations
- The Gatling gun
- Ironclad warships, and steam propulsion
- Naval and coastal ordinance
- Cartography and the melding of military deployment with art
- Photography and photojournalism
- The birth of Nursing
- News journalism and the spread of media
    - It is noted that Mathew Brady, Alexander Gardner and other wartime photographers introduced to the American public the real images of real war just after Antietam (September 1862); in contrast to the stylized artistic portrayals of battles

popular to that point.

Perhaps most famously in those times was the seed planted for civil rights. African-Americans began their trek to equality and perhaps to a just equity. Their presence on the continent had a shameful and tragic genesis. With 1619 occurring (ironically) in the middle of the English Reformation, it is even more embarrassing—an illustration of one of the points of this book: the intersection of different aspects of history. But with the Emancipation Proclamation, slaves would begin a climb out of one of the saddest human traditions: slavery. The climb reached a crest with the 1964 Civil Rights Act and continues today even.

I think of the Civil War in the following fourteen categories. I will comment briefly on each. It is my belief that every American should think in these segments and know them well. At the risk of sounding like baseball legend Yogi Berra, to be ignorant of them is to forfeit the benefits and wisdom of knowing them.

I. the reasons
II. the beginning
III. the northern blustering and the feverish mustering

IV. the southern resistance and resilience
V. The military structure and the deployment of black troops
VI. the battles
VII. the politics
VIII. the people in the countryside
IX. the English
X. the leaders
XI. the conclusion
XII. the remaining sites
XIII. the aftermath
XIV. moving on

Sources: The Official Records etc. (above), The Atlas (above), biographies, Bruce Catton (Michigan raised, 1899-1978), Shelby Foote (Mississippi raised, 1916-2005), Douglas Southall Freeman (Virginia raised, 1886-1953), James I. Robertson (Virginia raised, 1930-2019), the documentation of Frederick Douglass (Maryland raised, 1818-1895), my distant cousin Ann Lewis Hardeman's published diary (1850-1867)[30], visits to sites, museums and innumerable interpretive historical displays, letters and correspondence of the period, remnants of family experience, the written and recorded history of Abraham Lincoln (Indiana and Illinois raised, 1809-1865), anecdotal stories and running dialogue heard over the years from countless other people interested in the Civil War or in possession of its legacy.

The Reasons For The Civil War

There are a number of reasons for why we came to blows with each other, well documented in countless history books. I will mention a few only.

The introduction and growth of agricultural labor by slavery began early in Virginia. It spread across the predominantly agrarian south into every state. Planter John Rolfe, with Jamestown only yet a dozen years old, began it in 1619 with the arrival of twenty slaves (reportedly one or two of whom were themselves slave owners). An August 2019 *Time* magazine article reports:

> The human cargo that arrived in Virginia in 1619 had come from the port city of Luanda, now the capital of present-day Angola. Back then, it was a Portuguese colony, and most of the enslaved are believed to have been captured during an ongoing war between Portugal and the kingdom of Ndongo, as John Thornton wrote in the *The William and Mary Quarterly* in 1998. Between 1618 and 1620, about 50,000 enslaved people — many of whom had been prisoners of war — were exported from Angola. An estimated 350 of these captives were loaded onto a Portuguese slave ship called the *São João Bautista* (more commonly known as the *San Juan Batista*).

That ship was en route to the Spanish colony of Veracruz when two English privateer ships, the *White Lion* and the *Treasurer*, intercepted it and seized some of the Angolans on board. According to James Horn, President and Chief Officer of Jamestown Rediscovery, both ships were owned by a powerful English nobleman, the Earl of Warwick Robert Rich. Rich was anti-Spanish and anti-Catholic, and profited from thwarting Spanish shipping in the Caribbean. The *White Lion* — which flew under

> the flag of a Dutch port known for its pirates — came to Virginia first in late August 1619, followed four days later by the *Treasurer.*
>
> The most-cited account of those events in 1619 is found in that letter to the Virginia Company of London, which had run the Jamestown settlement since its establishment in 1607, from John Rolfe, one of the early English settlers there (and most famously Pocahontas's husband).

In the northern states, primarily New England, an outrage began, no little by the clergy. Slavery, they said, was barbaric, abandoned by then by the United Kingdom and ought to be abolished forthwith. The North had not been without slavery, especially in Dutch New Amsterdam (New York). Nonetheless though, the South should come to their senses, heed their own religion, and see the inhumanity of the ancient practice. Their commerce would adapt and recover, the Northerners said.

With the expansion of American white settlement in the Midwest and west, the question of new states and whether they would be slave or free states ignited great debate and then violence. Few were advocating for humane treatment of Native-American people groups, displaced and worst by this expansion. They probably did not help matters by the heritage of their own intertribal atrocities or by the intensity and creativity of their violences against white settlers.

As for the political separation between slave-friendly politicians and abolition-minded ones, the rift became clearly geographical. South and North with a clear line of demarcation. Between were border states too, which included sympathizers with both convictions. In these places (Maryland and Kentucky especially) politics became very complicated.

> As a **side note**, here is a good moment to illustrate what is a principle of studying history. In my generation (specifically the violent attack on civil rights marchers

in Selma, Alabama, on March 7, 1965) when about 600 marchers were brutally attacked by state troopers and local law enforcement as they attempted to march from Selma to Montgomery to advocate for voting rights. Afterwards, on March 9th, Reverend James Reeb, a white Unitarian Universalist minister, was tragically murdered. He had traveled to Selma to support the Civil Rights Movement following the attack on marchers at the Edmund Pettus Bridge. Point: We experience one time in the life of an issue, and read it back on to a previous time which is inflamed with the same root issue. Circumstances and secondary issues change from one time to another. But disregarding that and embossing my passions of the present onto my interpretation of the past is to distort the history. The southern White response to the civil rights movement in the mid-1960s is an embarrassing reality. But to identify attitudes between generations or to project criminal culpability between generations is an irresponsible tactic, in my view. More on this, to follow.

The Beginning

If the reader will allow a date later than 1619 as the beginning of the Civil War it might be suggested that its ignition was in 1859 when John Brown occupied the US Arsenal at Harpers Ferry, Virginia, seeking to incite a slave rebellion. It was quickly put down by a detachment of US Marines, commanded by (not without irony) by US Army Colonel Robert E. Lee, (who had also been at one-time the Superintendent of West Point.) This is generally considered the first flash-point of the Civil War. Its actual beginning was in April 1861, triggered by Abraham Lincoln's election to the presidency, as US Army Fort Sumter, in the harbor of Charleston, South Carolina, was shelled with the goal of chasing out the army detachment there. With this fruitless victory by southern artillerists, the president made a public call for 75,000 volunteers to put down the rebellion, defined by the secession of eleven states from the Union, each insisting that it was their constitutional right to secede (as had the original thirteen colonies from the British Crown, 85 years before). The North objected, and war was afoot. Secession by state was as follows:

- **South Carolina**: December 20, 1860
- **Mississippi**: January 9, 1861
- **Florida**: January 10, 1861
- **Alabama**: January 11, 1861
- **Georgia**: January 19, 1861
- **Louisiana**: January 26, 1861
- **Texas**: February 1, 1861
- **Virginia**: April 17, 1861
- **Arkansas**: May 6, 1861
- **North Carolina**: May 20, 1861
- **Tennessee**: June 8, 1861

For myself, with several Tennessee family members serving in the Army of the Confederacy, I find irony in the late—in fact the

last—secession of a state from the United States. My aunt Mary told me that one relative in that Bakerville, Tennessee cemetery fought for the Union (although I did not note at the time which one).

The South said slavery or not, was not the issue. They said that every state in the Union owned the right to secede at will irrespective of reason, as they all had originally done from British rule as Royal colonies. "What we wish to do now, is no different," they insisted.

Now began another reason for the war, which became in every practical sense, the defining reason: invasion of the South by northern military armies. It seems unlikely that Alabama regiments would ever have invaded Wisconsin or that southern gunboats would ever have shelled Fort Phoenix in Fairhaven, Massachusetts (as had the British in 1775).

To answer my pacifist and adamant friends who feel the southern resistance to have been criminal (not to mention shameful), I ask, "If you were a resident of say, Massachusetts and three divisions of New Hampshire soldiers, organized, under flag and under orders, came into your town, confiscated property at will, injured non-combatant citizens, burned properties and set up an occupation-designed government, how would you react?"

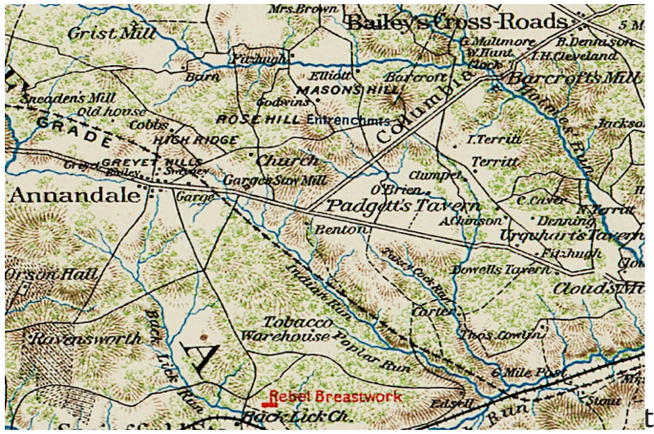
Skirmishes began that spring all across the bordering states of the Union. The first big confrontation was in July 1861 as the First Battle of Manassas occurred (also called First Bull Run). It saw the first rapid deployment by rail of southern soldiers brought in from the Shenandoah Valley just as the conflict began. It was a southern victory, viewed by several hundred spectators in festive carriages who traveled from Washington City to watch "the spectacle." They fled back quickly, through little Annandale and other villages.

The name of the battle has caused controversy since 1861. The Union army frequently named battles after significant rivers

and creeks (Bull Run) that played a role in the fighting; the Confederates generally used the names of nearby towns or farms (Manassas). The US National Park Service uses the Confederate name for its national battlefield park, but the Union name (Bull Run) also has widespread currency in popular literature.

The Wikipedia article summarizes: 35,000 deployed Union troops were engaged; 18,000 deployed Confederate troops out of 32-34,000 present in the region. The Union army suffered 2,708 casualties (481 killed, 1,011 wounded and 1,216 missing), and the Confederate army suffered 1,982 casualties (with 387 killed, 1,582 wounded and 13 missing). So, 868 American men died on the field of Manassas that day at their own hands.

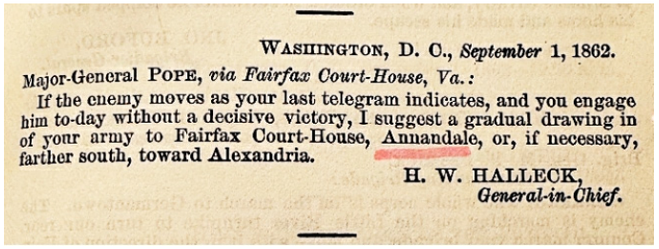
The **1861 map** of my home town shows Union "Entrenchments" center top, a few hundred yards east of "High Ridge" where my home would be built eighty-seven years in the future, left of Rose Hill. My neighborhood was originally



two streets: Ridge Road and Rose Lane.

I also note "Rebel breastwork" center bottom. Eighty-five-year-old Mrs. Judith Henry (born, incidentally, in 1776), an invalid widow, was killed inside her house during the artillery barrage too, the only civilian killed. She had a foot blown off by an artillery shell that exploded over her bed. Note also on the map, "Ravensworth" and "Orson (Ossian) Hall," lower left.

I was charmed in finding a small mention of Annandale in the *Official Records . . .*



WASHINGTON, D. C., *September* 1, 1862.

Major-General POPE, *via Fairfax Court-House, Va.:*

If the enemy moves as your last telegram indicates, and you engage him to-day without a decisive victory, I suggest a gradual drawing in of your army to Fairfax Court-House, Annandale, or, if necessary, farther south, toward Alexandria.

H. W. HALLECK,
General-in-Chief.

ust as Second Manassas was ending, in a complete Union defeat with the Army of the Potomac withdrawing back toward Washington, this note from General-in-Chief Halleck to General John Pope:

The Northern Blustering And The Feverish Mustering

Having lived and worked for half my life in New England, I can understand a bit of the northern attitude about the South. And in the post-War of 1812 years, there was a growing bluster among northern spokespersons (politicians, journalists, clergy) about the great injustice of southern slavery. Some felt the South should be boycotted into emancipation of their slaves. Others felt that left alone, slavery would eventually disappear. But after Fort Sumter (when President Lincoln called for 75,000 volunteers to put down the rebellion as one might do for a rabid animal), and the political secession of eleven states, the bluster grew into a storm. Enlistments of northern men for military service began with the mustering of army units from each state, county or even town. They began training. And then they began shipping out of northern ports and railheads for "points south." Southern espionage agents watched all this and reported to their southern "handlers."

In the South, the northern bluster was matched by a southern

outrage, seasoned with accusations of northern hypocrisy, convenience (since the southern economy was dependent on their enslaved for agrarian labor and the North was more industrially based though not without agriculture). Southern apologists raged against their "good colleagues in Congress from our northern neighbors who wax eloquent about the injustices we perpetrate against the Negro." This is not a specific quote of one, but the summarial sentiment given countless times in the halls of the Capitol building.

New ground was not being blazed. They were in a virtually unsolvable dilemma. It was not helped by the fact that many southern citizens were indeed truly racist in their assumptions about African-Americans' station in life. Even some very good southern Christian theologians, otherwise noble, well-schooled in the Bible and Christian theology and keen theological acumen, penned embarrassingly racist writings. To read them now makes me sad. James Henley Thornwell and Robert Lewis Dabney (who capably served for a time as General Jackson's adjutant and later designed and built four churches) were two who held what I would judge to be shameful opinions about race. Only history enables me to distance myself from these views, and the luxury of not having been there, smelling the fires of burning barns, as northern regiments marched to and fro across Virginia. And so, the debate became stalemated, stuck, and the citizens had to resign themselves to prayer and a fate of eventual violence.

I have been labeled a "racist" because I have not endorsed the presentism of wholesale condemnation, so chic and trendy today, of the Confederate States, their symbols, their remaining monuments, and their legacy. I understand the southern mind, I think, and cannot just dismiss it has simple white hatred. To me that is practicing a dishonest history. I do not personally display the Confederate stars and bars flag as a political icon. I would not wave it at a march, a protest or a rally. I am not living in 1861. It would not attach honor to any political position today. But I

would value and preserve carefully the extant Confederate battle flags which still remain. They symbolize far more than "rebel" defensiveness.

I cannot dismiss the entire German population for their buying into National Socialist thinking in the early 1930s, when Hitler and his henchmen grabbed power and expedited the greatest evil of our millennium. I cannot dismiss all Russians, lock stock and barrel, for their frenzied adoption of Bolshevism in 1917, which would set the stage for Stalin. I cannot blame all Chinese for their civil war, leading to the coronation of Mao Zedong. I cannot give a wholesale condemnation to Ho Chi Minh and the communist revolution in Vietnam, with all the "southern corruption" that eventually became evident. To give simplistic dismissals of political elements with which I disagree is to practice a dishonest history, in my view.

That is not to endorse the continuation of southern slavery in their culture. I believe it to be, in any society, a shameful, indefensible, and disgraceful institution. This should go without debate, especially for people who ascribe to the ethics and theology of the New Testament. Any repression, exploitation, brutality, tyranny, and persecution should be rejected and not accommodated, franchised, or defended.

And here is a place where the study of the Civil War brushes up against the study of the church and our theology. Many liberal critics point out the southern tendency to defer to the Old Testament normalcy of slavery and its New Testament silence on emancipation. They say, "It is in the Bible, it is not condemned and so it must be OK." They quote Frederick Douglass and Martin Luther King Jr. for their selection biblical texts which promote kindness, love, and equitable civil treatment. And with good cause, Douglass and King would zero in on white racism, brutality, and oppression in countless examples. But when studying how Christians over the centuries have sought to live out their faith, it is a clear observation that we have not been without blind spots.

Observing an equally volatile issue in our own time—there are no shortage of churches, church leaders, theologians and podcasters (these all seem to be mostly American, and only since 1972) who insist that abortion is a "natural right," a "civil right," and that terminating a fetus, for any cause at all, should be a protected practice left entirely to the decision of the pregnant woman. Conversely, in this position, no rights seem to be acknowledged at all to the fetus, the father, the grandparents, or siblings. Indeed, to suggest such we are told, is to unjustly cloud the issue. No one has any civil rights at all in this, worthy of protection, other than the pregnant woman regardless of her age. Does the Bible speak to this? Does the Bible lobby for sustaining life of an unborn human? Theology and a substantial biblical witness address this political debate clearly. The history of politics still rubs up against the sacred books we quote, revere, and embrace.

And so, citizen soldiers went to their town centers and enlisted in hundreds of new army and naval units. Most were untrained, simply equipped and sometimes poorly led. Good leadership would evolve, rise to the surface, and sometimes be discovered by circumstance during battle. It is not always initially visible just because of "epaulets on shoulder boards," as one Union officer noted.

Many southern generals had graduated from West Point, served in the War with Mexico, gaining combat experience, and would —unless killed in battle—lead their campaigns well. Those sadly killed included Albert Sidney Johnston, Thomas "Stonewall" Jackson, J.E.B. Stuart, A.P. Hill, and Turner Ashby. On the northern side, John Reynolds was killed at Gettysburg, joined by names like Zook, Weed, Farnsworth, and Vincent.

The Southern Resistance and Resilience

Whatever a historian thinks about the Civil War, it is impossible to miss the resilience of the southern effort. As it has been amply noted by any historian, the Confederate States of America

were outmanned, out supplied, and finally outlasted by Union assets. They were rarely out-generaled or outmaneuvered by Union forces. But in the end, and hampered by their own weaker political internal forces, it just seems fated that they would ultimately fail.

After First Manassas, it seems silly to fantasize that the Union would simply let the eleven southern states go, unmolested, and allow them to create their own new nation. This was simply not going to happen. From my perspective Union resolve can be attributed to Abraham Lincoln and a select fraternity of his main generals, Ulysses S. Grant, William Sherman, and Philip Sheridan. And to the countless lower military leaders who, however they felt about slavery, were simply not going to give up. They saw themselves enlisted in a "holy cause." The South felt similarly, but spoke only in hushed tones about defending slavery as a culture-wide necessity. By 1861, southern culture had inherited the sad institution of slavery and while white plantation owners profited, most were just resigned to it. Not all southern whites were slave owners of course, in fact most were not. That was the province of the wealthy. In fact, in all my ancestors from Virginia and Tennessee and Texas I am unaware of any slave owners. That does not excuse the institution of course, or absolve my southern ancestry, but it does recognize that most citizens were in no position to object even if they were so inclined. They would have said, what is, is (or to mimic the more eloquent of the day, "quid est").

Southern resilience though, is striking. It was born out of several conjoined motivations:

- Economic, as the plantation system and its cash crops were the fuel of the whole society. To have the major labor force compromised and lost was unthinkable.
- Family, with loyalties to family traditions and all their social practices threatened by a wholesale

northern invasion.

- Competing political obligations, with national allegiance placed in conflict with state allegiance and military oaths that had been taken.
- Resistance to a paradigm shift, mandated by someone else, upon one's whole culture.
- Military – this is the story for why the war took four years to come to a completion. Confederate firmness of purpose began intense and only tended to increase over the four years. That is not to say that the armies did not grow weary of the cause; they did. But their determination to remain undefeated conspired all the way to Appomattox and even after.

The story of Robert E. Lee's refusal to take command of the Union army, but instead resign his commission and head to Richmond to offer his services to the new CSA is famous and has been portrayed in print, lyric, theater and on film countless times. His explanation was, "How can I take up arms against my own state?" I feel that it is still a haunting question. He was expected to do so, out of duty to his US Army oath and of his pledge to defend the country. He did not dismiss those lightly. But in the end, he could not take command of a force that he knew would attack his Virginia.

I have read more about Lee, his family, the places of his life and his post-war work than of any other Civil War personality. It is hard not to be impressed with his character and his experience. He is currently characterized as having been a harsh slave-owner (although the Custis slaves were through his wife's family). I do not know how he viewed those enslaved in his household or how he viewed the question of race, except for a few war-time comments in his correspondence. Those comments are few and brief. And whatever were his opinions, they certainly do not define the man wholistically. He did not live in our century, nor was he the only southern American whose life included slavery.

The resilience of the South must trump that of the North. The northern cause and effort had its commendable persons and endeavors. Ending slavery was morally correct. It is sad that it had to take a war to accomplish it, although racism itself was certainly not eradicated in the South or in the North. And the tragic wars with the Native American tribes were just beginning. Showing mercy and patience, as Lincoln did in the Gettysburg Address, and as Grant did at Appomattox, were among the great demonstrations of good in American history. But the sadness that must be felt at the South's downfall, with Lee's and (ultimately) Jefferson Davis's capture and capitulation with that of the 26,000 ragged, starving soldiers at Appomattox Courthouse, stacking arms and surrendering battle flags for the last time, deserves great pity and respect. Had they possessed more than what remained—of all resources—they would surely have continued their struggle. The Union army was victorious though a brute overwhelming strength, not a triumphant and righteous revelation. When May 1865 arrived, the long work of rebuilding, redefining, healing and continuing the move west would begin.

The Military Structure And The Deployment Of Black Troops

Organizing for war is a regretful and tragic business. Some in the country knew what would come once Fort Sumter was fired upon. Thousands of men would be enlisted, trained, set into units, transported to the field, deployed, embattled, recovered, buried, healed at least partially, and finally, remembered.

On both sides of the conflict armies were typically organized into a hierarchy of companies within regiments, which were then grouped into brigades, divisions, and corps, with an army being made up of multiple corps, with each level commanded by an increasingly senior officer:

- **Company:** The basic unit, usually consisting of around 100 men led by a captain.
- **Regiment:** Composed of several companies, commanded by a colonel.
- **Brigade:** A grouping of multiple regiments, led by a brigadier general.
- **Division:** Several brigades combined, commanded by a major general.
- **Corps:** Multiple divisions under a major general.
- **Army:** The largest unit, consisting of multiple corps, led by a major general or lieutenant general. There was the Army of Northern Virginia, the Army of the Potomac, the Army of the James, the Army of the Shenandoah, the Army of the Tennessee, and others.

Naming and numbering would sometimes change over the four years as circumstances, attrition, and consolidation required.

African-American men were organized in some places, into new regiments. Most famous perhaps, was the 54th Massachusetts Regiment, the second African-American regiment organized in the North during the Civil War. It was formed in January 1863

by Massachusetts Governor John Andrew, an abolitionist. The regiment was led by Colonel Robert Gould Shaw, the son of prominent abolitionists. Their assault on Battery Wagner, a fort in Charleston Harbor, South Carolina, with great casualties, won them great distinction and respect.

Although Union forces were not able to take and hold the fort, the 54th was widely acclaimed for its valor during the battle, and the event helped encourage the further enlistment and mobilization of African-American troops, a critical development that President Abraham Lincoln once noted as helping to secure the final victory. Decades later, Sergeant William Harvey Carney was awarded the Medal of Honor for grabbing the US flag as the flag bearer fell, carrying the flag to the enemy ramparts and back, and saying "Boys, the old flag never touched the ground!" which would be turned into a song in his honor in 1900. While other African Americans had since been granted the award by the time it was presented to Carney, Carney's is the earliest action for which the Medal of Honor was awarded to an African American. And here my sense of history converges again—Sergeant William Carney was from New Bedford, Massachusetts where we would live for thirty-six years. Again—in studying history, one thing leads to another. Of its 600 men at the time of the assault, the 54th lost 270 killed, wounded, or captured during the engagement. Col. Shaw himself was killed.

While there is evidence that a very small number of African Americans may have served in the Confederate army toward the very end of the Civil War, the vast majority of Black Americans during that time were not allowed to fight as soldiers and instead served in non-combat roles like laborers, cooks, and teamsters, as Confederate law prohibited them from taking up arms; therefore, it is generally accepted that no significant number of African Americans fought as soldiers for the Confederate army.

The Battles

It seems to me almost criminal to casually visit battlefields. They should be respected for being the scenes of a sad human feature: the need to kill one another. And in the case of the Civil War those killings, in the hundreds of thousands, were brutal, savage, and born of man's worst lusts. As such, the fields on which we walk were places of such sadness and should always and forever be revered and respected and preserved. Their history should also be carefully taught to younger citizens.

Much could be said here, but I will restrict my comments. I have visited many solemn quiet, well preserved battle sites of the Civil War. In Lincoln's depiction of *hallowed ground* (and using author Bruce Catton's sentiment, "This Hallowed Ground"), at each place I have felt a sacredness that should never be forgotten, confiscated for commercial development, or redefined for political reasons. Like Valley Forge, Omaha Beach in France, Masada, and Pearl Harbor the heroism, courage and resolve at those sites as witness, our battle sites should be enshrined. For some of these, I have given much study and reflection. These include Charleston Harbor (Battery Wagner and Fort Sumter), First and Second Manassas, Cedar Mountain, McDowell, Cross Keys, Port Republic, Winchester, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Chancellorsville, the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Cold Harbor, Brandy Station, Petersburg, High Bridge, Five Forks, Kernstown, New Market, VMI, Hanging Rock, Cambria Station, New River Bridge, Nashville, Lookout Mountain, Franklin, Richmond, and Appomattox.

I have not as yet visited Harpers Ferry, Vicksburg, Chickamauga, Shiloh, Fort Donelson, Hampton Roads, Sayler's Creek, Atlanta, sites in North Carolina nor any battlefield in the West.

On November 19, 1863, four and a half months after the Union armies defeated Confederate forces in the Battle of Gettysburg, President Lincoln traveled there and gave this

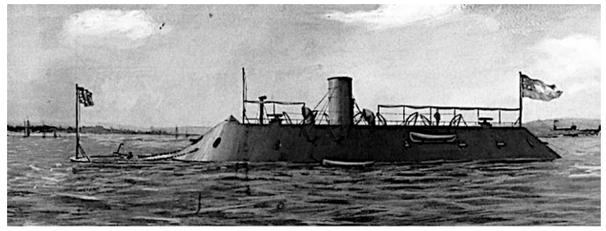
short speech. It is widely considered one of the most notable in American history. Here are the 271 words:

> Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.
>
> Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.
>
> But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion —that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

The battles were not always strategically planned, neatly pre-

designed or carefully supplied in advance. This is unlike modern warfare and we can say that in this and many other senses, the Civil War is the last of its kind—the old-world way of battling. With the coming of the twentieth century, battle tactics would begin to change dramatically. Logistics, quick (and sometimes very clever or innovative) methods of supply, air transport and rapid sea deployment would evolve. Air transport via rapid sea deployment would merge with great effect in the rise of the aircraft carrier and the Marine assault ship. Jet propulsion for air, nuclear propulsion for sea, nuclear weapons, the coming of motor transport and armored vehicles of ever-innovative design, plus electronics, radar, sonar, drones and artificial intelligence would transform how warfare would be engaged. But in the Civil War, battles were often by accident. While technologically evolving, as noted previously, warfare in the Civil War was still by bullet, sword, and artillery shell. Whoever had the more of these, and thrown into battle fastest, would have the best chance of victory. Cleverness and good intelligence were tantamount to the likelihood of a victory. Odds for this were often contradicted by the southern armies, but it was still a simple calculus. And starvation can also be added to the ancient arsenal list of weapons.

Commanders utilized their assets for purposes of evasion, encirclement, frontal assault, deception and finally to defeat their foes. Those assets were not numerous. They included infantry units—foot soldiers—cavalry units, couriers and signal flag detachments, a couple of aerial balloon observation experiments, artillery (mobile and emplaced), intelligence, support staff, and where water routes were present, gunboats in support. Naval units did not turn the tide of any significant Civil War battle, except in the sense of establishing blockades and interrupting Confederate resupply. They also



contributed to riverine operations control of the Mississippi River and the capture of Fort Donelson and Fort Henry. Finally, US Naval support was important for transferring and ferrying large numbers of troops on the Potomac and James Rivers through various campaigns. CSA naval ships were fewer in number than their Union counterparts. CSA assets were used in raiding capacities, or river shelling duties, with a notable exception being at Hampton Roads when CSS *Virginia* (shown above, the former *Merrimack*) slugged it out with USS *Monitor* new type of ironclad ship of which many more would subsequently be constructed and floated into battles. The age of ironclad naval ships, launched in Europe only ten years earlier, dawned now in America.

Capt. James H. Stuart.

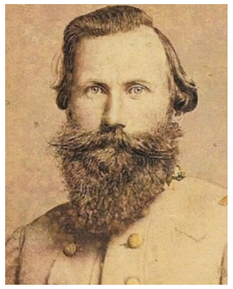
Again, I hesitate to write with any flavor of authority about actual combat experiences. All who have written of this, from the times, testify to the horrors and tragedies of battlefield loss, both to death, to eventual battle-related death and to disease and infection. More soldiers died from post-battle infection than from actual battle death. But as to battle deaths, here I mention two—one might say three. After their mother Sarah (and mother to three others) died at 33, her older sister Ann adopted the six

children and raised them. They were cousins, in fact, of General J.E.B. Stuart (himself killed in May 1864 at Yellow Tavern, ten miles north of Richmond) and these cousins served under him. They are related to me through my fourth great-grandmother. They were Captain James Hardeman Stuart (Oct. 8, 1838-Aug. 30, 1862), an officer in J.E.B. Stuart's Signal Corp (two old photos).
He was killed while charging cannons on Groveton Heights, shown below, (Second Manassas) after he was separated from his group.

IN MEMORY
OF
OSCAR EWING STUART
1ST LT. ADJUTANT 18TH MISSISSIPPI
INFANTRY REG. CO. K
★ ★ ★
BORN 21 AUG 1841 IN MEADVILLE, MS
KILLED IN BATTLE 3 MAY 1863
AT MARYE'S HEIGHTS, FREDERICKSBURG, VA

His is younger brother, Adjt. First Lieutenant Oscar Ewing Stuart (1841-1863) Company K, 18th Mississippi Infantry was killed at Marye's Heights (Fredericksburg), May 3, 1863, during the Chancellorsville campaign. Oscar was initially buried inside an iron-fenced enclosure back of Marye's House, constructed by their younger brother, Edward Stuart; then reinterred in the Confederate Cemetery there (below).

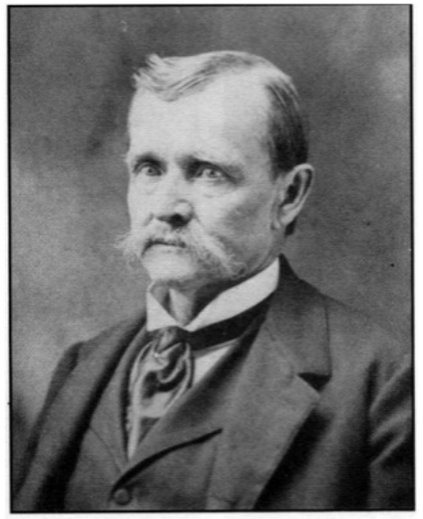
Edward (left) survived the war. He was born at Meadville, Mississippi on February 17, 1847. Living the longest, he has the most history recorded about him of the three brothers. On June 17, 1862, when but fifteen years old, he was permitted to depart as a recruit to the Burt Rifles, now Co. K of the 18th Mississippi. He also served in General Stuart's Signal Corps, then commanded by his brother James, who was absent. He was instructed in signaling by Capt. Wilburn, commander of Stonewall Jackson's Signal Corps. He shared with the "Bloody Eighteenth" the last of its twenty-eight battles and was in the rear guard on the retreat from Richmond, and was one of 10,000 men captured after desperate fighting, April 6th. Next morning these unhappy prisoners had the grief of seeing thirty-odd of their captured colors (battle flags) paraded before them. For three months Edward was at Point Lookout and suffered various hardships in that infamous prison pen. The veteran, eighteen years old now, then returned home altogether unlike the promise of his robust boyhood. In time he recovered, and became, like his brothers, erect in carriage and distinguished in appearance. War had left him too poor to seek a college education, but did not deprive him of his thirst for scientific reading. He removed to Little Rock, Arkansas, where he married Mrs. Susan A. Baker (née Omohundra) on May 31, 1881. Sadly, according to the Find-a-Grave record, he killed himself April 30, 1912, at sixty-five years old. He is buried in the Confederate Soldier's Rest Section on Elmwood Cemetery in Memphis. His small marker is erroneously misspelled "E Stewart."



My family's connection to **J.E.B. Stuart** – he was great grandson of Bethinia Pannill (1780-1845). Bethinia was daughter of Elizabeth Hairston (1759-1818). Elizabeth was sister of Mary Hardin Perkins Hardeman (1754-1798.) Mary was wife of Thomas Hardeman (1750-1833). This is the connection to my family. Thomas was father to Dr. Blackstone Hardeman (1790-1867) who fathered Benjamin Franklin Hardeman, who fathered Dr. John Bellefont Hardeman, who fathered my grandmother, Mary Ella Hardeman Porch (1889-1972) who gave birth to my mother, Joe Evelyn Porch Damgaard. Also, "1750 Tom" (as my father named him) and Mary Hardin Perkins Hardeman (1754-1798) had six children, second eldest of which was CSA **Brigadier General William Polk "Gotch" Hardeman** (1816-1898), also a Texas Ranger. He was great-great grand uncle of my grandmother, Mary Ella.

Or put another way, 1750-Tom was grandfather to Ann Lewis Hardeman, who raised her nephews James, Oscar, and Edward. Ann left a detailed diary which is published. As a single woman, she raised her six nephews and nieces after the death of her sister, Sarah. It is full of Christian language, prayer sentiments, and biblical allusions. She lived in Jackson, Mississippi and died in 1868 at sixty-five years old.

One other ancestor of note: My grandfather, Robert Porch's uncle, **Dr. William Thomas Porch** (above, 1935-1924) was the son of Matilda Ann Temple and William Booth Porch. William Thomas enlisted in 1861 in the Confederate army in Davidson County, Tennessee as a Private in Company A, 20th Tennessee Infantry. He was wounded under fire at the Battle of Shiloh



Dr. William T. Porch
Civil War

(April 1862) then carried from Shiloh to Brownsville, Tennessee (80 miles northwest) in an oxcart to a hospital. After his recovery he rejoined his company and remained with them until the surrender. He also fought in The Battle of First Manassas and was discharged on April 26, 1865 in Greensboro, North Carolina and walked back to his home in Tennessee. Mr. Porch lived in Bellevue, Tennessee and attended Old Nashville Medical College graduating in 1869. After receiving his medical degree, he moved to the Tennessee River Blue Creek community and later to Bakerville, Tennessee where he practiced until 1910. (My grandfather, Robert Hedge Porch was born in 1889 and raised in Bakerville.) Dr. Porch married Nancy Cleveland Shaw on December 18, 1875. To this union eight children were born, Victoria Palestine (1876), Matilda Dollye (1878), Herbert Porter (1880), John B. (1885), Grace Davis (1888), Annie Gould (1891), Harriet C. (1892), and Robert Taylor Porch (1895). After retiring in 1910, Dr. Porch moved to West Main Street in Waverly where he died on July 28, 1924. In 1922, Dr. Porch filled in a *Moore Questionnaire* about his Military Service which is on file in The State of Tennessee Archives. Member of the Board of Directors of The First National Bank that was started in 1901, Waverly, Tennessee. He was a Mason and a member of the Church of Christ. He died seven weeks after my mother's birth, in Waverly, Tennessee.

Another brush between histories: my high school (Annandale) had been undefeated for thirty-nine games from 1965 to 1968. But J.E.B. Stuart High School ended that streak that fall, 25-24. J.E.B. Stuart High School was renamed Justice High School in

2018. The name change came after a two-year debate that divided the community and alumni. Some supporters argued that the school should no longer be named after a Confederate general who fought to preserve slavery. The sentiment is that this aspect of the war alone is all that matters. Anyone associated with the Confederacy should be dishonored and certainly not memorialized by school, highway, park or public buildings. The political eradication of all Confederate-associated names is thought to right the wrong of slavery, period. Others opposed the name change, saying it was an attempt to rewrite history—I would suggest more accurately, to blot out history. Stuart graduated from West Point in 1854 and served capably in Texas and Kansas with the US Army. Stuart was a veteran of the frontier conflicts with Native Americans and the violence of Bleeding Kansas, and he participated in the capture of John Brown at Harpers Ferry. When his home state of Virginia seceded, he resigned his commission to serve in the Confederate army, first under Stonewall Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley but then in increasingly traveled cavalry commands of the Army of Northern Virginia under General Lee, playing a role in all of that army's campaigns until his death. J.E.B. Stuart died at thirty-one years old during the Battle of Yellow Tavern near Richmond, Virginia, May 12, 1864.

The Politics

In all societies, politics plays a big role. It is, I think, in both our nature and flowing out of our nurture. Democracy was a new thing as the United States was founded. We are a nation of discovery and exploration and with democracy we came to see ourselves as "exploring the Great Experiment," a "republic" even some liked to say. Governments, and their politics, were usually in the context of autocratic rule, royal domination, or oversight at least, and wholly out of the American story. Until Lexington/Concord. Then began democracy and by 1861 there had still been so little time for this new country to grow out of its infancy, even enduring a repeat conflict (the War of 1812) with the "mother country." It was not until 1815 that the USA was fully autonomous and independent. And as political forces roiled in the years before Fort Sumter, much ink was spilt, voices were exhausted, and ideas considered. It came to conflict. And politics continued throughout the war, on both sides.

The politics of British colonialism to begin with (Jamestown and Plymouth, each bringing their English politics with them), slave trading, abolition, secession, military response, reconstruction, and racism are beyond the scope of this book. But they are explosively part of the story of the Civil War and each element gave its contribution. The American Civil War of 1861 to 1865 did not occur in a historical vacuum.

Abraham Lincoln's rise to the presidency, and his machinations while in office, met by Jefferson Davis's election in the South, have their political stories. They themselves, of course, were politicians, Davis with a military side to him. Each was faced with:

- How do we govern?
- How do we hold our own national entity together?
- How do we win this war?
- What will we do IF we win this war?

- How do we relate to other countries?
- How do we run peaceful, wartime, political campaigns?

Managing power and influence and secrets and budgets and diverse populations and the fragile civil vs. military authority question engaged each president constantly. Lincoln's presidency was brought to an abrupt and tragic end. His successor was of little success. Davis's story is different. After Appomattox he was pursued as a fugitive, captured on May 9, 1865, imprisoned at Fort Monroe, and released in 1867. He lived until 1889, the same year my grandparents were born in Tennessee.

The political upheaval of the war years continued with many unresolved issues, which would take decades to fade. A word like "reconstruction" only served to exacerbate the recovery of stability and economic viability in the south. Racism did not fade and is still a factor in most places, and not just concerning African-Americans. In the late nineteenth century, many other ethnicities (and cultures) would disembark from ships in New York and elsewhere. The Irish, Italians, Portuguese, Germans, and Scandinavians would begin to come in very large numbers. Chinese would be brought by a different kind of enslavement and be engaged in building railroads in the West and human trafficking. The plight of the Native Americans would flash for the rest of the nineteenth century, and then recede into the reservation system and become the country's new social and moral tragedy. They have had no Frederick Douglass or Martin Luther King Jr. Their saga continues today. And I would say that their ancient nobility continues too. They were the truest Americans when there were no others.

And yet still, our political story embraces much good will and countless social benefits to our people. The Civil War's politics set the stage for later battles, not with musket and Parrott rifle, but with debate, demonstration, and an eventual new conscience. Europe would agonize in new wars. The Far East

would open to western influence. South America and Africa would develop. The Middle East would simmer with its own unique political disputes—far more ancient than anything in Europe, North or South America--and with many kinds of demographic groups. And in many instances, the paths that were blazed by the American experiment with democracy would be copied, imitated, mutated, and reinvented in other lands.

The English

There is little for me to comment on here. The English, it was hoped in the South, might come in as allies of southern independence and as a commercial partner. The agriculture and production of the South was of great interest in the United Kingdom.

The emissaries of Queen Victoria made their way stealthily into the Confederacy, sometimes through Texas. **Arthur Lyon Fremantle,** a British observer who witnessed the Battle of Gettysburg, wrote a detailed account of his experiences. He was also portrayed in Michael Shaara's 1974 historical novel, *The Killer Angels*.

The English advocated for an improving relationship, commercial favors, and at least were seeking a potential ally once hostilities ceased. England provided no military support of course, and minimal other gestures of alliance except some naval base support. Their nation was not long removed from their war with Napolean (1769-1821).

The Leaders

There are many names from leading entities—political, military, and social—that we were taught in grade school and which I believe are no longer taught. I have studied, or at least danced around these persons—mostly male and a few female—most of my life. My passion for learning of them intensified after college and continues down to the present. I am fascinated at the stories, the drama, the heroism, their family stories, and the mark upon history made by these people.

They are, in my view, divided among government, the military and the outlying social involvements (i.e., medical, religious, literary, and engineering). I am not interested in everybody who was historically significant. This is my select listing. I will summarize them only in list form, with a designation of their notoriety:

Government: The Union

President Abraham Lincoln
Mary Todd Lincoln, First Lady
Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of Treasury
William H. Seward, Secretary of State
Simon Cameron, Secretary of War
Edward Bates, Attorney General
Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy

Military: The Union

General Winfield Scott, Commanding General, US Army
General Henry Halleck,
General in Chief of the Armies of the US
General Irwin McDowell, Major General, I Corps,
Army of the Potomac
General William Tecumseh Sherman,
Major General of the Army
General George B. McClellan, Commanding General,
US Army

General John Pope, Major General, Commanding,
Army of Virginia
General Joe Hooker, Major General, Commanding
I Corps, Army of the Potomac
General Ambrose Burnside, Major General, Commanding
Army of the Potomac
General John Reynolds, Major General, Commanding
I Corps, Army of the Potomac
General Winfield Scott Hancock, Major General
II Corps, Army of Northern Virginia
General Benjamin Butler, Major General,
Department of Virginia
General David Hunter, Major General,
Department of the South
General Ulysses S. Grant,
General in Chief of the Armies of the US
General Philip Sheridan, Cavalry,
General in Chief of the Armies of the US
General George Armstrong Custer, Michigan
Cavalry Brigade, 2nd and 3rd Cavalry Regts.
General Oliver Otis Howard,
Major General, II Corps
Colonel Joshua Chamberlain, 20th Maine
Admiral David Farragut, US Navy
Rear Admiral John Adolphus Bernard Dahlgren,
USN South Atlantic Blockading Division

Social: The Union

Walt Whitman, poet, writer, journalist
Mathew Brady, photojournalist
Alexander Gardner, photojournalist
Alfred Waud, illustrator
Clara Barton, nurse,
founder of the American Red Cross
John Ericsson, Engineer, naval architect

Government: The Confederacy

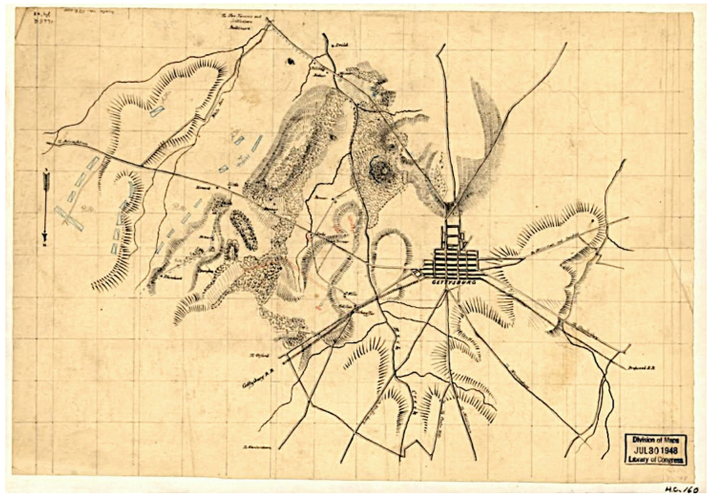
Jefferson Davis, President of the CSA, former US
Representative, US Senator, Secretary of
War
Varina Anne Banks Howell Davis, First lady
Stephen Mallory, Secretary of the Navy
James Seddon, Secretary of War
John H. Reagan, Secretary of the Treasury

Military: The Confederacy

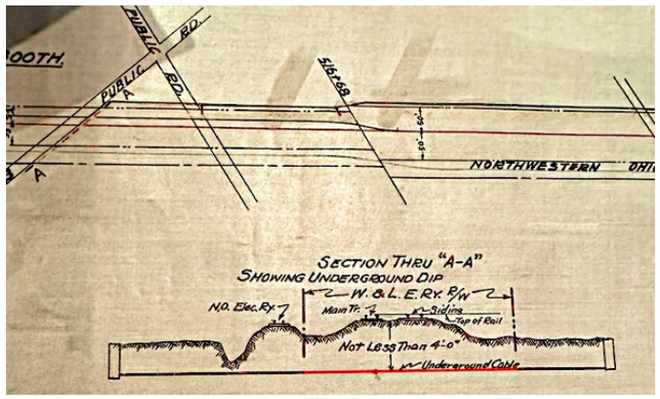
General Joseph Johnston, General,
Army of the Shenandoah, Army of
Northern Virginia
General P.G.T. Beauregard, General, Army of
the Potomac, Army of Mississippi
General Robert E. Lee, General, General in Chief
of the Armies of the CSA
General Thomas J. "Stonewall" Jackson,
Lieutenant General, II Corps, Army of
Northern Virginia
General James Longstreet, Major General, I
Corps, Army of Northern Virginia
General George Pickett, Major General, First
Corps, Army of Northern Virginia
General J.E.B. Stuart, Major General, Cavalry
Corps, Army of Northern Virginia
General Lewis Armistead, Brigadier General,
57th Virginia Infantry, First Corps
General Turner Ashby, Brigadier General
(unconfirmed), 7th Virginia Cavalry, CSA
Colonel John S. Mosby, 43rd Virginia Cavalry
(Mosby's Rangers)
General Jubal Early, Major General, II Corps,
Army of the Valley
Major Robert L. Dabney, Chief of Staff to
General T.J. Jackson, architect, theologian
Captain Jedediah Hotchkiss, cartographer,
topographical engineer,teacher, on the

staff of General “Stonewall” Jackson, then
Generals Richard S. Ewell and Jubal Early
and Robert E. Lee (June 1861 to April 1865), then teaching again until death in 1899; Wife: Sara Ann Comfort Hotchkiss (1833-1908). Daughters: Ellen May “Nellie” Hotchkiss McCullough-Holmes (1855-1947); Ann Lydia Hotchkiss Howison (1857-1929)

Here (below) is Hotchkiss’s map of Gettysburg, with early Confederate positions in red ink, as Hotchkiss drew them, although hard to see here.



As another historic example of the cartography of the era, painstakingly crafted, this engineering drawing on original linen (below) from the archives of the Norfolk and Western Railway (circa 1925):



Point: Early historical cartography (Hotchkiss or N&W) was precise and like art as much as information.

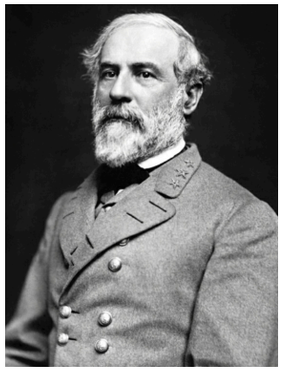
Social: The Confederacy
Ann Hardeman, Diary
Dabney, et al., *Lost Cause* writers
William Jones, *Christ in the Camp*, 1887 which chronicles the revivals in the southern armies during the war. To a lesser extent there were also revivals in the northern camps.

There were many leaders, commanders, politicians, artisans, engineers, agriculturalists, economists, writers and commentators, spies, conspirators, archivists, and historians at the time who spoke into and recorded the story. These are those personalities who have informed me of the story over the years.

The Conclusion

General Lee was compelled to surrender what remained of his army at Appomattox Courthouse on April 9, 1865, and by extension the other military commands in all other locations. The surrender terms offered by General Grant were gracious and appreciated. It was a day of resplendent victory for the Army of the Potomac. It was a sad and despondent day of defeat—with profound civil and societal effects coming—for the Army of Northern Virginia. Other Confederate forces remained in North Carolina, Texas, and elsewhere but the cause was done. The military side of the rebellion was over. Confederate soldiers would be paroled and allowed to return home. Despite the strong sentiment by a few to continue the struggle in a guerrilla mode, General Lee saw the folly of that.

Towns and cities and counties would now be infused with occupational military units of the US Army for a time. Life would not be easy for southern citizenry and the northern people also would face a long and grievous time of adjustment. The national focus would again be turned toward the West with railroading finding its growth again. The Golden Spike, a ceremonial final spike, marked the completion of the transcontinental railroad on May 10, 1869, at Promontory Summit, Utah. It signified the joining of the Central Pacific and Union Pacific railroad tracks. And with peace, came hope again eventually. No one demonstrated this more clearly than Robert E. Lee, who spent time back in Richmond with his family and soon—by year's end of 1865—would relocate to Lexington, Virginia to take up a post as president of Washington College. He would live another five years, and die of congestive heart failure on October 12, 1870, from pneumonia after suffering a stroke on September 28th. He had continued to correspond regularly well into September, and some of those letters were preserved by his youngest son, Robert E. Lee Jr.



Lee (left) has been the most interesting person to me in my studies of the Civil War. His story, of course, begins long before the war, and his service to Washington College after the war and more broadly, to the healing of the nation, were significant. He had a storied presence throughout his earlier US Army years, a large and supportive family, good service to the country during the War with Mexico, and was respected by all. His generalship during the four years was brilliant, legendary and his strategies even later studied by Adolph Hitler and General Irwin Rommel. Post-Appomattox, he met with General Grant one more time in Washington in Grant's first year in the White House. No transcript of that conversation survives (or was even recorded) but the story of them speaking, amiably, both greatly desiring a healing of the nation, is amazing to me. One might even say, with great wonder, they parted as respectful friends.

The story of Robert and Mary Lee's seven children is a rich history. All three sons served in the Confederate armies. Custis and Rooney would live in Ravensworth for a time. Third son, Robert Jr. recorded General Lee's own report, near the end of his life. When on a visit to Ravensworth he visited the bedroom in which his own mother had died, Ann Hill Carter Lee, on June 26, 1829, forty years before. Their daughters were Mary, Anne, Eleanor, and Mildred and none ever married. Mary (1835-1919) lived the longest of the seven, dying just after the end of the First World War, November 22, 1918. She had very shortly before enjoyed dinner at the White House as a guest of President

Wilson.

In 1869, the General and daughter Mildred took a horse-trip together. One night, on the top of the Peaks of Otter, they spent the night in an inn there. I wrote daughter Eleanor briefly into my novelette, *A Ghost in August*.

Mildred and Eleanor Agnes Lee

That General and Mrs. Lee would raise four beautiful daughters (below), so full of life, utterly focused, and yet that none would ever marry is no small wonder.

The Lee Girls

Again, alert to the historical coincidences, I am mindful that General Lee's life overlapped those of my young Danish grandparents, Christian Sorensen Damgaard (by 307 days) Metha Kirstine Hansen (275 days). Lee, his wife and all seven children are buried together in the basement crypt below what was known only until recently,

as the Lee Chapel. Lately it has been thought better by the university which itself still bears his name (and unlike the Washinton & Lee High School mentioned earlier in this book, begun in 1925 renaming itself in 2019 to Washington-Liberty High School) to unhonor him by renaming the chapel out of deference to the belief by some that his name still represents a shameful legacy.

Some famous soldiers would go on to other fame after Appomattox. Most famous is General George Armstrong Custer, who was killed at Battle of the Little Big Horn in southeastern Montana, leading his 7th Cavalry to death to the last man, against at least 3,500 Lakota Sioux and Cheyenne warriors on June 26, 1876, nine years after Appomattox.

Colonel Joshua Chamberlain would become Governor of Maine; General Oliver Otis Howard would head the Freedman's Bureau and give his name to Howard University and he would negotiate a lasting peace with the Chiricahua Apache Chief Cochise on October 12, 1872. Both Chamberlain and Howard were strong Christians too. General Phil Sheridan would enjoy an ever-upward trajectory in his military career. Southern commanders would each find a new calling in many various careers. Unlike some Northern military careerists, some of who went on to continued campaigns, the Southern military people almost to a man saw the end of their military careers at Appomattox, an abrupt end and often a challenge. None were without strong opinions about all the political and social issues still unresolved. A few would become very public in their criticisms of Jefferson Davis, General Lee, and the South's inability to mobilize sufficient war-making assets, especially in the second half of the conflict. Five Union officers would become president: Grant, Rutherford B. Hayes, James A. Garfield, Benjamin Harrison, and William McKinley.

Confederate General William Mahone (1826-1895) would lead a major railroad rebuilding effort in the South and worked diligently for its development. He also had a role by investments

in the early days of the creation of Norfolk and Western Railway. Longstreet, Mosby also and a few others from the South would find new careers of note. Others labored under a cloud of condemnation, sometimes bearing charges or lingering indictments for wartime events. George Pickett was one such general. Jubal Early was another.

Clara Barton's story holds my greatest admiration and fascination. She would go on to found the American Red Cross, become the mother of nursing, and live until 1912. Her work and determined care of wounded soldiers during the war, even in my own hometown, is enchanting to me. I wrote her into my novelette, *A Ghost in August,* but my fiction of her does little justice to her honor.

The Aftermath

The 1860s would pass and soon enough the century would end and the twentieth begin. There would remain veterans living into the decades of that century. In 1913, a number would reunite at the stone wall at Gettysburg, shake hands and congratulate each other that they had survived that terrible fight.

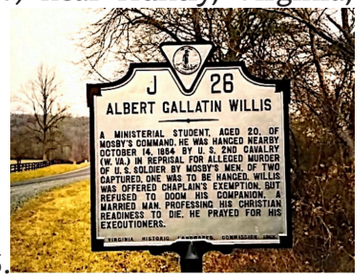
Joshua Chamberlain would live a long life, die ten months before my father's birth in 1914, of wounds from the war that still agonized him.

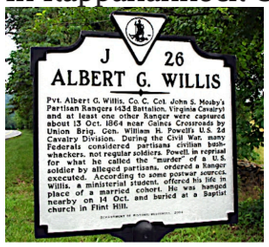
John Mosby would also live a long life. In January 1915, the University of Virginia awarded Mosby a medal and written tribute, which touched him deeply. Throughout his life, Mosby remained loyal to those he believed to have been fair-minded, such as Stuart and Grant, but refused to cater to Southern sympathies. He proclaimed that there was "no man in the Confederate army who had less of the spirit of knight-errantry in him, or took a more practical view of war than I did." He also said that "yes, slavery was the issue." He died of complications after throat surgery in a Washington, DC hospital on May 30, 1916. He is buried at Warrenton Cemetery in Warrenton, Virginia.

In 1992 Mosby (left) was among the first group of men inducted into the United States Army Ranger Hall of Fame. In June 2023, however, the Fort Moore (previously named Benning) garrison commander ordered his name to be removed from the hall of fame as well as the National Ranger Memorial along with three other rangers that included William Quantrill, George Bowman, and Jackson Bowman. The National Ranger Memorial foundation, headquartered in Columbus, Georgia filed a lawsuit in federal court to restore Mosby's name to the memorial as well as the hall of fame. The hearing was

scheduled for December 12, 2024.

As to Mosby's Rangers, as they came to be called, one in particular is of note to me, an ancestor of Jan Lu Young, née Willis—Albert Gallatin Willis. He was a ministry seminary student, a chaplain, and was hanged in Northern Virginia in a famous episode wherein he refused exemption as per the story summarized above left. What is interesting is that the original sign (left below) was replaced in 2004 with a differently worded sign (right below) near Huntly, Virginia, in Rappahannock County, marker J26.


J 26
ALBERT GALLATIN WILLIS
A MINISTERIAL STUDENT, AGED 20, OF MOSBY'S COMMAND, HE WAS HANGED NEARBY OCTOBER 14, 1864 BY U. S. 2ND CAVALRY (W. VA.) IN REPRISAL FOR ALLEGED MURDER OF U. S. SOLDIER BY MOSBY'S MEN. OF TWO CAPTURED, ONE WAS TO BE HANGED. WILLIS WAS OFFERED CHAPLAIN'S EXEMPTION; BUT REFUSED TO DOOM HIS COMPANION, A MARRIED MAN, PROFESSING HIS CHRISTIAN READINESS TO DIE, HE PRAYED FOR HIS EXECUTIONERS.


J 26
ALBERT G. WILLIS
Pvt. Albert G. Willis, Co. C, Col. John S. Mosby's Partisan Rangers 43d Battalion, Virginia Cavalry and at least one other Ranger were captured about 13 Oct. 1864 near Guinea Crossroads by Union Brig. Gen. William H. Powell's U.S. 2d Cavalry Division. During the Civil War, many Federals considered partisans civilian bush-whackers, not regular soldiers. Powell, in reprisal for what he called the "murder" of a U.S. soldier by alleged partisans, ordered a Ranger executed. According to some postwar sources, Willis, a ministerial student, offered his life in place of a married cohort. He was hanged nearby on 14 Oct. and buried at a Baptist church in Flint Hill.

The subtleties of a different and longer phrasing (100 words versus the original sign's sixty-one words) reveal a different understanding of history and its interpretation in the modern Department of Historic Resources, with a different speculation as to Willis's hanging. Additionally, no mention is made of the infamous General George Custer whose order led to the execution, and the ensuing reprisal-threatening correspondence between Colonel Mosby and General Philip Sheridan for the outrage.

Of personal interest to me also is the name "Gallatin." Albert Willis was listed as Albert Gallatin Willis on the original sign and simply initialed "G" on the replacement. My grandparents lived on "Gallatin Pike" in Nashville, Tennessee, which is named after Gallatin, Tennessee, which was named after Albert Gallatin

(1761 – 1849), the Secretary of the Treasury under Presidents Thomas Jefferson and James Madison. Prior to his death, Gallatin had been the last surviving member of the Jefferson cabinet and the last surviving senator from the eighteenth century. Whether the 20-year-old seminary student (presumably born about 1844) who enlisted in the Confederate army was named after the famous Jefferson cabinet member, I do not know. But the association is possible. How history intersects is a fascinating study. Finally, Gallatin died in Astoria, now in the Borough of Queens, New York at age 88. He is interred at Trinity Churchyard in New York City. My daughter Jocelyn lived for some years in Astoria. Again, in perusing history one thing leads to another . . .

The Remaining Sites

There have been frequent news stories about sites from the Civil War being developed commercially and conversely, efforts to block these. It is an interesting controversy. On the one hand, investment minded people and advocates wish to utilize whatever valuable real estate makes most sense to develop economically and project a good profit potential. And on the other hand, history-minded preservationists are targeting known battlefields and historical sites (cemeteries, homes that were headquarters, etc.) to be preserved. I cannot help but wonder if the generally modern feeling of repugnance for the Civil War, and its national embarrassment, has not overtaken some politicians, zoning officials, and educators to wave through such changes in the landscape, effectively erasing their memory from history. The commercial and opportunistic logic for economic profitability would be a convenient shield.

Does preserving historical sites contribute to the study and appreciation of history? Are there times when sites need to be allowed to undergo a new occupation and purposing? Is it the job of government to negotiate and mediate decisions about historical sites? Should popular referenda be performed to determine the wishes of contemporary abutters or even owners? Is it reasonable to devote public funding toward preservation? Should political sympathies be accommodated in the discussion of preservation? Was the creation of the Vietnam Memorial Wall not a tribute to an American conflict later evaluated to have been a mistake and yet, those Americans who lost their lives in it are honorably remembered? These are all questions that call out for answering and remain in the public debate.

Moving On

There is still heated sentiment among some to continue to grapple with the social issues of the 1860s. It almost seems to be an absurdity with so many difficult issues of our own to solve. It does not seem to be a profitable or an equitable use of resources, energy or focus to continue to bemoan the loss of the Civil War or to rejoice in its victory. We need to move on. We need to embrace some sense of civil advancement and social growth. For that which needs forgiveness, we need (as General Grant advocated, and General Lee) to forgive. We need to let history rest in peace.

Clearly the issue of domination by one people-group over another, with a matching fundamental belief in the basic superiority of the first group or conversely, the inferiority of the second is an un-American, unjust, and villainous creed by which to live. It is a debate which continues, emerges in new places and demands principled reply. Fair and virtuous government and social protections to fit, ought to be our goal.

Moving on, emotionally, philosophically, and spiritually from the Civil War can be promoted in a few postulates:

- We receive the decree of the Emancipation Proclamation as an honorable **gesture** not to mention law, tempered by an equitable application among, as much as possible, all races and ethnic identities. It was an event-in-time made by President Lincoln which has demanded a continuing environment of exegesis. But put simply, it stands:

> We disallow and reject slavery as ever appropriate and as a country will not sanction it. In our times such a belief should extend with equal vigilance to human trafficking of all kinds and to newer expressions of social tyranny which continue to be developed. The Proclamation reads

as follows:

January 1, 1863

By the President of the United States of America:

A Proclamation.

Whereas, on the twenty-second day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, a proclamation was issued by the President of the United States, containing, among other things, the following, to wit:

"That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free; and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom.

"That the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the States and parts of States, if any, in which the people thereof, respectively, shall then be in rebellion against the United States; and the fact that any State, or the people thereof, shall on that day be, in good faith, represented in the Congress of the United States by members chosen thereto at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such State shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing

testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such State, and the people thereof, are not then in rebellion against the United States."

Now, therefore I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested as Commander-in-Chief, of the Army and Navy of the United States in time of actual armed rebellion against the authority and government of the United States, and as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing said rebellion, do, on this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and in accordance with my purpose so to do publicly proclaimed for the full period of one hundred days, from the day first above mentioned, order and designate as the States and parts of States wherein the people thereof respectively, are this day in rebellion against the United States, the following, to wit:

Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, (except the Parishes of St. Bernard, Plaquemines, Jefferson, St. John, St. Charles, St. James Ascension, Assumption, Terrebonne, Lafourche, St. Mary, St. Martin, and Orleans, including the City of New Orleans) Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia, (except the forty-eight counties designated as West Virginia, and also the counties of Berkley, Accomac, Northampton, Elizabeth City, York, Princess Ann, and Norfolk, including the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth[)], and which excepted parts, are for the present, left precisely as if this proclamation were not issued.

And by virtue of the power, and for the purpose aforesaid, I do order and declare that all persons

held as slaves within said designated States, and parts of States, are, and henceforward shall be free; and that the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons.

And I hereby enjoin upon the people so declared to be free to abstain from all violence, unless in necessary self-defence; and I recommend to them that, in all cases when allowed, they labor faithfully for reasonable wages.

And I further declare and make known, that such persons of suitable condition, will be received into the armed service of the United States to garrison forts, positions, stations, and other places, and to man vessels of all sorts in said service.

And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution, upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the Independence of the United States of America the eighty-seventh.

By the President: ABRAHAM LINCOLN
WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

- We seek to practice discernible **respect** between

people-groups, regional loyalties, historic entities and across all age groups.
- We expect the full **prosecution** of crimes committed upon citizens of any ethnicity who are legal and honorable American citizens, without prejudice.

- We **identify honorable legacies** of regional identities that deserve cultural acknowledgment and due tribute within the context of their history, without endorsing prejudicial bias or elevating such legacies above what is appropriate. This has largely been the domain of the National Park Service, and we support its mission.

- We teach **the facts** of the Civil War to the young, to immigrants and other new citizens, and in our educational system with equity, balance, and accuracy. It is our history as is everything else that has happened in our land since 1600. To remain willfully ignorant of these facts, or to perpetrate an educational deletion of them is to prepare a newer generation to relive them.

- We resist the temptation of **rewriting** any wartime events in a manner which distorts, deletes or half-truths the events which transpired, intentionally dishonors the leaders of those events by purposefully misrepresenting them, or replaces and aggrandizes one regional affiliation over another. We do not equate the story of the CSA with that of Nazi Germany, Soviet Russia, Maoist China, or any other plainly despotic regime. Each geopolitical entity in history deserves its own fair understanding.

Russia needs to move on from its Marxist anti-Czarist passions of one hundred years ago. Germany needs to move on from its clearly evil antisemitic and otherwise supremacist policies of eighty years ago. America needs to move on from its racist

history wherever it had taken root.

We honor and revere President Lincoln's words that, "…this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

England

It is impossible to understand American history without a working knowledge of **English** history. It is also myopic if we only adjudicate issues of philosophy, morality, government and even the law that rules the land in a singular American way without regard for the influence of English history. And this is especially true when study is given to religious and theological history.

England has been married to America in so many ways. One might also tie in the United States' chronicle to Spain, France, Ireland, the Scandinavian and Low Countries, Russia, and others but none so much as England. We were born by England. We were mothered and nurtured by England. We fought alongside England, then tore away from her, then fought with her again. Then we fought alongside her and with great cost in two World Wars. Since, she is our closest ally.

My own attention to English history begins in the times immediately following the days of the New Testament. I heard missionary Don Richardson (who wrote a book called *Peace Child*) speak at Dallas Seminary about the Celts. The Celtic

Empire, I remember Richardson saying, spread across Eastern Europe to Britain. The Romans were there, at least as far as Hadrian's Wall, and to the east the Celts (and Romans) were as far as Byzantium (Constantinople). Richardson theorized that the apostle Paul, cognizant of the Celtic Empire, made use of its wide cultural presence in Europe and its communications, to "sluice" the Gospel as far as possible. It is an interesting theory.

As I remembered at this book's beginning, it was Professor Michael Alexander at Virginia Tech who ignited my interest in English history. I remember his teaching of medieval England, its absorption of Viking raids, its accommodation (by force) of Norman culture and then its consolidation under a single royal throne. This would include an intimate if often stressed relationship with Scotland, Ireland, and Wales.

It was in Professor Alexander's class that I first read about the Norman William I, "the Conqueror" who invaded England in 1066 and ordered the construction of many castles in England after his capture of the country. I have visited several Norman castles, or their remains. They are the "decorative garland" of English history, or also called the "pipe smoke in the room" (as called by Henry II, the Conqueror's grandson).

And I have been particularly interested in the story of Henry Plantagenet, (Henry II, 1133 – 1189) and his sons Richard (the "Lionheart") and John who would succeed him to the throne. Henry was famously married to Eleanor of Aquitaine (in France) and their story is magnificently told in the film, *The Lion in Winter* (1968) starring Peter O'Toole and Katherine Hepburn. (Richard was played by actor Anthony Hopkins in his first film role). Henry's son, John, was king as the Magna Carta was thrust on him in 1215, and not thought of kindly or as a "good king." Richard won fame for his participation in the Crusades, with mixed results.

I was charmed when, in 2001, I had a visit with a well-known member of Parliament, Ian Paisley (1926-2014), in his

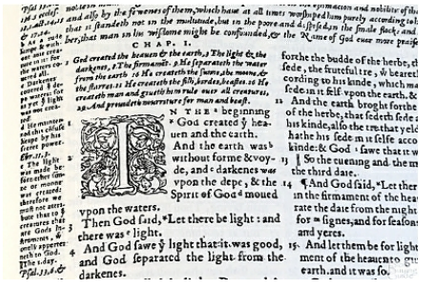
office in Parliament. He and wife, and secretary, gave me a tour and showed me one of the extant original copies of Magna Carta. Paisley was an evangelical pastor (Martyrs Memorial Presbyterian Church in Belfast, Northern Ireland—which I also visited) and a very well-known political activist and loyalist to the throne. I was given introduction by friendship of Stuart Tanner, who at the time was an aide to Paisley, and had visited our church in Dartmouth previously (and one of the finest and most natural pianists I ever heard).

I almost feel like as a passion, English history was thrust upon me and that I had no choice but to fall in love with it. My father, who had been in England many times, spoke of it often and always in the greatest of affection.

I studied the times around the Tudor family (who ruled England from 1485 to 1603) and the Stuart family (from Scotland, who ruled England from 1603 to 1649). The period began when James VI of Scotland became James I 1of England, he commissioning the King James Bible. The Stuart period ended with the execution of King Charles I.

English history connects to church history profoundly. The Protestant break was prequeled by the likes of John Wycliffe (1328-1384), William Tyndale (1494-1536), the publication of Erasmus's Greek New Testament (1516) and activities by many other scholars, churchmen, and small dissenting groups. But the main break occurs with Henry VIII (1491-1547) as the Church of England is founded—perhaps for less than honorable reasons. But I find much with which to agree in the *Thirty-Nine Articles of the Church of England*, 1571 version.
And in 1611 the King James Version of the Bible is published, just as movable-type printing is becoming commonplace in Europe. (The Pilgrims, of *Mayflower* fame, in 1620, were not yet using the new KJV. They were using the **Geneva Bible**, (right) also in English).

The Church in Britain would endure a troubled history with


CHAP. 1.
In the beginning God created the heauen and the earth.
And the earth was without forme, and voyde, and darkenes was vpon the deepe: and the Spirit of God moued vpon the waters.
Then God said, Let there be light: and there was light.
And God sawe the light that it was good, and God separated the light from the darkenes.
forthe the budde of the herbe, the fede, the fruteful tree, whereof cording to his kinde, which ma fede is in it self vpon the earth. And the earth broght forthe of the herbe, that fedeth fede his kinde, also the tree that yelde hathe his fede in it selfe acco kinde: and God sawe that it w So the euening and the m the third date.
And God said, Let ther in the firmament of the hea rate the date from the nigh for signes, and for seasons and yeres.
And let them be for light ment of the heauen to gi earth, and it was so.

its sister Reformation movements (Presbyterianism, Anabaptist groups, independent Congregationalism, the early Baptists, the Huguenots, and the various and more radical expressions of reforming thought) and ongoing struggle with a relationship with the Roman church. The year 1588 under the reign Queen Elizabeth I, and the attack of the Spanish Armada, is apex perhaps of that struggle. The 1600s then would see the grounding and definition of English Protestantism. This would be joined with colonial expansion to the New World. The very English flavor of religion in Virginia and Massachusetts, speckled at first in Rhode Island with the stories of Roger Williams and Anne Hutchinson, William Penn and Quakerism in Pennsylvania and other less traditional groups will dominate the spirituality of the colonies until the founding of the colony in Maryland which would embrace Catholicism.

England's later history includes its own civil war, the beheading of King Charles I, the brief Commonwealth of Oliver Cromwell and then the times of the Kings George, the American Revolution, the French Revolution, the Napoleonic Wars, and the age of Victoria. She would wrangle with Irish, Scot, and Welsh inclusion into "Great Britain" and its own Empire's rise and fall. Then the twentieth century's two World Wars, with the remarkable rise of Winston Churchill, would define the country in so many ways. England sent thousands of soldiers into battle in Europe and to sea. Air combat was born and English pilots took to the skies. 880,000 British forces died, 6 percent of the adult male population and 12.5 percent of those serving—this, like the American Civil War, over a period of only four years (1914-1918). The sacrifice did not preserve the British Empire. That expanse had been on the decline for years. The tragedy of the First World War, the "Great War," the "War to End All Wars,"

was almost unimaginable for its carnage and the suffering of its combatants. But England did survive. Winston Churchill, First Sea Lord, during that war, would rise to global fame in the Second World War as the nation's Prime Minister. He was a man made by the wars. We even see a certain providence in his ascent, his leadership, his oratory, and his vision for freedom from tyranny.

The reasons for the War to End All Wars are hard to untangle. But with the Second World War, little is unclear. Naziism linked with Japanese imperialism and Italian Fascism gave a crystal-clear definition to "the enemy" for the Allies. But the causes for the First World War are complex and intertwined with the family connections between so many European heads of state. We place the figures of Hitler, Mussolini, and Tojo on the chess board together and the goal of their war is clear. But who are the villains of 1914-1918 and what were their aims?

My understanding of the United Kingdom's role in World War II has grown over the decades. Visiting the English countryside, London, the south coast and various towns and communities in the central parts has given me a great love for the people. Their endurance of the "Blitz," their contribution of scholars like C.S. Lewis, J.R.R. Tolkien and T.S. Eliot, their more settled and sober attitude about religion and their naval history have all inspired me.

A single small bunker remaining on the grounds of Bodiam Castle, where I visited in 2001, gave silent testimony to the alert expectation by the British of German invasion in 1940.[31]

All my life I have been fascinated by the story of the German Kriegsmarine battleship *Bismark*, her initially striking success and in short order, her sinking. (My father took me to the movie *Sink the Bismark*, in an Arlington theater as it was released in 1960.) She was tasked with the heavy cruiser *Prinz Eugen* with raiding in the North Atlantic in May 1941, after her break out of a German port and the North Sea. At the Battle of

the Denmark Strait, the British battlecruiser HMS *Hood* initially engaged *Prinz Eugen*, probably by mistake, while HMS *Prince of Wales* engaged *Bismarck*. In the ensuing battle *Hood* was destroyed by the combined fire of *Bismarck* and *Prinz Eugen*, which then damaged *Prince of Wales* and forced her to withdraw. *Bismarck* (below) suffered sufficient damage from three hits by *Prince of Wales* and attacks by HMS *Ark Royal* Fairey Swordfish torpedo bombers, to force an end to the raiding mission and finally her sinking. All but three of *Hood*'s complement of 1,433 on board died. As sad as loss of life in war always is, and with such a blow to British morale with the *Hood*'s sinking, the victory over *Bismark* was cause for a national joy.

Bismark's sister ship, *Tirpitz*, fought in tandem with *Scharnhorst*, and then was sunk in 1943 by British Lancaster bombers. Figures for the number of men killed in the attack range from 950 to 1,204. Between 1948 and 1957, the wreck was broken up by a joint Norwegian and German salvage operation. The two *Bismarck*-class battleships were designed in the mid-1930s by the German Kriegsmarine as a counter to French naval expansion, specifically the two *Richelieu*-class battleships France had started in 1935. Laid down after the signing of the Anglo-German Naval Agreement of 1935, *Tirpitz* and her sister *Bismarck* were nominally within the 35,000-long-ton limit imposed by the Washington regime that governed battleship construction in the interwar period. The ships secretly exceeded the figure by a wide margin, though before either vessel was completed, the international treaty system had fallen apart following Japan's withdrawal in 1937, allowing signatories to invoke an "escalator clause" that permitted displacements as

high as 45,000 long tons. (Wikipedia article on *Tirpitz)*

I am sensitive to the fact that British history, though, is not just kings and battleships and the long tale of the Empire. England's importance to me is more than a macro consideration. The smaller, detailed story of her people interests me too. There are towns in England that have existed with evolving town names for well over a thousand years. A town's residents are proud of their heritage and they like to tell the lore of their place, just as I like to talk about Annandale. And their cultures often vary by county and region. What is in Sussex is only approximately what

is in Yorkshire. One young couple that I met in 2001 loved to tell me the story of their home (below). Twenty miles north of London, it was a home converted in 1981 and built *inside* of a very old church, originally built in 1424 following a bequest by Maud, Countess of Salisbury. Old graves surround the church.

With this couple, I attended what is in England, a charming event: vintage automobile rallies. The particular one that I attended with this charming couple focused on the Morris Cowley Bullnose model and I rode in this motorcar for two days, assisting with the changing of a tire once, stopping frequently for tea or coffee as did all rally-goers. It was a completely charming and enjoyable sampling of one side of English life.

My personal UK visits also include the Battle Abbey in Hastings. In 2001, I enjoyed the site, next to the fields where the Battle of Hastings occurred in 1066. We also walked about what remains of the Norman castle there, built by the Conqueror himself (right). It is something good for the mind or the spirit when one visits a place of such old heritage and story. Our attention is taken off of ourselves and refocused hundreds of

years earlier—or thousands. As I stood on the hill of Hastings, looking out to the Channel, feeling the cold of the wind (even though it was July), it refreshed my perspective. In one moment, I thought of 1066, 1916, and 1944. And eating fish and chips on the Channel just out of the rain was charming too.

Podington Castle, sometimes known as **Puddington Manor Farm**, was an eleventh-century castle in the civil parish of Podington, in the county of Bedfordshire, England. It was a Motte and triple bailey castle, surrounded by a moat, mentioned in the Domesday Book of 1086 as being owned by Hugh the Fleming 9the site pictured below). The castle was in ruins prior to the early part of the seventeenth century, when a new Podington Manor, now referred to as "Old Podington Manor," had been built just forward of its location. The new Podington manor became a farmhouse in 1694, when the owners moved their residence elsewhere.

My visit moved me as I stood—not at the castle site—but at the Santa **Pod** Speedway (below), formerly Podington RAF base and Eighth Air Force after that. A drag strip now, A20s and

B17s once took off from the pavement. North of London, east of Northampton, it is about as "central England" as one can get. It was a place of connected histories: eleventh century, the War,

and now. I am constantly intrigued at these kinds of linkages. Into the 1990s there still remained many evidences of the Royal Air Force and the USAAF Eighth Air Force around England. They are likely disappearing now by development or just overgrowth. Time and nature catch up to human footprints eventually. One things leads to another.

I possess two valuable and inspiring books of this specific relationship between the wartime air forces and the present real estate where they resided. They are:

- *One Last Look, A sentimental Journey to the Eighth Air Force Heavy Bomber Bases of World War II in England* by Philip Kaplan and Rex Alan Smith, 1983 Abbeville Press, New York. My father purchased this title for me, giving it an additional aspect of importance to me. It was an expensive purchase but somehow my love for history, which involved him closely, was important. It is largely a photographic study of sites from the war, and how they look now. A follow up title, which I purchased myself is:
- *Round the Clock, The Experience of the Allied Bomber Crews Who Flew by Day and by Night from England in the Second World War,* by Philip Kaplan and Jack Currie, 1993, Random House, New York. This is an

equally impressive study of more former bases, ten years later from the original title above. Photo below of an Eighth Air Force control tower still standing in 1993, from the collection of Philip Kaplan.

I can cite a few entertainment and literary expressions of English experience that have impacted me. The impact deepens my love for their history.

James Herriot (Alf Wight), the 1930s to 1960s Yorkshire veterinarian, wrote books known in their series as *All Creatures Great and Small.* The expression comes from the second line of the nineteenth century Anglican hymn "All Things Bright and Beautiful," by Cecil Frances Alexander. The stories of Yorkshire

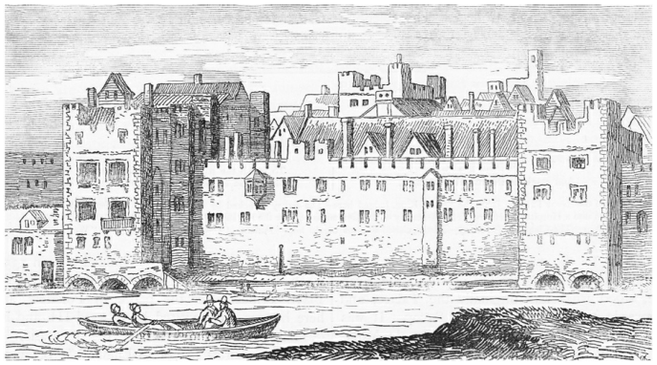
farm and community life were developed TWICE into television series. Each is appealing, accurate and absorbing. The first series was produced from 1978 to 1980, returning from 1988 to 1990. The second series, paralleling the first, enjoyed release beginning in 2020 and continues currently. Here also was an effective tie-in with history as the stories take place in Depression-era England, then the war-time years. As the country mobilized for war with all the 1939 apprehensions, the series kept its soul by focusing on the home front, even as the main character is drafted into service. The newer series adds a

flashback memory of the older doctor (Siegfried Farnan) serving in the British army during the First World War and caring for and then surrendering a great number of army horses.

Another British offering of excellent quality was *Foyle's War*, a multi-season series about crime solving in coastal Hastings, also with the Second World War as backdrop. This series, featuring Michael Kitchen and Honeysuckle Weeks, portrayed the conditions wartime that the countryside endured, including the Blitz of 1940 and Nazi infiltration at various levels. It is a brilliantly cast and acted series of stories and character development. It is also well filmed as to accuracy and an authentic feel of English town life—not the least of which is the centrality of the local pub. The series made me want to return for a second visit to Hastings!

Shetland is a more recent British Television crime series based on the popular books by author Ann Cleeves, set in the Shetland Islands (left) to the north of Scotland. Its characters are also endearing to the viewed and here too, the lifestyles, culture and language of Britain are so plain. The added charm of the Scottish accents reminded me of how interesting and important language is in the story of history.

One last site is a place that I have only driven by. It is the Savoy Hotel and the Savoy Theater in London. These stand on the site of the Savoy Chapel, which was part of the Savoy Barracks before that, and the Savoy Hospital before. And dating to the middle 1200s (the time of King John) it had been the Savoy Palace.



This site, forgotten now by many, is where the *Savoy Conference* was held out of which came *The Savoy Declaration*, the first Congregationalist Declaration of Faith—one of my most important ties to church history. Its full title was *A Declaration of the Faith and Order Owned and Practised in the Congregational Churches in England.* The Conference held there in 1658 led indirectly to the establishment with- in the precincts of a variety of chapels for different nonconformist congregations. French Protestants were given use of the 'Little Chapel' at that time (it was rebuilt for them by Christopher Wren in 1685); the German Lutherans were given the former Sisters' Hall to serve as a church in 1694. A German Calvinist Chapel and a Quaker Meeting House were also accommodated on the site.

This event has been an important focus in church history, wed to the history of England, London and ultimately to Protestant history in the United States. The early Congregational churches are the forerunners of what would later become the Baptists, independent and formally Congregational ecclesiastical bodies in America. Their birthing at the Savoy was worth at least a drive-by to the site in 2001 when I was given the chance.[32]

Protestantism in England is not known, in its beginnings at least, for an especially noble or spiritual genesis. It was born out of the King's desire to dissolve his marriage and marry someone else. Rome, of course, could not endorse this and Henry VIII—to put it simply—decided, "well I shall just create for us our

own English church." And this began the Church of England. However, the Reformation was exploding on the European continent and Calvinists, anabaptists, reforming Catholic groups, Zwinglians and lesser apocalyptic-oriented groups were growing. In Scotland Presbyterianism was beginning. In Germany and later in Scandinavia, Lutheranism was becoming as entrenched as Catholicism. That would take a century, but it was coming. English Congregationalism would represent an evangelical, Reformed, and low-church kind of affiliation between like-minded congregations. Such an unintentional consolidation of theologies had not been seen in church history since the first century.

It would not be an easy infancy and childhood for English non-conformity. Persecution came from the crown and his bishops. It would all erupt into civil war, lost by the royalists, and King Charles the First was beheaded finally in 1649 and Oliver Cromwell, the general of the independents and parliamentarian forces, was installed as "Lord Protector." He would only live though, until 1658. Charles I's son, Charles II was crowned and once again independent Protestantism of *any* nonconforming variety which would not rigidly use the English Book of Common Prayer came under persecution. England would writhe in this mode for decades but by the coming of 1700 the country had infused a number of strong Protestant expressions. Most prominent were the Presbyterians, whose Westminster Confession of Faith, coupled with the Longer and Shorter Westminster Catechisms in 1648 rose to a grounded and accepted presence. The English Reformation had arrived, rooted itself and grounded in English religious life as non-Catholic, more rooted in the teachings of the Bible and independent of outside control. Rome was no longer the dominant religious force in Europe. And its nervous relationship with Eastern Orthodoxy was civil mainly because of their joint war with Islam, invading into and through Spain and the Middle East, via Turkey and North Africa. From all this, England was separated by the English Channel. And the Channel would repeatedly serve

as the moat of protection or at least deterrence, to so many hostile designs of various non-Protestant and non-Christian stratagems. First the Vikings, then the Moors, the Armada, Napolean, the Kaiser, and the führer would all have to cross that cranky, often storm-tossed channel of sea. None would ever really succeed since the Romans.

I wrote major graduate school papers on English ecclesiastical matters: the Congregationalist theologian John Owen, The Conference at the Savoy, and my Master of Theology thesis on *Issues of Polity in English Congregationalism, 1640-1670*. In that narrow window of time, I hypothesized, what would later blossom in many American spiritualities germinated in those short years in England.

There are so many hot-points of historical fascination for me in the story of England. The people of England derive from so many preceding influxes: the Vikings, the Druids, the Gauls, the Romans, the Celts, the Angles, the Saxons, the Normans, the Welsh, the Irish, and the Scots. I'm sure I'm leaving someone out. Long before Ellis Island in New York Harbor was thought of as the entry point to the American "melting pot," England was brewing an international "pint" of mixed ingredients. Diversity is her heritage, as is so wonderfully illustrated in the film, *My Fair Lady* as Professor Higgins exegetes the various accents of speech. Referring to Eliza Doolittle, Higgins says:

> Look at her, a prisoner of the gutters
> Condemned by every syllable she utters
>
> By right, she should be taken out and hung
> For the cold-blooded murder of the English tongue
>
> This is what the British population
> Calls an elementary education
>
> Colonel Pickering: Come, sir, I think you picked a poor example.
>
> Did I? Hear them down in Soho Square,

> dropping "H's" everywhere
> Speaking English any way they like.
>
> Uh, you, sir, did you go to school?
> (random man)- What do you "tike" me for, a fool?
> No one taught him "take" instead of "tike."
>
> Hear a Yorkshireman, or worse hear a Cornishman converse
> I'd rather hear a choir singing flat
>
> Chickens cackling in a barn
>
> - Just like this one
>
> Eliza: - Garn!
>
> "Garn!" I ask you, sir, what sort of word is that?

I tasted the flavor of the English war with the IRA while driving through many towns in Northern Ireland, some fortified Protestant, and some Catholic. And I heard the rage in the voice of firebrand MP Ian Paisley. I ate dinner at 10 p.m. in broad sunlight in Belfast with a lovely and godly Christian couple, Presbyterians all their lives and as Irish as could be imagined. I saw palm trees growing near the shore in Northern Ireland, native and flourishing because of the warm Gulf stream. I saw the dry dock in Belfast from which *Titanic* was launched. Twice I walked the crosswalk in St. John's Wood in London—once with daughter Susanna—where the Beatles had their famous picture taken. We stood outside Abbey Road studios and took in the imagined magic of its history. I rode on Brit Rail delightfully and experienced the Tube stations of King's Cross and Paddington and Wembley Square. We flew out of Stansted Airport, once an RAF base and Eighth Army Air Force field from which B-26 Marauders flew. My cousin's husband, Leo Yount, flew seventy-two missions in the famous B-26 *Flak Bait* (currently under restoration in the Smithsonian Air and Space Museum). Perhaps he flew from Stansted. And we drove through Bedford, ten

miles southeast of Podington, once the home (and prison) of John Bunyan, author of *Pilgrim's Progress*. And I worshipped on a Sunday morning in All Soul's Church in London, in what was perhaps the most wonderful church service I was ever in. A very diverse congregation, marvelous music, a great sermon and personal greeting by the rector, Rev. Richard Bewes, OBE, (who died at 84 in 2019), good friends with whom to visit and a moving place in English church history as All Souls occupies.

Stubbornly refusing to yield her long and rich history to mid-century tyranny, or to pressing modern demands: technology, immigration, current political pressures, Brexit, changing particulars of the Royal Family and its future, lingering feelings within and about Ireland, the EU and NATO, and on and on, the old fields and stone walls, shire-based loyalties, castles, family roots and a long church presence, all joined with the wonderful English language keeps England near the top of my list of unchanging interests.

The Second World War

It was the 1930s. The Great Depression ground on but world economies were recovering and political winds were blowing. The United States had admitted their forty-seventh and forth-eighth states, Arizona and New Mexico, in 1912 and now stretched fully across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific Oceans. The American armed forces were greatly reduced from their First World War sizes. But now there was also the Army Air Forces, a military asset that was new and with great potential if still small. The "giant" of American might still was asleep.

The army of the Imperial Japanese Empire invaded China and Korea. The new National Socialist Germany invaded several European countries, bolstered by a nonaggression treaty with

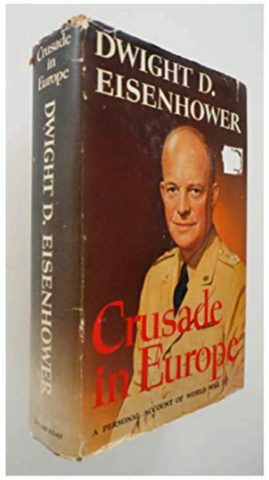
Russia. The Italian fascist army was on the move in Africa. The British army was pushed back to the Channel after battling alongside Belgium, Norway, Sweden (officially neutral), the Netherlands, and France and would likely have been exterminated but for the heroic evacuation from Dunkirk. Winston Churchill had appealed then plead for American help if not entry into the war against the Axis powers. President Roosevelt, while sympathetic, was faced with a strongly isolationist American public, determined not to be dragged into a European war again, only two decades after the *last* European war with its 53,000 American combat deaths and 203,000 woundings.

It is logical to move from thinking about England to thinking about the Second World War, of which England was such a part. British history changed drastically with the World Wars and the Second of these iced it for good. The UK would remain a global force and power to be counted but not to the degree it had been before the Second World War. It was a player at the table then and after; but not the owner of the table.

I cannot imagine writing an entire description of that conflict. Winston Churchill imagined doing so, and perhaps had some right to try. His massive six-volume work (right), *The Second World War,* was published between 1948 and 1953 and was awarded the Nobel Prize that year. It is 4,751 pages. Other authors have produced that many pages or close to it, but without exceptions *they* are writers.

Churchill penned the works just after the calamity, and as one of its major leaders and some might suggest, its most important. Coupling world fame and achievement with an astute literary verbosity is almost unheard of. These volumes are complemented by

Dwight Eisenhower's *Crusade in Europe* (1948) and by innumerable other studies, biographies, military reviews and countless campaign histories.



Seeing the big picture of an issue is a theme and a quality that my father preached to me often. Here are the smaller "pictures" of the Second World War, which woven together made up the big picture—as I see them:

- Imperial Japan's invasion of China, Korea and most of southeast Asia
- Fertile German soil for Hitler's rise to the German Chancellorship in 1933
- Germany's pact with Russia before 1941
- The USA's desire for isolation from new global tensions, still reeling from the Depression, the Dust Bowl, Jim Crow and other national infections
- Italy's capitulation to fascism and expansionism into Africa
- Neutrality by Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, Sweden, etc.
- The inconceivability of the evil and suffering of total world war, so bizarre even now that only eight decades later it is hardly taught in public education
- Germany's brutal invasion of Poland September 1939
- Declaration of war by the UK and France

- Germany's invasion of other countries in Europe
- The rise and development of antisemitic extermination
- The Soviet Union's complicity with the occupation of Poland
- The importance of Churchill
- Germany's "Blitz" of the UK and the subsequent Battle of Britain
- The Sinking of *HMS Hood* followed by that of *the Bismark*
- Development of radar and sonar
- Axis munitions development
- Allied munitions development
- Great developments in aeronautical engineering
- Imperial Japan's occupation of much of the south Pacific
- The battles of Rommel's Afrika Korps and Montgomery's Eighth Army
- Pearl Harbor and the American entry into the war
- Manila, Bataan and its Death March
- The forcible internment of Japanese American citizens in camps
- The Doolittle Raid on Tokyo
- The Battle of the Atlantic
- Midway
- The Island campaign
- Attack and occupation of the Aleutians by the IJN
- The competing and developing espionage networks of the Third Reich countries and the Allied countries
- The rise of the Allied underground effort in northern Europe
- The invasion of North Africa, Sicily and Italy
- The campaign of the USAAF Eighth Air Force (and others) and the Royal Air Force
- The creation and filling of concentration camps
- Build-up for D-Day
- D-Day and the Break out

- Campaigns across France, Belgium and into Germany
- Island hopping in the Pacific
- The citizen soldiers
- The effort at home
- The new roles of women (Allied and Soviet)
- The new roles of African-Americans in the war effort
- Code talkers
- Two fronts in Germany
- The liberation of the camps and subcamps
- The prisoner of war experience
- The conspiracy to kill Adolf Hitler
- The Battle of the Bulge
- Saipan, the Philippines, Iwo Jima and Okinawa
- The Manhattan project
- The plight of the German civilians
- Death of FDR
- Overrunning the Reich and the Führerbunker
- Suicides of Adolf Hitler and Eva Braun
- V-E Day
- Hiroshima and Nagasaki
- Strife in the Japanese high command; the Emperor's role
- V-J Day
- Clean-up, the Marshall Plan, displaced refugees and
- The looming Communist Block and Iron Curtain
- The Cold War, Emperor Hirohito and Nuremberg
- The upward and downward careers of Churchill, de Gaulle, Stalin, JFK, LBJ, Khruschev, Mao Zedong, Eisenhower, Ho Chi Minh, Nixon, Bush etc.

My contribution will be minuscule and only personal. I will select aspects, as with the American Civil War, that touched me, informed me, impacted me, and defined me—born seven years after its end. That is the simple narcissism of my writing here on the war. I was not a soldier, a sailor, a Marine, an airman, a civilian under occupation, a journalist or a politician. I can in no way interpret it to have been about me, as important as it would

become to me, but my interest in it is part of what has made me who I am. I am a beneficiary and a witness to its direct result.

My dad used to use the expression in his talk about things that occurred before I was born, "Neil, that happened long before you were ever even thought of." My mother thought that was funny and would even imitate his inflections of the saying. It made me a bit dreamy. I wondered, "what *was* it like before I was even thought of?" I began being thought of, perhaps, when I was conceived in March of 1952. My father had been back from Europe for six and one-half years. He was thirty-seven and my mother was twenty-eight when "I was first thought of." They had lived through the Depression, the war, the post-war boom, and the early explosion of suburban development in Annandale. War was raging in Korea but they were good days in Annandale. General Dwight D. Eisenhower, the greatest name in American involvement in the Second World War (and to General Douglas MacArthur's dismay) was elected to the presidency in November 1952. President Truman, his predecessor, would overlap my life in his administration by forty-one days. President Eisenhower would turn over the White House keys to John F. Kennedy, another World War II personality, eight years later. Presidents Johnson, Nixon, Ford, Reagan, and George H.W. Bush all served in the armed services during the war and Carter, just after the war.

In my childhood I watched many Saturday morning episodes of ***The Big Picture,*** a US Army documentary television program (when television was young) which aired from 1951 to 1964.

Seeing the big picture of an issue is a theme and a quality that my father preached to me often. Here are the smaller pictures as I see them, of the Second World War, which woven together made up the **big** picture:

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- The Battle of the Atlantic
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- Attack and occupation of the Aleutians by the IJN
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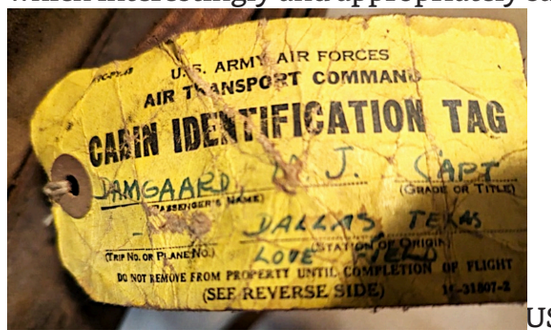
- Build-up for D-Day
- D-Day
- The Break out
- Campaigns across France, Belgium and into Germany
- Island hopping in the Pacific
- The citizen soldiers
- The effort at home
- The new roles of women (Allied and Soviet)[33]

See the footnote here, my friend Sandy's mother

- The new roles of African-Americans in the war effort, i.e. the Red Ball Express, the Tuskegee and "Red Tail" airmen--Graduates assigned to the 332nd Fighter Group (99th Fighter Squadron, 100th Fighter Squadron, 301st Fighter Squadron, 302d Fighter Squadron), 477th Medium Bombardment Group (616th Bombardment Squadron, 617th Bombardment Squadron, 618th Bombardment Squadron, 619th Bombardment Squadron)
- Code talkers
- Two fronts in Germany
- The liberation of the camps and subcamps
- The conspiracy to kill Adolf Hitler
- The Battle of the Bulge
- Saipan, the Philippines, Iwo Jima and Okinawa
- The Manhattan project
- The plight of the German civilians
- Death of FDR
- Overrunning the Reich and the Führerbunker
- Suicides of Adolf Hitler and Eva Braun
- V-E Day
- Hiroshima and Nagasaki
- Strife in the Japanese high command; the Emperor's role
- V-J Day
- Clean-up and the Marshall Plan
- The Cold War, Emperor Hirohito and Nuremberg

The main portal into understanding the Second World War, for me, is my father. And secondarily, my mother. Recently I received a phone call from Michael Damgaard. He is the sole living son of James Damgaard, my late cousin. James died earlier this year at eighty-seven years old. As Michael, the last of three sons, was going through his father's belongings, he found a canvas travel bag that belonged to my father (right).

I do not know how it came to be in the possession of my cousin all these years, but now I have it along with the shipping label, which interestingly and appropriately says:



US Army Air Forces (left). The US Air Force was not created until 1947. The bag was routed to Dallas, where I know my father worked briefly after returning from Europe. When he and my mother visited my family in 1982

to meet their new granddaughter, he wanted to stay in the same hotel (The Adolphus) in which he was a guest in late 1945. My father had a love for great hotels – The Adolphus in Dallas, The Don Cesar in St. Petersburg, The Fontainebleau in Miami Beach, the Edgewater Beach in Chicago, and the Henlopen in Rehoboth Beach, Delaware.

History connects us with events, family, artifacts, locations, and a heritage of what we experienced and lived through. The travel bag had nothing in it except a steel strong box of mostly mundane but old papers from Michael's great grandmother. Sigrid Hultner, Jim's grandmother, was a Swedish immigrant who came to America in the late 1880s with her husband who was Norwegian. The box includes their immigration papers. Their daughter, Edna, married my uncle Harry and had Jim, their only son.

My father, Captain (later Lt. Colonel) Martin Jens Damgaard (0-0011168) was drafted into the US Army in November 1941. His brother Emil, fifteen years his senior, served in the Merchant Marine in wartime. They were the only two in their family to serve in uniform.

Dad received basic training, then went to OCS (Officers Candidate School) and joined a new combat engineer battalion, the 602nd (Camouflage). His battalion shipped to Liverpool in December 1943, trained in England in various places, including clandestine participation in Operation Fortitude, the invention of an entirely fake army group in England commanded supposedly by General George S. Patton, with the film industry creating dummy tanks and decoy aircraft that fooled the Nazis, who were watching of course via their spy network. He was also nearby to Exercise Tiger, the one of a series of large-scale rehearsals for the D-Day invasion of Normandy. Coordination and communication problems resulted in friendly fire injuries during the exercise, and an Allied convoy positioning itself for the landing was attacked by E-boats of Nazi Germany's *Kriegsmarine*, resulting in the deaths of at least

749 American servicemen. On D-Day a pair of his battalion's platoons went ashore, one each on Omaha Beach and Utah Beach. The rest of the battalion followed a month later. They battled across France, into Belgium and notably, throughout the 88-day Hürtgen Forest struggle, through Aachen (the first German city assaulted by the Allies by land, and into Germany.

Dad is on left in the photo in the Hürtgen Forest. I remember donning that same overcoat one time among my friends when I was in high school, thinking it made me look cool.

My father was present at Remagen, Buchenwald and Berlin (and many other places). He made two visits to Buchenwald[34] (near Weimar, Germany where the HQ—headquarters—of his battalion's company was bivouacked for a time.) He wrote about the experience and had some forty pictures taken here by his battalion photographer, Corporal George Nedjl.

One photo is of the famous *Life* magazine photographer herself, **Margaret Bourke-White** (below, 1904-1971) who was attached to General George S. Patton's HQ. While taking pictures at Buchenwald she later wrote, "Using a camera was almost a relief. It interposed a slight barrier between myself and the horror in front of me."

I found Nedjl's pictures (stamped Official 602nd Camouflage Engineer Battalion) in an envelope in his sock drawer when I was in the sixth grade (1963), "borrowed" them and took them to class for "show and tell", using an overhead projector. I cannot imagine what would have possessed me to do something like

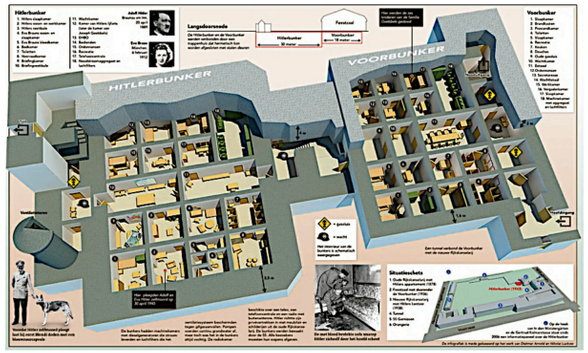
that, but I still remember our teacher allowing me to show the gruesome pictures, and becoming very quiet. She was an older woman and surely knew the story. I replaced the envelope in Dad's sock drawer that afternoon. But that evening my dad asked me, "You found my pictures?" He was not mad at me and asked more, "What did you think of them?" I do not know how he could have known of my use of them unless the teacher had called him or my mother. That began a dialogue with him for the rest of his life about the experience. He wrote about it on several occasions and I still possess the pictures.

(Left, the author at Buchenwald June 2013)

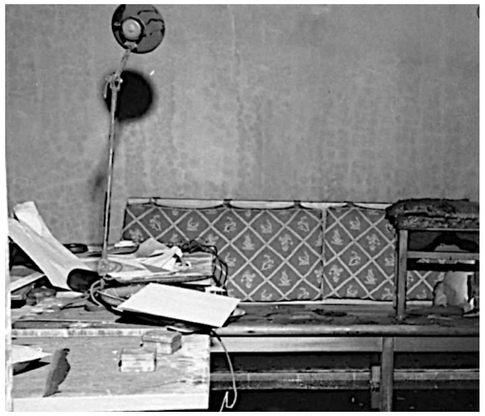
This aerial shot (below) by my dad, from an L-5 observation plane, is a 35mm slide in his collection, taken about the time of his first visit there, April 1945. Electronically restored from almost complete deterioration. Buchenwald concentration camp, where the insufficient food and poor conditions, as well as torture and deliberate executions, led to 56,545 deaths among the 280,000 prisoners who passed through the camp and its 139 subcamps. These numbers—in a single location—are the equivalent of all American combat deaths in the Vietnam War.

Dad made at least one trip into the Führerbunker in Berlin. Inside, he told me, he snatched a small ash tray (above, which I still possess) which was part of a full set of china commissioned by Hitler himself for Herman Göring[35] for his fiftieth birthday in 1943 and marked as such. It lay in a drawer of our family desk in Annandale all of the years of my upbringing.

The Göring ash tray, followed by war time photos of the Reichs Chancellery, Göring himself and the Führerbunker under the Reichs Chancellery



Below is a photo of one of the inner rooms/offices of the Führerbunker taken just after its occupation by Soviet troops. There remain various random artifacts, no doubt plundered recently by those troops. Interestingly, the first Soviets into the bunker were Army Nurses, concerned initially to find and "inventory" Eva Braun's wardrobe. My dad said the ash tray was in one of the rooms like this one.



In my book, *The Top Dresser*

Drawer, there is an essay about this ash tray, entitled *The Third Rail of the Third Reich and Göering's Ash Tray (Eighty Years Hence)* written by myself and in collaboration with Judge Sam Wilson. The writing is mine. The idea of three rails is Sam's:

> There are "three rails" in this story. The first is the rail of evil, the rail of conquest and domination by the Axis powers whose fulcrum at the end at least was *Der Führerbunker*. The Axis was not informed by any moral or spiritual restraint. Its forces attacked, occupied, tortured, killed, and held on as long as possible. Inspired, intimidated, and empowered together in a tragic alliance by Führer, Emperor, and Il Duce, they embarked on what was truly and indisputably a campaign to gain world domination, eradication of whole people groups and control of global economics. German National Socialism, Japanese Imperialism, and Italian Fascism titrated into one sloppy but potent elixir of evil poison—such as the world had never seen.
>
> The "second rail" is the Allied powers. They were the rail of good. To be sure, the Allies possessed their own blights of disease, demagoguery, internal oppression, and narcissistic leadership within their own individual pasts. But in the Great Crusade, they found themselves brought together in a common good. They bonded with an almost divinely appointed mission—or so it felt—and prosecuted it without hesitation or intimidation. There was no ambiguity. Their mission was the total defeat of the rail of evil. In 1920, with the fields of the First World War still smoking, few could have foreseen a repeat performance in Europe of its recent travail. But by 1925 it was brewing again.

As in typical rail and subway technology, the "third rail" is the dangerous one, the electrified line. In this story, this third rail is the Allied "citizen soldiers" who witnessed all these things on the front lines, including the aftermath. In my tale I place my father and the father of my friend, Sam Wilson, as representatives of the third rail. The third rail—the armed forces and the political will provided to them by the second rail—would rise to notice, perform their duty, ask no reward, return home, and largely fade into anonymity within ten years. All were given ribbons, a few medals. A few reunion committees formed and some made their way back to battlefields as old men, celebrated in a short-lived way by various media channels. They were, of course, supported by countless millions of civilians on the "home fronts."

The first rail is infamously defined by its dictator-names: Hitler, Hirohito, Mussolini. (Only Hirohito survived the war). Some would add the name of Joseph Stalin (Iosif Vissarionovich Stalin) who began the war in league with Hitler, then allied with the Allies and prosecuted war *against* the Axis with a ruthless determination, and leading the post-war Soviet Union until his death in 1953. His atrocities upon his own citizenry are legendary.

The second rail was characterized as well by a number of names but its representatives from the Allied perspective are heroes: FDR, Eisenhower, MacArthur, Bradley, Nimitz, Churchill, Montgomery, and de Gaulle, whose names were learned by many and will not be forgotten.

The third rail is not given to noteworthy names. It is the millions of men and women who served, sacrificed but then remain mostly unremembered. Martin Damgaard and Sam Wilson were two soldiers. Each was happy to survive the war, return home, buy homes, raise families, and neither was given to any interest in being remembered except by their families.

But their nation was saved. The first rail was vanquished. The European and Asian battlefields were quieted, liberated, and sanitized of atrocities, at least for a little while.[36]

My father's battalion was decommissioned in Ulm, Germany and he steamed home via the port of Marseilles that fall.

My mother graduated from high school in June of 1942, moved to Washington DC, as there were thousands of new jobs for women there. She worked throughout the war for the American Red Cross and the Treasury Department and, for a short while, directly with William S. Paley, President of CBS. I am in possession of several hundred photographs from my parents of the war years. My mother lived in DC and was there at my Dad's return from the war in late 1945. They married on June 29, 1946, in Luther Place Memorial Church in Washington.

The Second World War was the greatest conflict our nation or the world has known. In a thorough if complicated calculus, the Wikipedia article "World War II Casualties," gives an estimated total of 70–85 million people perished, or about 3 percent of the estimated global population of 2.3 billion in 1940. The Soviet Union itself was made up of fifteen states, each contributing war dead, Belarus and Ukraine with Russia losing the most. Striking is the loss, for such a relatively small country, of six million Poles.

- 419,400 Americans lost their lives in the war.

- The United Kingdom lost 450,000 lives.
- Italy lost somewhere between 492,400 and 514,000 lives.

But these numbers are small compared to the loss of life in the Soviet Union (between 20 and 27 million—some at their own hands), in China (15 to 20 million), in Germany (6.9 to 7.4 million), and in Japan (2.5 to 3.1 million); all of these estimates depending on the calculation used. No less than fifty-six other countries lost citizens to death in the war. Taking the conservative estimates together, no less than 45,269,000 people in the world lost their lives to the Axis stratagem and the Allied response. It is a stunning statistic. It demands accurate teaching to generations to follow. If the veracity of this tale is ignored or minimized or re-interpreted for current political urgencies, to this and future generations—in schools, families, literature, film, communities, and national educational guidelines—what might be the impact?

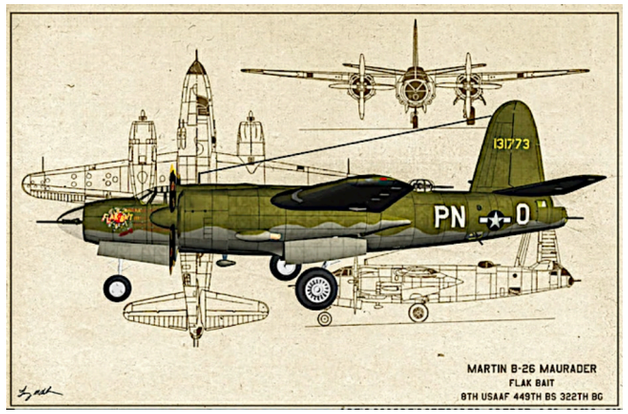
- A newly reset stage for a repeat performance?
- Social injustice as the victims' experience is forgotten?
- Forfeiture of an understanding of the rebuilt Europe and Japan?
- An enabling, at least in part, of the political world-view of the Axis?
- Loss of determination to avoid genocidal politics at all cost?
- A softening of the cultural definition of "evil"
- Unbalanced understanding of the relative weight and importance of various injustices
- Loss of appreciation for the personal stories of resistance heroes
- A blurring of the lines and colors of right and wrong

And among the Allies (the non-Axis nations of Germany, Japan, and Italy) those who lived through it were termed by former NBC News anchor and managing editor, Tom Brokaw, "The

Greatest Generation" in his 1998 book of the same name: the term refers to Americans born between the two World Wars, who came of age during the Great Depression and fought and served in World War II, or whose labor helped generate its conclusion. Brokaw described the generation as "a generation of towering achievement and modest demeanor." However, since Brokaw's naming, the title has frequently been rejected, even resented by many interviewees of that time. It is loathsome to take credit, generally, they usually say. And that humility is an instruction that we hope would last and tutor the rest of us.

My wife Renée's father (Cdr. Morley C. English) was ten years younger than my father but he enlisted in the US Navy upon graduation from high school in 1943, trained in naval aviation and was still in training at war's end. He flew off carriers (TBM Avengers) in Korea, for naval early-warning surveillance (Super Constellations) in the Atlantic in the post-war period and finished his career in command of Naval Reserve Training Centers in 1970.

My first cousin Lois Nesper Yount was married to First Lieutenant Leo Yount (1921-1993) of Iowa. He was a USAAF pilot (one of a few) of *Flak Bait*, a B-26 Marauder, in which he flew seventy-two missions including twice on D-Day, Lois told me. The aircraft is currently being restored by the Air and Space Museum in Washington, DC. Here is the official Army Air Force photo published in *The Cedar Rapids Gazette* (Iowa) on July 19, 1944, of Lieut. Leo Yount receiving the Distinguished Flying Cross (left).



I was privileged to have as part of my church family in Massachusetts World War II veterans Manuel Pacheco (106th Infantry Division artilleryman and POW captured during the Battle of the Bulge), Dr. Beryl Barkman (US Navy gunnery lieutenant on destroyers in the Pacific), Robert Schofield (US Navy seaman and crew member of USS *Wilkes Barre*, a light cruiser), and Ralph Parker (US Navy seaman in the Pacific, serving aboard LSTs). Pacheco told of being in the Bad Orb POW camp (Stalag IX-B) in Germany and when liberated in April 1945 weighing only seventy-eight pounds—he still had a picture of himself, documenting it). Schofield told of manning fire hoses as *Wilkes Barre* came along side of the kamikazed USS *Bunker Hill*, a stricken aircraft carrier. Parker told of watching his LSTs disgorging Marines on to the beaches of island after island in the campaign to regain the Pacific from the Japanese.

Beryl Barkman told me the story of his destroyer's cat-and-mouse chase of a Japanese submarine off the island of Tarawa. The sub had sunk a sister destroyer and Barkman's boat battled the enemy boat to the surface. Rather than surrender, the crew came on to their deck in tribute to the victor, Barkman's destroyer. Then they all went down with their sinking submarine, to a man. Barkman remembered the event to me with tears in his eyes as he related it, perhaps sixty-five years after it had happened. He said all his crew were firing their side arms in a victory gesture but he told me that he was sad, even

as he also fired his weapon. He said that he knew some fifty souls were entering eternity at that moment and he saw beyond the victory to something else. It was a dramatic intersection of an experience within the dramatic history of the Second World War and his own spiritual history—and subsequently impacting mine. One thing leads to another . . .

As of this writing, I have no more Second World War veterans in my life. They are all gone now. The obvious difference from when I was young until now is haunting. In my Annandale neighborhood in which I was raised, there were many World War II veterans. I remember, two doors away from us, Major General Reginald Clizbe (left, from Montana) who commanded several light bombardment wings, and during World War II and Korea led many combat missions, flying predominantly in A-20 and A-26 type aircraft. A command pilot with more than twenty-six years' service his decorations included the Silver Star with oak leaf cluster, Legion of Merit with three oak leaf clusters, Distinguished Flying Cross with two oak leaf clusters, Soldier's Medal, Bronze Star Medal, and the Air Medal with four oak leaf clusters. General Clizbe remembered, "During World War II we started with the A-20 Douglas, a light attack bomber, a lot of machine guns on it, quite a capacity for bombs. Designed particularly to fly at low level and do that work. We found ourselves flying at low level and medium altitude both, because we got ourselves a bombing capability and level bombing capability. It was a very exciting airplane and exciting type of war. The missions were varied. As I said we carried a lot of armament and a lot of machine gun firepower and we were trying to get [General Irwin] Rommel and

tried to get his tanks. Our machine guns didn't bother his tanks at all. It was a difficult thing to get them because you had to have that bomb right at the tank. So, we'd go out in the dessert and his tanks would be rolling and we'd try to drop the bomb so they would lodge in the tracks of the tank or under the tank. It had the 5 . . . the 5 to 7 second delay so we could get out of the road when the bomb went off. The thing was, we flew quite low to do that and often we would come home with bad damage from the tank antennae. Sometimes we had them in our wings sometimes just a big cut in the wing where we'd hit the antennae."[37]

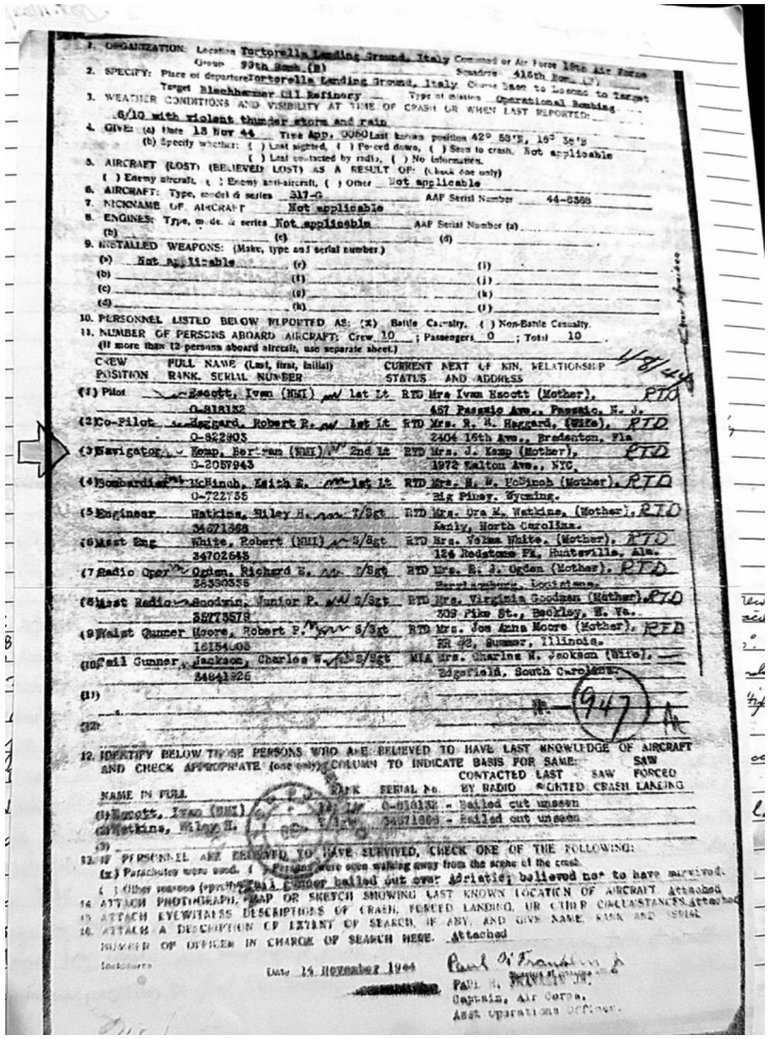
When I was in the fifth grade or so, my parents were attending a neighborhood cocktail reunion party. I was being watched by high school senior, Joan Bennett from next door (whose father was an Air Force full colonel.) There was a knock at the door, she opened it, and a fully uniformed Air Force Major General announced, "General Clizbe to see Master Neil Damgaard." She was flustered but my dad jumped from behind the bushes and said, "It's OK Joan, he's a friend." Dad later said that was intimidating because her dad was only a colonel! I was, of course, completely embarrassed and intimidated, standing there in my pajamas.

I also remember from our Annandale neighborhood, Captain Edward L. Beach (right). He graduated from the US Navy's submarine school in December 1941, two weeks after Pearl Harbor. He commanded submarines in the Pacific throughout the rest of the war. His first novel, *Run Silent Run Deep*, became an immediate bestseller, and was later made into a Hollywood blockbuster.

Another Annandale and neighborhood acquaintance was Colonel Bert Kemp (below, 1923 to 2022), who lived to age 98. A native New Yorker, Colonel Kemp was a career Air Force Officer and served during WWII, the Korean, and Vietnam wars. He

joined the Army Air Force in 1942, while a student at North Carolina State University, College of Forestry. He flew fifty-five B-17 Flying Fortress bombing missions over Europe from his base in Foggia, Italy and on his fifth mission was wounded. Following his hospitalization, he resumed flying combat missions as Squadron Navigator and in that position, led his bomb group and the Fifteenth Air Force on missions that ranged over all European countries occupied by, or housing, German forces.

Colonel Kemp's son, Jeffrey, was my best friend throughout high school. We have remained friends too, throughout the years. Recently, he provided me with the following copy of an after-flight report filed from the B-17 on which Colonel (then 2nd Lt.) Kemp was navigator. Such a document was standard procedure for the Army Air Forces after flights throughout the war. It is instructive of the detail, the action, and the results of such operations.



1. ORGANIZATION: Location Torretella Landing Ground, Italy Command or Air Force 15th Air Force
Group 99th Bomb (H) Squadron 416th Bom. Sq.
2. SPECIFY: Place of departure Torretella Landing Ground, Italy Change base to Lecono to Target
Target Blechhammer Oil Refinery Type of mission Operational Bombing
3. WEATHER CONDITIONS AND VISIBILITY AT TIME OF CRASH OR WHEN LAST REPORTED:
8/10 with violent thunder storm and rain
4. GIVE: (a) Date 15 Nov 44 Time App. 0050 Last known position 42° 58'N, 15° 36'E
(b) Specify whether: ( ) Last sighted, ( ) Re-ord down, ( ) Seen to crash, Not applicable
( ) Last contacted by radio, ( ) No information.
5. AIRCRAFT (LOST) (BELIEVED LOST) AS A RESULT OF: (Check one only)
( ) Enemy aircraft, ( ) Enemy anti-aircraft, ( ) Other Not applicable
6. AIRCRAFT: Type, model & series B17-G AAF Serial Number 44-6368
7. NICKNAME OF AIRCRAFT Not applicable
8. ENGINES: Type, model & series Not applicable AAF Serial Number (a)
(b) (c) (d)
9. INSTALLED WEAPONS: (Make, type and serial number)
(a) Not Applicable (f) (i)
(b) (g) (j)
(c) (h) (k)
(d) (i) (l)
10. PERSONNEL LISTED BELOW REPORTED AS: (X) Battle Casualty, ( ) Non-Battle Casualty.
11. NUMBER OF PERSONS ABOARD AIRCRAFT: Crew 10 ; Passengers 0 ; Total 10
(If more than 12 persons aboard aircraft, use separate sheet.)

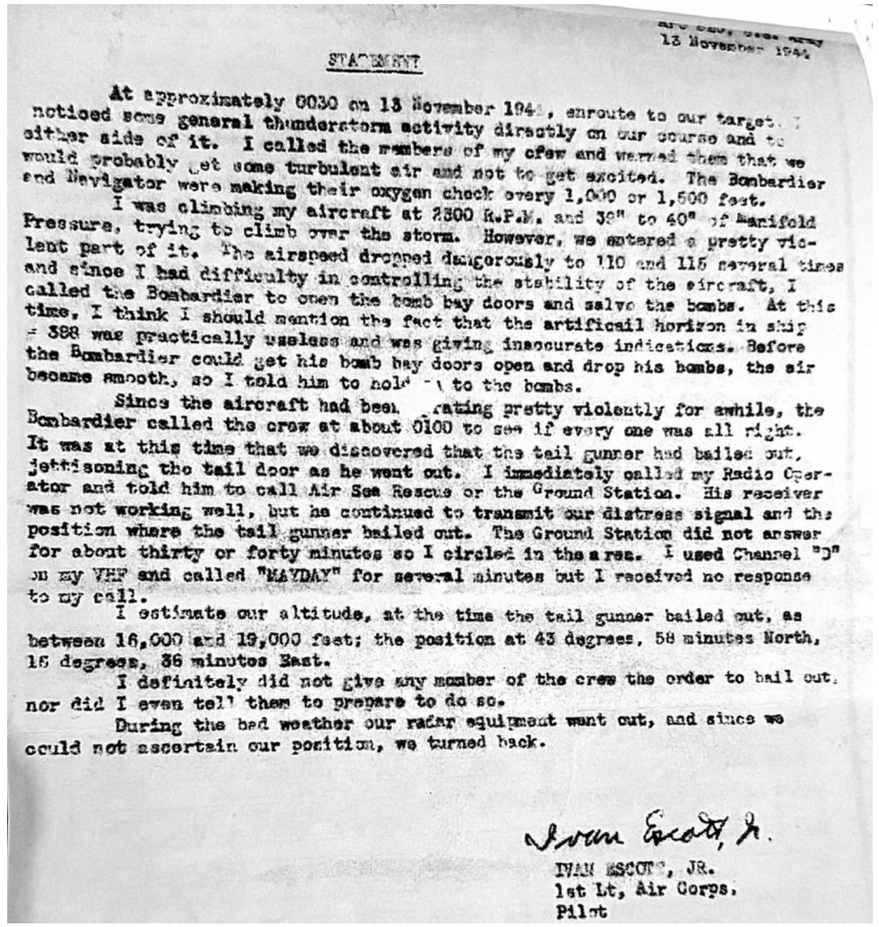
CREW POSITION	FULL NAME (Last, first, initial) RANK, SERIAL NUMBER	CURRENT STATUS	NEXT OF KIN, RELATIONSHIP AND ADDRESS
(1) Pilot	Escott, Ivan (NMI) 1st Lt O-816152	RTD	Mrs Ivan Escott (Mother), 457 Passaic Ave., Passaic, N. J.
(2) Co-Pilot	Haggard, Robert R. 1st Lt O-822903	RTD	Mrs. R. H. Haggard, (Wife), 2404 16th Ave., Bradenton, Fla
(3) Navigator	Kemp, Bertram (NMI) 2nd Lt O-2057943	RTD	Mrs. J. Kemp (Mother), 1972 Kelton Ave., NYC
(4) Bombardier	McNinch, Keith E. 1st Lt O-722755	RTD	Mrs. E. M. McNinch (Mother), Big Piney, Wyoming.
(5) Engineer	Watkins, Riley H. T/Sgt 34671368	RTD	Mrs. Ora M. Watkins, (Mother), Manly, North Carolina.
(6) Asst Eng	White, Robert (NMI) S/Sgt 34702645	RTD	Mrs. Velma White, (Mother), 154 Redstone Pk, Huntsville, Ala.
(7) Radio Oper	Ogden, Richard W. T/Sgt 35300556	RTD	Mrs. R. J. Ogden (Mother), Harrisonburg, Louisiana.
(8) Asst Radio	Goodwin, Junior P. S/Sgt 35775578	RTD	Mrs. Virginia Goodman (Mother), 309 Pine St., Beckley, W. Va.
(9) Waist Gunner	Moore, Robert P. S/Sgt 16154403	RTD	Mrs. Joe Anna Moore (Mother), RR #2, Sumner, Illinois.
(10) Tail Gunner	Jackson, Charles W. S/Sgt 34841826	MIA	Mrs. Charles W. Jackson (Wife), Edgefield, South Carolina.
(11)			
(12)			

12. IDENTIFY BELOW THOSE PERSONS WHO ARE BELIEVED TO HAVE LAST KNOWLEDGE OF AIRCRAFT AND CHECK APPROPRIATE (one only) COLUMN TO INDICATE BASIS FOR SAME:

NAME IN FULL	RANK	SERIAL No.	CONTACTED LAST BY RADIO	SAW LAST	SAW FORCED OR CRASH LANDING
(1) Escott, Ivan (NMI)	1st Lt	O-816152	- Bailed out unseen		
(10) Jackson, Charles W.	S/Sgt	34841826	- Bailed out unseen		

13. IF PERSONNEL ARE BELIEVED TO HAVE SURVIVED, CHECK ONE OF THE FOLLOWING:
(x) Parachutes were seen. ( ) Persons were seen walking away from the scene of the crash.
( ) Other reasons (explain) Tail Gunner bailed out over Adriatic; believed not to have survived.
14. ATTACH PHOTOGRAPH, MAP OR SKETCH SHOWING LAST KNOWN LOCATION OF AIRCRAFT. Attached
15. ATTACH EYEWITNESS DESCRIPTIONS OF CRASH, FORCED LANDING, OR CHUTE CIRCUMSTANCES Attached
16. ATTACH A DESCRIPTION OF EXTENT OF SEARCH, IF ANY, AND GIVE NAME, RANK AND SERIAL NUMBER OF OFFICER IN CHARGE OF SEARCH HERE. Attached

Date 16 November 1944 Paul H. Franklin Jr.
PAUL H. FRANKLIN, JR.
Captain, Air Corps.
Asst Operations Officer.



STATEMENT

13 November 1944

At approximately 0030 on 15 November 1944, enroute to our target, I noticed some general thunderstorm activity directly on our course and to either side of it. I called the members of my crew and warned them that we would probably get some turbulent air and not to get excited. The Bombardier and Navigator were making their oxygen check every 1,000 or 1,500 feet.

I was climbing my aircraft at 2300 R.P.M. and 38" to 40" of Manifold Pressure, trying to climb over the storm. However, we entered a pretty violent part of it. The airspeed dropped dangerously to 110 and 115 several times and since I had difficulty in controlling the stability of the aircraft, I called the Bombardier to open the bomb bay doors and salvo the bombs. At this time, I think I should mention the fact that the artificail horizon in ship # 388 was practically useless and was giving inaccurate indications. Before the Bombardier could get his bomb bay doors open and drop his bombs, the air became smooth, so I told him to hold on to the bombs.

Since the aircraft had been operating pretty violently for awhile, the Bombardier called the crew at about 0100 to see if every one was all right. It was at this time that we discovered that the tail gunner had bailed out, jettisoning the tail door as he went out. I immediately called my Radio Operator and told him to call Air Sea Rescue or the Ground Station. His receiver was not working well, but he continued to transmit our distress signal and the position where the tail gunner bailed out. The Ground Station did not answer for about thirty or forty minutes so I circled in the area. I used Channel "D" on my VHF and called "MAYDAY" for several minutes but I received no response to my call.

I estimate our altitude, at the time the tail gunner bailed out, as between 16,000 and 19,000 feet; the position at 43 degrees, 58 minutes North, 15 degrees, 36 minutes East.

I definitely did not give any member of the crew the order to bail out, nor did I even tell them to prepare to do so.

During the bad weather our radar equipment went out, and since we could not ascertain our position, we turned back.

Ivan Escott, Jr.

IVAN ESCOTT, JR.
1st Lt, Air Corps.
Pilot

Another common story: WWII veterans being recalled. In July 1950, with the outbreak of the Korean War, Kemp was recalled to active duty. In June 1951, he was one of 193 reserve officers selected from 2,300 applicants, and awarded a Regular Air Force Commission. In July 1951, assigned to the Third Bomb Wing in Kunsan, South Korea, he flew fifty-five low altitude, night interdiction missions in B-26 attack bombers. The targets were North Korea and Chinese enemy bivouac areas, truck convoys and rail equipment moving under cover of darkness.

He subsequently had a long and distinguished Air Force career. He retired from the Air Force in 1974 from his position as Director of Accounting and Finance for the Air Force Systems Command. His military decorations included two awards of the Legion of Merit, two awards of the Distinguished Flying Cross, six Air Medals, the Purple Heart, the Meritorious Service Medal, two Commendation Medals, Chinese Air Force Wings, the Master Missileman Badge, and European and Korean service medals.

Here again is a connection between the areas of interest in this book: here, my neighborhood with the Second World War.

One of my good friends in my neighborhood was named Glenn Tomkinson, whose life story I printed (his own biographical essay) in my book *The Top Dresser Drawer.* Glenn's father was named Robert L. Tomkinson (1919-2006, and left), and he was a US Army veteran who served during the Second World War too. Although I never knew Mr. Tomkinson's story, it is told in a wonderful recording of "living history" on the Library of Congress website. He was a recipient of a Silver Star, two Bronze Stars (oak cluster) and two Purple Hearts (oak cluster) from service between D-Day, the campaign with the 3rd Armor Division to cross the Moselle River in France and Luxembourg and the Ardennes (the Battle of the Bulge). Terribly wounded, he finished his Army career in the Pentegon in 1963, a quiet man to my remembrance (picture of his decorations follows).

Throughout my father's training in the army, deployment to Europe "for the duration plus six months" as was said, my father developed two life-long friends: Anthony Mondello and John Hopkins. I grew up knowing both of these men. Each were officers in the 602nd Camouflage Engineer Battalion in which my dad served as S-2 and S-3. When Dad was around either, there was warm friendship, careful storytelling and

many good beverages shared! Mondello went on to a career as an attorney and retired as Public and Consumer General Counsel for Amtrak. Hopkins worked as an engineer and was present at my father's funeral in 1994. At the funeral, Hopkins reminisced with me about Buchenwald. He asked me if I had ever seen the Buchenwald photographs? I said I still had them, and he related that he had a set too, offered them to an unnamed Holocaust museum and that they were refused, being too gruesome. He had participated in the liberation of the camp with my dad and their colonel, their CO.

One thing leads to another . . . and another connection with the Second World War is more recent. In 2020 I made a new friend, Samuel Wilson (referenced previously), a retired federal judge and fellow member of the health club to which we both belong. In the locker room, I learned in conversation that both of us were authoring books about our fathers' Second World War service. Mine became *Defiance at Cairo,* telling both my parents' World War II stories. Sam's is imminent to be published, telling his father's story as a US Army artilleryman in Europe. Each of us retains the letters and correspondence written by our fathers to our mothers during the war.

Friendships, with two people of the same generation, fathered by men who served at war. One almost wishes that the fathers could have met. But they did not of course, although both Sam's and my father served in many of the same places in France and Belgium and Germany. Sam's father's pictures mirror many of the same places and scenes which my own father's war pictures depict. Sam also worked with a cartographer and Advanced Instructor from Virginia Tech (Stewart Scales, an ArcGIS Pro

specialist) to create a well-crafted map of his father's route and traverse across Europe. I have never known anyone of a second generation to take such care and with such precision, respect, love and resolve to tell his father's military history.

As the Civil War bridged the old medieval and then Napoleonic worlds with a new lightning ("Blitz") warfare, each of the World Wars introduced new technological innovations for combat. Between 1914 and 1918 airplanes (still biplanes, which had only first flown at the turn of the century) and submarines and machine guns came to prominence. The Browning Automatic Rifle (the B.A.R.) changed combat tactics. Dastardly poison gases were used by both sides in Europe, with devastating effect—so much so that it was banned after, by all, only to be secretly reintroduced by the Nazis in the gas chambers of their death camps. Ghastly new artillery giants were invented and deployed; railroad guns became standard doctrine. Dirigibles took to the air and were used for long range aerial bombing. Wireless radio communications were born, adding to the wonder that the telegraph had introduced sixty years earlier. Rail transportation became standard rather than exceptional. Naval architecture completed its evolution from the sailing era to the ironclad and huge "dreadnought" battleships were laid down, and kept growing in size. Medical treatment of combat trauma advanced greatly. Seventy-five years earlier, Robert E. Lee had remarked after one particularly grisly battle, "It is good that war is so terrible lest we become too fond of it" and this is evidenced in the arms races of the early to mid-twentieth century.

Between the wars, science went into overdrive for research, experimentation, and development of new weapon systems. Indeed, the acronym "R&D" (for research and development) came to appropriate a large portion of defense budgets. Biplanes gave way to monoplanes and then to fully multi-engine airframes. In the short span of just thirty years, aircraft manufacturing spawned a whole slew of new companies. Just in the US, Boeing Aircraft was joined by Curtiss-Wright, Douglas,

Consolidated-Vultee, Martin, Lockheed, North American, Northrop Grumman, and others. Second World War aircraft production rolled out the amazing number of 259,959 aircraft of which over 200,000 were for combat, including aircraft as very heavy bombers, heavy bombers, air-sea rescue, Anto submarine bombers, medium bombers, light bombers, fighters, reconnaissance, transports, trainers, and communications. And that is just the American effort.

German aircraft production, sometimes the most innovative and forward-looking aeronautical engineering in the world, was supported by Messerschmitt, Focke Wulf, Junkers, Heinkel, Arado, Dornier, Fieseler, and Blohm Und Voss. The Luftwaffe was the first world air force to deploy jet fighters and even the twin-engine Arado 234 "Blitz" jet bomber (below, of which a single copy remains, in the Smithsonian Air and Space Museum.) Note the pilot's rear-facing periscope, needed as he was the sole crewman.

Interestingly, a squadron of these was deployed in an unsuccessful attempt to destroy the Allied bridgehead at Remagen from the air. The bridge collapsed not from the bombing attempt but from its weakening by German demolition charges placed just before the Allies arrival. My daughter Jocelyn, son-in-law Aaron and grandson Raymond, and I visited the remaining bridge towers on the west side of the Rhine in 2013. The Messerschmitt 262 "Swallow" twin-engine jet fighter (left) has an interesting story and illustrates how autocratic Adolph Hitler was in his rule. Despite the counsel of his best advisers, he insisted that the aircraft be tasked for fighter-bomber ground support, a mission it was not best suited for. Its real value,

as an interceptor, was thus lessened. My father spoke, as did many veterans, of seeing hundreds of these aircraft parked along the autobahns and in other stockpiles, unused for lack of fuel. Interestingly, my dad told me of places on the autobahn where the median was painted green to appear as grass, camouflaging their use as runways.

Also, in the written chronicle[38] of his unit's progress into Germany, the story is told of an advance to an airfield near Leipzig that was crowded with "rocket" aircraft, presumably Messerschmitt 163 "Komets." One of Dad's letters to my mom also mentions this. As the American army unit advanced, the Germans began to shell the field in the effort to destroy the aircraft and prevent American capture, a tactic which (according to the unit's history document) failed.

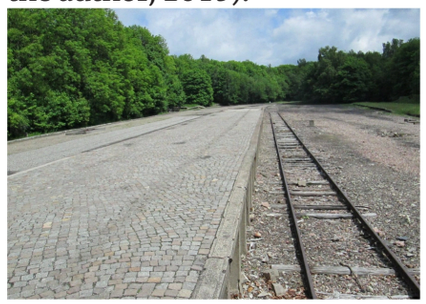
Japanese aircraft were produced in huge numbers by Mitsubishi, Kawasaki, and Nakajima. Italy possessed its own designers and producers, as did Poland, France, and the Soviet Union. The United Kingdom, coming out of World War I, was quick to develop new bombers, fighters, and naval aircraft. Their

contribution in the bombing campaign over Germany, which began in 1940, was essential to the eventual Allied victory five years later. Their **Spitfires** (especially), Hurricanes, Typhoons, Lancasters, Sterlings, Swordfish and others are legendary.

And so the Second World War saw the matching of unheard-of cruelties and inhumanities with an ever-growing use of technology to further the various nations' war efforts and objectives.

The atrocities of both the German government and military and those of Imperial Japan are well documented and beyond dispute. The Italian fascist effort, while filled with its own crimes, seems to have paled in its exercise of a universal evil compared to its Axis partners. The German racism and Aryan supremacy knew no limits and the Japanese ruthlessness to its captured and defeated opponents—seemed in a race to see which government could more quickly subdue their enemies under the boot of an utterly wicked tyranny.

The effect was to arouse the Allied determination and industrial might and "awaken the sleeping giant" (as Marshal Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto predicted, having lived in the US for several years in the early 1920s). Below is the ruined railhead at Buchenwald concentration camp, as it appears today (photo by the author, 2013).



As horrible as were Andersonville prison, Bloody Shiloh, and the other tragedies of the Civil War; or the Somme, the Argonne, or the sinking of the Lusitania of the Great War, none of these

could compare with what was occurring between 1937 and 1945 fueled by the Nazi world-view and philosophy. While the First World War expanded borders and international collaborations for conflict, it was nothing like the global cataclysm that was sparked by Axis savagery, its brutalities and the accompanying sadism. This was humanity at its worst. The basic human depravity preached and so eloquently articulated by the English Puritans was gaining a new apologetic and defense. The positivities of the Renaissance and the Enlightenment were receiving an embarrassing and rude burial by the affairs of the twentieth century. Any late-times optimism and even the popular postmillennialism of some Christian theologians was litigated against, shown to be bankrupt and ruined by such as the Bataan death march, the Japanese imperial practices of interment in POW camps, and the "Rape of Nanking" (1937). But even the raw attitude of a Samurai world-view had to take second chair to what was concocted first in the mind of the "God is dead" Friedrich Nietzsche and then in the ruminations of Joseph Goebbels and finally in the policies and screeching of Adolph Hitler. If few were noticing *Mein Kampf* as it was first stocked on Reich bookstore shelves in 1925, by 1945 its tenets were well known and had been given a full trial. Fifty years after the Soviets rolled into a burning Berlin, Cornelius Plantinga (a Grand Rapids, Michigan theologian) summarized the core of human dilemma:

> Sin outstrips other human troubles by perverting special human excellences. When people devise and defend high-minded political fraud, when a musician feels a spasm of happy satisfaction over the sour review of a colleague's recital, when a drug dealer wants and plans the hooking of a fresh customer, when a teenager reviles his confused grandmother, when we put other people on a tight moral budget while making plenty of allowances for ourselves—when we human beings do these things, we exhibit

> a corruption of thought, emotion, intention, speech, and disposition. By such abuse of our highest powers, we who are fearfully and wonderfully made, we creatures of special dignity and responsibility, evoke not only grief and consternation but also blame.[39]

And another Second World War name, Joseph Stalin, perpetrated unrestrained miseries upon Germany and before the war, during and after, upon even his own people. Stalin's machinations and the rape-world in Germany in the spring and summer of 1945, Karl and Ilse Koch's creative tortures at Buchenwald, the cold rationale engaged for *Kristallnacht* ("Night of the Broken Glass"), the treatment of Allied personnel captured by the Japanese in the Pacific, the brutalities of the fascist Italians upon their victims, and on and on—place the high mindedness of the liberal arts mission and strategy of modern education "in the dock."

It is one thing to simply be horrified about the deprivations, killings, atrocities, and injustices of the war; to shake one's head as though pulling off the highway to view an isolated wreck, and say, "Oh wasn't that a shame?" It is another to acquire an understanding of how humankind can behave so terribly. With a virtual anarchy of moral thought (as our current western culture seems bent on mandating, and appears to being embraced as the preferable philosophy), with no discernible or personal or knowable God, no calculus of human depravity in place and no solutions that can be offered, there becomes a wasteland of despair. What hope can our current directions offer? Eventual evolution out of what we see in war after war? The paper mâché figure of education-based-enlightenment? Songs written which chant, "humanity flourisheth?"

Here is a picture from my father's near-war's-end collection:

On the west bank of the Rhine River, my dad, on far left and standing, would have been 110 today, as I write. A letter from his mother to him on his birthday 1944, when he was near to the place of this picture, said, "I cannot believe you are thirty today." This shot was taken near Bad Godesberg. The picture features a personally sent picture of actress Bette Davis, who corresponded with my father's unit and to whom they sent the flag and helmet shown.

I should also remember my later-in-life step father-in-law, who married my mother-in-law, Florence, after she had been a widow for 19 years. **Dan Esau** (1925-2024) was from Minnesota and served in the 517th Parachute Infantry Regiment of the 82nd Airborne Division during the Second World War. He made five

combat jumps and remembered to me also the liberation of a small concentration camp in which he was present, in a small subcamp in northeastern France. Later in life he would become a great friend (and as mentioned) a family member.

Could the war have been brought to an end before it even began? Could not a more conciliatory and accommodating diplomacy have headed off the Reich, and the Imperial Japanese expansions? Neville Chamberlain called out for a negotiated "peace in our time." Jeannette Rankin, the first woman elected to Congress (from Montana) and a dedicated lifelong pacifist, cast the sole congressional vote against the US declaration of war on Japan in December 1941. Perhaps she was right? Perhaps we should have remained out of all world conflict. We were indeed shielded by two oceans—maybe we should have doggedly sustained that nineteenth century asset. Perhaps we should have appealed by diplomatic oratory, embraced the ethos of Neville Chamberlain, or sought ways to engage economic boycott of these aggressors despite Pearl Harbor, Nanking, and the occupation of Europe. And despite Winston Churchill's warning that if Great Britain fell, the US would be next.

But history does not generally endorse or validate such a policy. Pearl Harbor activated what Winston Churchill had pleaded for —the rescue of the Old World by the new.

The campaigns of 1942 to 1945 are each fascinating, filled with inspiration, tragedy, amazing blunders, providence and ultimately victory. In addition to the "small pictures" I mentioned previously, I have also read widely in the stories of these issues:

- The rise of National Socialism in post-Versailles Germany
- The pre-war effect of the Great Depression upon national American readiness; the entire US Army in 1930 comprised 140,000 soldiers
- The atmosphere in 1930s Berlin
- Lend Lease and Churchill's personal friendship with

FDR

- Eleanor Roosevelt, Margaret Bourke-White, Martha Gellhorn (Ernest Hemingway's wife and her role on D-Day)
- Circumventing the Maginot Line
- The creation of the frogmen force (UDTs)
- The Kriegsmarine (German navy) during the war
- Guadalcanal
- Bomber and fighter design
- The "sister" roles of the RAF and the USAAF
- Remaining vestiges of the RAF and USAAF Eighth Air Force in England
- Exercise Tiger
- Paratrooper and Glider soldiers
- St. Lo
- The Falaise Gap
- The Siegfried Line
- Berchtesgaden
- Dwight Eisenhower, Omar Bradley, Douglas MacArthur, George Patton, Courtney Hodges, Chester Nimitz, William Halsey, Raymond Spruance, Erwin Rommel, Günther Lütjens, Hasso von Manteuffel, Adolph Galland, Mitsuo Fuchida, Isoroku Yamamoto, John Basilone, Eugene Sledge, Robert Leckie, Martha Gellhorn, Margaret Bourke-White, Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt

If that list of my interest-foci seems lengthy, I note that it does *not* include any studies of anything Soviet, Georgy Zhukov, Ivan Konev, Admirals Karl Dönitz or Erich Raeder (other than to read his memoir), the role of the Catholic Church, Francisco Franco and Spain, Marshal Josep Broz Tito and Yugoslavia, any Japanese military personality beyond Yamamoto, any Italian military or political personality, any Royal Navy personnel, the whole importance and development of submarine tactics, the Battle for the Atlantic, any detailed studies of the North Africa campaign including Operation Torch or the American debacle at Kasserine

Pass, the political environment within the United States, the story of the female labor force in the US, the story of the Japanese occupation of the Aleutian Islands, the fast evolution from the B-10 to the B-36 intercontinental bomber in just fifteen years (1934 to 1949), Operation Tidalwave and the Ploesti raid, anything related to Central Europe, the saga of the German civilian, the story of the French underground (nor that of other nations), the Ultra program or the Enigma machine, Allied versus German espionage, the Navajo code talkers, codebreaking and the evolving of the OSS into the CIA, anything Norwegian, the experiences of the occupied populations of the Low Countries and Denmark, the story of the hidden and rescued Jews, the "Red Ball Express" and the story of African-Americans in the armed services including the Tuskegee Airmen, the Sullivan brothers - George, Francis, Joseph, Madison, and Albert - who all died together while serving on the USS *Juneau* when the ship was torpedoed near Guadalcanal, famous people who were serving (i.e., Jimmy Stewart, Clark Gable, Marlene Dietrich, Mickey Rooney, Ernie Pyle) the music of the era, the literature of the era (*Life*, *Stars and Stripes, Yank,* and various news sources), the movies of the times (*Casablanca*, *Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo*, *A Wing and a Prayer*, *The Wizard of Oz, Gone With the Wind*, etc.), the Chinese story, the Japanese occupation of subjugation of the Korean peninsula, the Philippines and Indo-China, German strategic planning envisioned after a victory in Europe, the details of ethnic cleansing and Aryan entitlement, anything related to Poland, and many other subjects.

This points to the almost impossibly long list of possible topics and subjects of importance that deserve investigation and interpretation. My list is personal and claims no objectivity as to its composition.

The final conclusion of the Second World War, achieved in a single week by the explosion of the first two atomic bombs (and the only used "in anger" thus far), brought an end to the world's greatest calamity. The emperor and his government, despite

great internal resistance, sued for peace. The surrender occurred in Tokyo Bay on board the USS *Missouri* on September 2, 1945. My late friend Seaman Robert Schofield viewed it distantly from the deck of his light cruiser.

Much debate has been given to the morality of exploding the devices at all, and the massive death and radiation poisoning that ensued upon the Hiroshima and Nagasaki civilian populations, without discrimination. Not to mention the firebombing of Tokyo, Dresden and elsewhere. I do not dismiss this debate. But the war was ongoing and its end was not yet in sight. Invasion of the Japanese mainland was immanent and would clearly have cost no less than a million lives all told and that is a conservative estimate.

The Third Reich had to be soundly defeated, overcome, obliterated, and eliminated. Negotiation was wished for by the likes of Heinrich Himmler and others who sought to turn the American armies into their allies and go together against "the Russian bear." Germany would have liked to escape what became of it in defeat.

Japan was not of a mind to surrender. The humiliation was unthinkable to the militarists who sat around Emperor Hirohito. A land invasion would have annihilated Japanese culture, killed untold civilians, cost greatly of American and British resources and lives, delayed peace indeterminably and distracted the world from what was quickly becoming of the Soviet Union and China.

With V-E Day (Victory in Europe) the armies and navies and air forces of the UK and her allies went into a rebuilding phase. Churchill was voted out of office, and England had begun a long period of post-war redefinition. London, Coventry, and other cities needed rebuilding. The new presence of American armed forces all over would remain. It was a time of even greater collaboration between American and British science, poised against a new theoretical enemy: communism. And the Cold War would not hold off long.

France and Germany and Italy were all ruined economies. But France had a new hero—Charles de Gaulle, who would become France's president from 1959 until 1969. Born in Lille, he was a decorated officer of the First World War, wounded several times and taken prisoner by the Germans. During the interwar period, he advocated mobile armored divisions. During the German invasion of May 1940, he led an armored division that counterattacked the invaders; he was then appointed Undersecretary for War. Refusing to accept his government's armistice with Germany, De Gaulle fled to England and exhorted the French to continue the fight. He led the Free French Forces and later headed the French National Liberation Committee and emerged as the undisputed leader of Free France.

My love of the war's history is not for some morbid interest in the "art of war." It isn't because of any intrigue or mongering over its impressive technological evolution or the dramas of leadership, thrilling battle stories or the decisiveness of the Allied victory—although I am of course very glad for that—not a thing assumed by anyone in 1942. But I do not think that entitles us to any national arrogance, and I have felt little of that. My dad was so marked by the war, as were most veterans of it. He gave his professional life to the US Army after the war; Clizbe and Kemp did to the Air Force, and Beach to the Navy. After his active service ended, my dad served in the Reserves for many years attaining the rank of lieutenant colonel. And with the creation of Army Material Command (AMC) in 1960 and his transfer there, I remember him telling me, "Son, I do not work in offensive weapon systems, but in the protection of our forces: camouflage, mine detection, insurgency interference, engineering and logistics." He hoped I would not be drafted and sent to Vietnam because (I think) he detected the seedier underpinnings of American involvement there. And while completely committed to his mission, he hoped I would be spared any experience there. All of this when, at the same time, until his retirement in 1973, his army work was largely focused

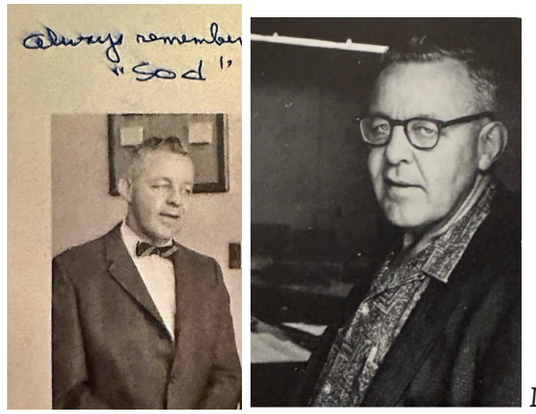
on engineering applications for use in Southeast Asia. Unlike the remaining American presence in Germany and Korea, the United States left Vietnam in 1975.

My love of this history is in the great cause of democratic freedom coming to arms, defending the weak and mustering every generation, race, men and women together, political divisions managing a subordination to the "main thing." I am proud of the heritage that our country has in what was done between 1940 and 1945. And the Marshall Plan after, with the rebuilding of Europe as much as we could effect, is praise worthy. We were unified in our strong motivation to find the strategy to contain and limit another contagious tyranny—Marxist socialism, referred to simply in those days as communism. We now fight terrorism, more radical expressions of colonialism again, human trafficking, and economic exploitation. We also still find ourselves tasked with understanding and mitigating the anthropology of racism and selfishness.

My home town connects with the Second World War in another way. In my high school years (at Annandale High School) I had a favorite teacher. He was a single, old man, Paul O. Schwartz (1917-2000). He taught me mechanical drawing for three years: Mechanical Drawing, Engineering Drawing and then, as a senior, I was allowed to do an independent study (Aircraft Drawing) where I did drawings of various aircraft for the year. At that point I aspired to become an aerospace engineer.

Mr. Swartz was a great encouragement and, in that time, I learned something of his background. He was a noticeably disabled, older man, with a severe limp and a paralyzed arm. He could walk and with his other arm, teach mechanical drawing quite well. He taught in our schools in Annandale for twenty-eight years. His disability came from an airplane crash that occurred during the Second World War. Mr. Schwartz was a lieutenant, from Wisconsin, the same state as my father and four years his junior. He was a graduate of Stout State College now UW-Stout, in Menomonie, and 145 miles due south of my

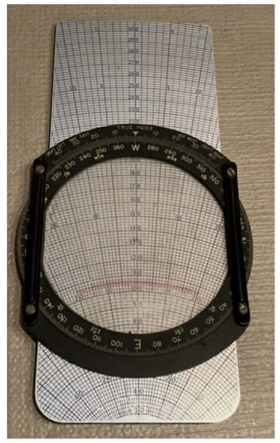
dad's hometown. (Another fifty miles south to Loyal, WI was my future father-in-law's childhood home. My future father-in-law was ten years younger than my dad. He was a pilot; flying navy aircraft.)



Mr. Schwartz (left, right) was a navigator on a B-24 Liberator and was in a crash, leaving him disabled for life. I only learned of his crash because he shared it with me in his office, in my senior year. He also loaned me a flight navigational "computer" (a US Army Air Force AN-C-74 Dead Reckoning Computer) and taught me how to use it with an old aeronautical map. (I wish now I could remember what the location was on the map). He liked to sign off on our drafting plates with his initials "POS"

but sometimes writing them upside down as "Sod." We had lots of fun in our classes with him and I remember him very fondly. Another man with great experience in war and tragedy but making a later life well. I remember him too, selling Christmas trees for the Lion's Club at the fire station, in the snow, before I ever met him formally. I note now that he would have been out

there selling trees each year on his birthday (December 13).



The last time I saw Mr. Schwartz was in December 1971. I was on holiday break and in my second year at Virginia Tech. I was working on a construction crew for Mount Vernon Masonry for the break and we were working one day, in the snow, on an addition to my high school. Mr. Schwartz saw me outside working, came out, and talked to me, "Did you quit college," he asked? I assured him that I had not and was just working over the holidays. He smiled, and said, "Good man. Carry on."

As the troops came home and settled into the "baby boomer" generation with the GI Bill, dramatic suburbanization, new education innovations, a greater sense of social responsibility and justice, and taking a new place of global leadership, we found the new challenges daunting. We rose to the test. We went to the moon. We defeated polio. We rescued the oppressed. We stared our own regional prejudices down. And we are still growing.

Church History

The unfolding of the Church of Jesus Christ is a topic of great delight and fascination to me. The history and complex development of the Christian Church history operates on a few assumptions:

- Human history is ultimately planned and inhabited by God, the One true God, the Creator
- God calls out a specific "people", from all people groups, who are unique to Him, which He sovereignly "elects" to a beloved status which transcends His general love for all of His creation; this global and "invisible" family is referred to in the Bible as the "church," the *ekklësía* (ἐκκλησίᾳ in the original Greek). It is pictured in various ways: as a tree, as a building, a Temple, as a family and ultimately, as a Bride

- The choices and behaviors of that "people" are something God cares about; they are not always righteous in a day-to-day way, and they are no more fundamentally deserving of his love than anyone *not* held to be among them – their inclusion is not based on achievement or any character trait; it is by God's grace and mercy alone
- The "people" with whom God has connected Himself by covenant, sometimes get in each other's way, conflict with one another, even kill one another; but they also collaborate with each other, protect each other, and do other things together which identifies them as followers of Jesus Christ. On this side of "glory" (as we say) they are still a work in progress
- The history of the church is often connected to world, national and regional history and is decorated by many personal histories of its more famous leaders.

I would also propose that certain questions should be (somehow) put before the church that are fair and important:

If the church is in the world and full of the Holy Spirit, should that not *definitively* make a difference in the social, relational, economic, political, and family lives of people around her?

Is world history marked in any noticeable way by the presence of an international community of people who enjoy a redeemed relationship with the Savior?

- Does not Jesus lead His church to right social wrongs?
- Does not Jesus lead His church to promote good education and community healthcare?
- Does not Jesus lead His church to tell people the Gospel clearly, in an inviting way with kindness?
- Does not Jesus lead His church to bear with one another, resist ego-led control and authoritarianism within His "body," the church, and to feature the practice of real forgiveness?

- Does not Jesus call His people to be committed to creation-care and responsible treatment of the environment to which He calls them as stewards?

Do the actions of a covenant people, commissioned by Jesus Himself, impact the world around them? And does their hope in the future temper them in any way for a better life together in the present?

Has the growth of the church, the universal body of believers, given benefit to the growth and experience of nations?

The Church of Jesus Christ has a connection with the town in which I was raised, and its region. There were people of genuine Christian faith around. It has a connection to English history, to American history, to the story of the Civil War and to the experience of the Second World War. The Church was never absent. It was never silent and it was never incapacitated. Its presence and influence were always resident in nations, in communities (even military ones) and in the lives of people around these, even unaware of such. And even in the world of popular culture, say, rock and roll music, the church surfaces.

The Church of Jesus Christ has its own history. That study has been a long pursuit of mine. It began in the simplest and most limited way in my childhood as I was taken to a Lutheran church, raised there, and indoctrinated in their most basic beliefs. These were weighted by their articulation from the teaching and writing of the German professor, Martin Luther (1483 – 1546). But the Lutheranism in which I was raised had lost in four centuries, by the 1960s, much of the poignancy and insight of Luther. The Lutheranism in which I was raised barely gave mention to him and the modern Lutheran movement is largely about their interpretation of social justice, retaining some loyalty to Luther's simple Catechism perhaps (selectively quoted) and to traditional Lutheran liturgies. Later, I would learn about Luther himself, the man. I would read his writings. I would discover him to have been a great Reformer, a fiery

personality, a brilliant theologian, a courageous leader, spouse to an unlikely partner and heroic wife (Katherine von Bora, a former nun) and a wonderful father. But I learned none of that while growing up in the Lutheran church.

After a more dramatic rediscovery of faith in 1972, I learned quickly that the church as a movement had large currents, and many sub-currents. Christianity has a thousand individual movements within itself, at least. But the broadest currents (as I see them) are

- To understand Systematic Theology
- The ancient church
- The medieval church and the East-West split
- The Reformation in Europe
- The Reformation taking root in the British Isles
- The Church in the New World
- A global spread of the Christian claims
- The Enlightenment, Rationalism, and the Dilution of the Message
- The Awakenings
- Pentecostalism and the Third Wave
- The American Scene
- The Importance of Evangelicalism
- Recent names which should be remembered to church history
- Admitting some sad tragedies

I will say something of each of these broad currents.

In seminary, my focus was "historical theology," which is the investigation of how theology itself—point by point—developed over time. The Church claims no single magic moment when God just handed down the whole package in one big revelation. Perhaps some faith traditions entertain such a belief. The orthodox, traditional belief system of Christianity has grown and developed over time, which the apostle Paul summarizes most basically as "Christ and Him crucified."[40] Beyond the

personalities, the events, and the locations of note, one might view church history as essentially the history of systematic theology.

Systematic Theology

Gerald Bray[41] has written well on this introductory subject on church history. I quote here from one essay at length. For The Gospel Coalition, Bray offers this definition:

> Systematic theology is the attempt to put Christian doctrine in a logical order, often starting from one fundamental principle, an approach that goes all the way back to early Christianity.
>
> A systematic approach to Christian doctrine first appears in the second-century baptismal confessions that later formed the basis for the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds. In these statements of faith, we find a Trinitarian pattern—God the Father is put first, followed by God the Son, and finally by God the Holy Spirit. Various names are suggested as the early *systematizers* of Christian truth: Origen of Alexandria (185—254 C.E.) writing over 2,000 treatises, and founded an influential school in Caesarea.
>
> The first person to go beyond this to compose a systematic treatise of Christian doctrine was John of Damascus (675–749?), fully six centuries after the apostles. John was a Greek Orthodox (eastern) theologian who wanted to expound the teaching of the church, and he did this by arranging his subject in four books with a total of 100 chapters. In Book One (14 chapters), he dealt with the unity of God, the Trinity, and the divine nature. In Book Two (30 chapters), he gave an outline of creation – spiritual (angels and demons), material, and mixed (the human race). Book Three (29 chapters) discourses at length on

> Christology, and Book Four (27 chapters) includes a number of miscellaneous items, ranging from the resurrection life to the Lord's Supper, the status of Mary, and the canon of Holy Scripture.
>
> John's work was eventually translated into Latin and made available to Western Europeans, but it was many centuries before anyone tried to imitate him. The first person to do so successfully was Peter Lombard (1090–1160), whose four books of *Sentences* became the standard work of Western theology until the Protestant Reformation. Like John of Damascus, Peter Lombard divided his subject into four parts, beginning with the doctrine of God the Trinity. From there he dealt with creation, then with the incarnation of Christ (salvation) and finally with the signs, or sacraments of the Gospel. His technique was to extract evidence for these things from the writings of the Church Fathers (mainly Augustine, Jerome, Hilary of Poitiers, and Gregory the Great) which he then arranged in a systematic order and commented on.
>
> Peter's method was systematic but not comprehensive, which left scope for his successors to fill in gaps and improve on what he had achieved. Scholastic theology, as this method is known, quickly developed into a science of its own. Its most famous exponent was Thomas Aquinas (1226–1274), whose *Summa contra Gentiles* (*Summary against the Gentiles*) and later his massive *Summa Theologiae* (*Summary of Theology*) are its greatest monuments. The *Summa Theologiae* was never finished, but it represents a considerable advance on Lombard's *Sentences*. It relies less on

> quotations from the Church Fathers and develops its themes with more detailed arguments drawn from a mixture of scripture, the Fathers, and philosophical arguments. Thomas was less widely read in his own time than he was to become later on, partly because of the massive bulk of his writings and partly because, like everyone else in those days, he saw his work as a commentary on the *Sentences*, which remained the chief authority for doctrine.

The dominance of scholastic theology, and in particular of Lombard's *Sentences,* was successfully challenged at the time of the Reformation. The rediscovery of many ancient sources, especially from the Greek-speaking East, and a renewed emphasis on scripture as the only legitimate final basis for Christian theology, made it necessary to produce a new textbook of the subject, which John Calvin (1509–1564) managed to do in his *Institutes of the Christian Religion*.[42] Interestingly, despite over fifty-five full volumes of published works,[43] Luther never developed a single work of systematic theology. He certainly would have possessed the mind and gifts to do so. We conclude he was focused on other areas.

The *Institutes* went through five editions in Latin and French, expanding their treatment as they went. Today, the 1559 version is regarded as definitive and it is still widely studied by Protestants, many of whom regard it as the finest expression of Reformed theology. Like Peter Lombard (and John of Damascus nine hundred years earlier), Calvin divided his work into four books though more refined and focused than either John of Damascus or Lombard. The first one deals with God as Creator (basically the Father and the Trinity), the second with God the Redeemer (basically Christology), the third with

the dispensation of grace (largely devoted to the work of the Holy Spirit), and the last to external manifestations of this—the church, the ministry, the sacraments, and the role of civil government.

The Reformation era saw a new lease of life for systematic theology, as can be seen in the numerous confessions of faith that different groups of Protestants produced. The earliest ones were only systematic in a very loose sense, but as time went on, they became more sophisticated. By a common consent, the *Westminster Confession of Faith* (1646) was the most highly developed of them all. Intended to be common to England, Scotland, and Ireland, it fell victim to the civil wars in the British Isles, though it was reinstated in Scotland in 1690 and remains one of the defining standards of Presbyterian churches around the world today. A slightly revised form of it was adopted by the English Baptists as the *Second London Confession* (1689), though it is less widely known today.

> An important aspect of these confessions changed in approach from the appearance of the Second Helvetic Confession (1566). Before that time, systematic theology had always started with the doctrine of God, but that now gave way to the priority of scripture, as the source of Christian teaching and the doctrine of God was put in the second chapter, a pattern that is still dominant today.
>
> Systematic theologies became less popular in the eighteenth century, as confessionalism declined and Enlightenment skepticism made headway, but there was a certain revival after 1800. The most famous of that period and long-lasting systematic theology of the nineteenth century is Charles Hodge's *Systematic Theology*,

> first published in 1872–1873 and still frequently reprinted. Next to Calvin's *Institutes,* it has been the most widely used systematic theology textbook in the Reformed tradition, where it has attained a certain iconic status.[44]

Systematic theology provides a framework with which to understand the events, personalities and issues which arise over the two thousand years of Christianity. That theology has its roots earlier, too, in the times of the Old Testament. Judaism, as understood in its orthodox and first forms, shares the same basic theology of God's person with Christianity. Together Judaism and Christianity stand in stark contrast to the theology of the other monotheistic religion of our time: Islam. But even there the three monotheistic religions share certain theological aspects which together witness heavily against the progressively fluid expostulations of modern theological thought.

We see the usual categories of basic systematic theology as generally perceived by Protestant theologians to be as follows:

- **Prolegomena** – the introduction to theological thought, acknowledging the contributions of different foci: natural, revealed, Biblical, historical, dogmatic, speculative, Old Testament, New Testament, Pauline, Johannine, Petrine and practical.
- **Theology Proper** – this is the basic understanding of who God is, and how He, as Father, is the center of all knowledge and Decree
- **Anthropology** and **Harmartiology** – this is the understanding of humankind, the origin of the species, and the basic tainting with sin inherited by all
- **Angelology** and **Demonology** - this is the understanding of the existence and natures of angels, demons, and other heavenly beings
- **Bibliology** and **Revelation** – this is the

understanding of the Bible, its development, and the means by which God has revealed Himself, His plan, and His holiness
- **Christology** – this is the understanding of who is Jesus Christ, the Son of God, His place within the Trinity and him being the Messiah of Israel
- **Pneumatology** – this is the understanding of who is the Holy Spirit and His place within the Trinity, and how His presence indwelling the church and its individual members empowers them
- **Soteriology** – this is the understanding of God's plan and actions to redeem, rescue, regenerate, and renew His people
- **Ecclesiology** – this is the understanding of the universal church, the body and bride of Christ, and all its functions and operations, its government and discipline
- **Eschatology** – this is the understanding of the end times, of last things, of the plan for final consummation of the world and the second coming of Jesus Christ as King of kings and Lord of lords

By comparison of categories and "feel", a fairly recent Roman Catholic *Systematic Theology* offers, as follows:

Theology is a fragile discipline in that it is both academic and related to faith. As an academic discipline, theology shares all the scholarly goals of other academic disciplines: it strives for historical exactitude, conceptual rigor, systematic consistency, and interpretive clarity. In its relation to faith, theology shares the fragility of faith itself. It is much more a hope than a science. It is much more like a raft bobbing upon the waves of the sea than a pyramid based on solid ground.[45]

This 700 page two-volume work, compiling contributions from several Catholic writers, then outlines the study of theology as:

Fiorenza and Galvin

Volume 1

Systematic Theology: Task and Methods
Faith and Revelation
God
Approaching the Christian Understanding of God
The Trinitarian Mystery of God
Creation
Jesus Christ

Volume II

Church
Sin and Grace
Saints and Mary
Sacraments
Sacraments in General
Baptism and Confirmation
Penance
Anointing of the Sick
Eucharist
Order
Marriage
Eschatology

There are of course a number of convergences with Protestant theological thought and several major divergences, but the kinship is more important when placed against a backdrop of modern Islam (in its various stripes), Hinduism, Buddhism, Marxist and nihilistic atheism and the growth of modern cult theology. The development of major cult theologies and epistemology in the last two hundred years is both fascinating and greatly troublesome. With such the Church has been

rebooted to use the word "heresy" again when that has been somewhat out of vogue for some time.

The Ancient Church

The earliest Christians, in their various communities and schools of loyalty, are a fascinating study. The first thinkers and Christian shepherds after the apostles themselves (Peter, John, James and Andrew, Philip and Thomas, Bartholomew, Matthew, James the son of Alphaeus, Simon the Zealot (an early Jewish political party), Judas the son of James, and Matthias; plus of course, Saul of Tarsus [Paul] are called "the Apostolic Fathers" and include Clement of Rome, Ignatius of Antioch, Polycarp of Smyrna, Papias of Hierapolis, and other anonymous writings as one short fragment of the Apology of Quadratus of Athens, The *Didache*, The *Epistle of Barnabas*, The *Epistle to Diognetus*, The *Shepherd of Hermas* all of which are available and can be read with profit. Additionally, some have argued that the *Odes of Solomon* was written by a student of the Apostle John around the middle of the first century. Bart Ehrman's small volume is a good introduction.[46]

Several women also play a prominent role in the early years of the church: Elizabeth, wife of the Jewish priest Zechariah, Mary, the mother of Jesus, Mary Magdalene, Phoebe, Lydia, Prisca (Priscilla) and a number of Roman women mentioned in greeting by the apostle Paul at the end of his Epistle to the Romans (Ch. 16). These are all joined by names like Luke, Barnabas, Titus, Philemon, Aquila (husband of Priscilla), Timothy, Silas, Apollos, and many others mentioned in Luke's Book of Acts (which is not titled as such until later than the Apostolic Fathers). In one of its earliest versions in the ancient manuscripts, *Codex Vaticanus* (commonly referred to as "B" or Uncial 03), perhaps as early as late third century, it simply begins as follows, in what we know as Acts 1:1:

"In the first book I have dealt with all, O Theophilus, that Jesus began to do and to teach."

To the modern reader this might seem an almost crude opening, until we learn that Acts was really volume two, bundled originally along with Luke's Gospel. Luke continues his ongoing story.

The early church "fathers" are generally categorized as

- **The Apostolic Fathers** – those church leaders who were originally discipled by the apostles themselves, or by their close associates
- **The Apologists** - defending the truth and reasonableness of their faith, often by engaging with philosophical, historical, or scientific arguments that challenge it, i.e. Justin Martyr (AD 100-165); Tertullian (AD 155-220); Clement of Alexandria (AD 150-215)
- **The Polemicists** – burdened to attack and refute opposing beliefs, often in a more combative and assertive manner, i.e. Irenaeus of Lyons, Augustine
- **Ante-Nicene Fathers** – those who wrote and ministered before the Council of Nicaea, AD 325
- **Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers** – those who wrote and ministered after the Council of Nicaea, i.e. Athanasius of Alexandria

- **Greek Fathers** - Writers from the Eastern Roman Empire, often writing in Greek. Examples include Clement of Alexandria, Origen, and John Chrysostom.
- **The Cappadocian Fathers** include: Basil of Caesarea, Gregory Nazianzus, Gregory of Nyssa, Peter of Sebaste, Diodorus of Tarsus, Theodore of Mopsuestia, John Chrysostom, Cyril of Alexandria, Maximus the Confessor, John of Damascus.
- **Latin Fathers** - Writers from the Western Roman Empire, primarily writing in Latin. Examples include Tertullian, Ambrose of Milan and Jerome.
- **Other groups** of smaller impact (Syriac, Desert, Gnostic)
- An early **church historian** of importance was Eusebius.

The Councils of the Church (Nicaea, Ephesus, Constantinople, etc) were essential pieces of its history. In simplest form, a Council was called to determine what the Church believed about a particular theological idea or "truth" and to articulate its details. A council would be called, and representatives from various regions and cities would attend. The first Council is chronicled by Luke in Acts 15. Others would occur in Antioch, Nicaea, Constantinople and elsewhere. Once complete, a Council's decisions and proclamations were widely recognized and accepted as the general understanding of the church on various issues.

The ideas of the Trinity, the detailed understanding of who were (and are) Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit and many other matters find their definitions in the studies made by the church Councils. They sometimes contradict each other or (as in the Council of Trent, 1546) could be colored by politics

and are often not as culturally diverse as modern scholarship would like. But they are a vital part of understanding church history and ancient history too for that matter. The summation of all the "ecumenical" Councils together, is absolutely vital to understanding what orthodox Christianity is, and also how the cults developed in defiance of orthodox thought.

The Medieval Church And The East-West Split

Christianity divided itself or became divided (depending upon who you read) in the eleventh century (AD 1054) and Constantinople became the hub for Eastern Orthodoxy and Rome, that for Western Christianity (or what we know as The Catholic Church).

Their differences are complex and there is some theological variation between them.

- **The *filioque* clause**

The Catholic Church concluded and believes that the Holy Spirit *proceeds* from God the Father and Jesus Christ the Son, while the Eastern Orthodox Church believes the Holy Spirit proceeds only from God the Father. "Filioque" means "from the Son", which was a subsequent addition to the Nicene Creed, to which the Eastern church objected.

- **Papal authority**

The Catholic Church believes the pope has supreme authority over the Christian faith, while the Eastern Orthodox Church does not. The Eastern Orthodox believed that the pope should have a "primacy of honor" rather than a "primacy of authority."

- **Purgatory**

The Catholic Church believes that the "saved" go to purgatory after death, while the Eastern Orthodox Church does not.

- **Original sin**

The Eastern Orthodox Church does not believe in "original sin"

as conceived by St. Augustine of Hippo. Instead, they believe in what they call "ancestral sin."

- **Immaculate Conception**

The Eastern Orthodox Church rejects the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of Mary herself as do the churches of the Reformation.

- **Bread**

The Catholic Church uses unleavened bread in church rituals, while the Eastern Orthodox Church uses leavened bread.

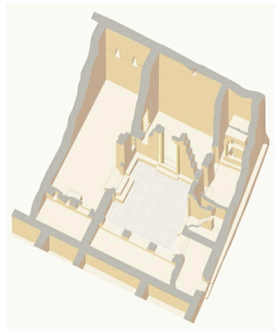
- **Priests**

The Eastern Orthodox Church permits married priests, while Western Catholic priests have been required to remain single. Their garb and vestments however, are often more dramatic and garish than those of the Catholic priesthood.

I have watched in recent years a small number of Protestant-raised conservatives gravitate toward Eastern Orthodoxy and join churches of that persuasion. That is interesting and telling of something deeper than just the theological particulars listed above. There sometimes rises a barrenness of spiritual vitality from within modern commercial Christianity which drives some towards more of a "high church" approach. At least we can observe, history will never run out of surprises.

In the early 2000s I learned of an archaeological possession of Yale University. Our daughter Susanna was a graduate student there when I learned about Dura Europos, a site in Syria at which was discovered in the 1930s a sizable set of ruins from the third century, AD. There had existed what is, at this time still, the earliest known Christian church structure in the world. When our daughter lived there, we visited her and I attempted to see if the relics could in any way be seen? I failed to learn anything of their exact whereabouts. But the find (below) was well documented.

The earliest identified Christian house church was located in **Dura-Europos**, Syria, one of and perhaps *the* earliest known



Christian church structure. It is believed to have been an ordinary house that was converted to a place of worship between AD 233 and 256, and appears to have been built following the Durene tradition, distinguished by the use of mud brick and a layout consisting of rooms encircling a courtyard, which was characteristic of most other homes built in the Dura-Europos region. Prior to the town being abandoned in AD 256 during the Persian siege, the Romans built a ramp extending from the city wall which buried the church building in a way that allowed for the preservation of its walls, enabling its eventual excavation by archaeologists in 1933. It was less famous, smaller, and more-modestly decorated than the nearby Dura-Europos synagogue, though there are many similarities between them. The church was uncovered by a French-American team of archaeologists during two excavation campaigns in the city from 1931-32. The frescos were removed after their discovery and are apparently preserved at Yale University Art Gallery. The fate of the church after the occupation of Syrian territory by ISIL during the Syrian Civil War is unknown; it is assumed the building was destroyed.

I have generally understood the Catholic Church, as we know it today, to have arrived theologically by about AD 590—that is, most of its cardinal doctrines were in place. Until then, while centralized in Rome, it was still very regionally diverse with competing centers in Alexandria, Hippo, and other places. British church life had enjoyed a beginning but was, as the English have often been, fairly independent of some of Rome's dictates. (Everyone loves to remember St. Patrick and there seems to me to be some truth to his role in Irish church history).

seems to me to be some truth to his role in Irish church history). France, Germany, Bohemia, North Africa, and Palestine similarly developed with their own flavors of Christian faith.

Much happened of course between 590 and 1517. But we consider now how the church developed after Martin Luther nailed his ninety-five Theses to the church door in Wittenberg, on All Saints' Day, October 31, 1517. The ***Ninety-five Theses*** or ***Disputation on the Power and Efficacy of Indulgences*** is a list of propositions for an academic disputation written in 1517 by **Martin Luther**, then a professor of moral theology at the University of Wittenberg, Germany. The *Theses* listing is retrospectively considered to have launched the Protestant Reformation and the birth of Protestantism, despite various proto-Protestant groups having existed previously. It detailed Luther's opposition to what he saw as the Roman Catholic Church's abuse and corruption by Catholic clergy, who were selling plenary indulgences, which were certificates supposed to reduce the temporal punishment in purgatory for sins committed by the purchasers or their loved ones.

The Reformation

Roman Christianity had become very compromised by the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries in Europe, morally and ecclesiastically. Internal reforms were attempted by some but were usually met by fierce intolerance and even brutal persecution. That is not to say that there was no spirituality or earnestness of devotion. It is to say that the power, politics and intolerance to questioning had become dominant.

A single happening, in my view, characterizes what happened: the re-emergence of the Bible as, at first, a primary "rule of

faith and practice" and then as "the only rule of faith and practice." This came out as the signal issue in controversy with the Catholic context of Europe. The Catholic Church insisted that church tradition was of equal authority with Scripture (the Bible)—noting that the church did not dispute the Bible's inherent authority as is often done today in mainline Protestantism--and where the two might disagree, Vatican counsel must be sought first and its interpretation deferred to. This occurred too many times, especially with the issue of indulgences, and their salvific value. Certain monks, scholars, clergy, and thinkers began to dispute the church's proclamations. Most famous was Luther, joined by Philip Melanchthon, Martin Bucer, Ulrich Zwingli, Heinrich Bullinger, John Calvin, John Knox, and many others. This occurred, providentially, Luther would say, at the same time as fixed movable type was developing and printing would accommodate the spreading of books, tracts, sermon texts, etc. to the general public of northern Europe. Johannes Gutenberg (1406-1468) invented the movable-type printing press in the 1440s and published his first Bible in 1455 and today, forty-eight copies are known to exist.

Women have received little attention in Reformation studies. Reading about one woman though, counters that trend. Katherine von Bora was a German nun, sixteen years younger than her future husband, Martin Luther. But she had become interested in the growing reform movement and grew dissatisfied with cloistered life. She and Martin were married on June 13, 1525. Philip Melanchthon thought that this would hurt the Reformation by causing scandal. Luther eventually decided that his marriage would "please his father, rile the pope, cause the angels to laugh, and the devils to weep." She and Martin had six children. She remained in Wittenberg in poverty until 1552, when an outbreak of the Black Plague and a harvest failure forced her to leave the city once again. She fled to Torgau, where she was thrown from her cart into a watery ditch near the city gates. For three months, she went in and out of consciousness,

before dying in Torgau, Germany on December 20, 1552, at the age of fifty-three. She was buried at Torgau's Saint Mary's Church, far from her husband's grave in Wittenberg. She is reported to have said on her deathbed, "I will stick to Christ as a burr to cloth."[47]

Protestantism, by 1600, was in full swing as the newest expression of Christianity. What came to the New World of North America was largely Protestant. What came to central and South America was mostly Catholic. What went to Africa, India, Asia and elsewhere was both as well as Eastern Orthodox.

The Reformation Taking Root In Britain

Reformation priorities took root in England and Scotland as well as in Switzerland, parts of France, the Netherlands and Scandinavia. Spain, Portugal, Italy, most of France and much of Eastern Europe would largely remain in the fold of Catholicism. A great library of new biblical studies was being written, printed, and distributed. Great English-speaking theologians were developing a fresh new corpus of theological exposition which looked at God, people, the work of the Gospel, the mission to spread it and its application to everyday life beyond just the duties of attending church. A new pietistic, reflective, meditative, and internalizing was being infused into the English, German, Swiss, and French mind.

John Bunyan wrote *A Pilgrim's Progress* in 1678, arguably one of the most important examples of English literature. The English Congregationalist John Owen wrote what is now published in sixteen volumes on theological, ecclesiological, and practical issues. Many other Presbyterian, Puritan, Independent, Baptist, and Congregational writers formed the large cohort of English Puritanism. A long and theologically conservative heritage was planted and nourished, bringing great definition to English church life which would endure alongside the established Church of England for 200 years until Enlightenment and

Rationalistic thinkers arose.

A critical matter among Christians is the need for balanced, biblically informed leadership. The Presbyterians, taught by Calvin and the Swiss Protestants, explored the old idea of "elder." Although biblically the word "bishop" is basically interchangeable with "elder" it is not found much in the writings of the Calvinists. Their focus driven by matters of soteriology, gaining political validity and managing differences between themselves. The matter of local congregation leadership or that within a presbytery would be for the English to tackle. The Congregationalists, the Baptists, and the Independents would develop the office of pastor, the idea of elders and deacons, and creedal and confessional documents which would pass their decisions on to later generations, and set the tone for New World continuance.

In the nineteenth century, the preacher Charles Haddon Spurgeon (1834-1892) came to national notice. Spurgeon was a prolific author, president of the Pastors' College, and founder of an orphanage and many other charitable institutions. He planted over 200 new churches in Britain and trained at least 900 men through his Pastor's College. He took up position as one of the greatest expositors of biblical text and one of the most respected ministers in all English history. His churches were the Waterbeach Chapel in Cambridge, then the New Park Street Chapel, and finally the Metropolitan Tabernacle on the south side of London. It was damaged in the "Blitz" (in 1940) but remains today. I was driven by the Metropolitan Tabernacle in 2001. At peak, Spurgeon preached to 6,000 souls on a Sunday and his printed sermons, in full text, were reproduced and distributed widely, even in London newspapers. This was accomplished in the last era before electricity or any kind of mass media support—lighting, audio, or projection. His ministry depended mostly upon his own giftedness and the support of his team.

My sense is that Catholicism was never going to remain the

dominant expression of Christianity in Britain, even with its Irish representation. Something else was bound to find its spiritual ho

me among British believers in Christ. The Church of England drifted to become a half-way place between Romanism and the Reformers. The Church of England's *Thirty-Nine Articles*, a groundwork composition of theology, mirrors other evangelical statements of faith. One wonders, in the East, what the Greek Orthodox have evaluated of the Western church with all its variations?

Now, of course, the Church of England is considered by no small number of theologians, to be in many ways indistinguishable from a core Catholic witness. Other than a "See in Rome," a Pope, it has an Archbishop of Canterbury. But in worship and in its identification with sacramental theology it is close to the same in many parishes. There is the transferrableness of a like theology in the sacraments and a dependability and stability therein. One Catholic priest once said to me, somewhat crudely, "a McDonald's hamburger is the same whether it is eaten in Moscow or in Miami."

Add to that the influx of continental Renaissance and Enlightenment interpretation and skepticism and the Church of England's Reformation roots seem almost gone. And yet there are many vital and theologically orthodox ministries among the English still. My first theological books were written by modern British scholars, which include:

- *The Sovereignty of God* by A.W. Pink (1918)
- *The Attributes of God* by A.W. Pink (1930)
- *Mere Christianity* by C.S. Lewis (1952)
- *Basic Christianity* by John R.W. Stott (1958)
- *Second Thoughts on the Dead Sea Scrolls* by F.F. Bruce (1966)
- *Knowing God* by James I. Packer (1972)

The Church In The New World

In the British colonies, specifically in Massachusetts and Virginia, English Protestantism was building a theological and philosophical foundation that would spur the founding of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton Universities and establish Congregational and Anglican thinking in public life. Missions to Native Americans were, with varying success and tragedy (i.e., King Philip's War) exploring the introduction of the basic Christian message to cross-cultural audiences. The Church was asking, "Is it appropriate, does it make sense, is there prospect for success, to explain the claims of Christ to people groups which are utterly pagan?" Should there be any reasonable prospect of a successful embracing of a Christian world-view in a non-monotheistic audience with no precursor of Jewish tradition either?

Missionaries and eventually a larger segment of the church, decided that the Holy Spirit of Jesus had commissioned His people, in this life, to share the news of Christ. This involves teaching the Judeo-Christian concept of a monotheistic religion, personal, revealed in nature generally, and in the writings of the Bible specifically, to whoever might listen. The teachings of Christianity were given or forced on many Native Americans (North and South.) In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries (and before) in South America from a Catholic missional effort. This includes missions in the American southwest and Florida too. But despite a rough-handling of it, some genuinely heard and understood the claims of Christ and formed Native-American Christian communities. This was notably accomplished in the New England "praying towns." It had such a remarkable effect in the Massachusetts town of Dedham, for a while, that no civil constables were needed.

The religious story of the African American community in the

United States is a compelling study, bringing together legends, Bible stories, word-of-mouth teaching between generations and a rich musical heritage that was (and are) key to their ongoing ministries. But it also interspersed some superstition and even, in the Caribbean area, elements of the occult and voodoo.

The mainline and liturgical Church of England pales by comparison, in my view, for the feeling of Christian hope felt and taught by American black ministries. I found that African Christians that I came to know in the education community, who were born in Ghana, Sierra Leone, Côte d'Ivoire (the Ivory Coast), Togo, Cameroon, Liberia and other sub-Sahara countries sometimes find it hard to understand or appropriate the American expression of faith found in many black communities of the United States. But in my view, the American black church owns its own heroism for enduring slavery for so long and then remaining racism and still deepening, sharing and defending the Christian faith. Few white subcultures have shown that kind of spiritual valor.

American Protestant missions to India, China, and other un-Christianized places in the world would come. Modern international missions saw their genesis in the 1700s in England and then in their American colonies. The very idea of missions and evangelism are founded upon the ancient words of Jesus, quoted by the apostle Matthew (who was in a position to hear them himself), at the end of his Gospel:

> And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.
> Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen. (Matt. 28:18-20, KJV)

Nearly concurrent with Matthew is what the apostle Paul wrote

(c. AD 58) in his Epistle to the Romans:

> For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek. For therein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith: as it is written [citing from Hab. 2:4 in the Old Testament], the just shall live by faith. (Rom. 1:16-17 KJV)

A Global Spread Of The Christian Claims

This, the subsequent lives of the apostles and their ministries, and the other didactic writings of the New Testament make missions a primary function and calling of the church. And in a very short four decades between the Ascension of Jesus on the Mount of Olives in Jerusalem, to the deaths of the apostles Paul and Peter in Rome, the Gospel and its message had spread almost to the edge of the Roman Empire. This was accomplished with no movable-type printing, a confusion with Judaism, communication by hand-written correspondence only, no centralized ecclesiastical authority, no civil sympathies for its spread (in fact, opposition often), no electronics, and no rapid transportation.

Although the church has mismanaged missions often enough and although its reputation for doing the "good works" without prejudice that the apostles Paul and Peter and James insisted was essential, has been sometimes compromised, this has been her motivation. It is not because Christians think they are somehow morally or ethnically superior to unbelievers. It is not out of some colonial will to dominate and exploit. It is not because they have a great perfect model in one specific tradition or another (Eastern, Catholic, or Protestant, et al.). It is not because Christianity can claim to have remained free of cultic aberrations and history. It is not because we possess the actual

original, somehow magically preserved writings of the apostles (or Moses, David, or the Hebrew prophets), called by scholars "the original autographs."

The stimulus and urgency of mission for Christians comes from the call to pass it on, given by God Himself to Jesus's first followers. And the church in the New World has found great joy and some success in engaging the mission.

The Gospel has a curious way of spreading. There are centers of Christianity on every continent and among every major people-group. In our time it is slow among people of Islamic and Middle Eastern heritage. But even in traditionally Arab countries there can be found Christian communities.

Church history is the history of the spread of the Gospel. When, in a certain place, the news of Jesus Christ takes root, is believed, is fostered in a healthy way, it breeds itself. People hear, they decide and some believe. And the simplest historical interpretation of this formula is what we call "church history."

The Enlightenment, Rationalism, And The Dilution Of The Message

But over the centuries there have been oppositional forces at work against the simple Gospel. These forces are in part spiritual and hard to identify in tangible efforts. But other forces are intellectual and, in a sense, very human—refusing to employ faith in the pursuit of truth. European scholarship, in varying amounts of skepticism and joined with the effect of a Darwinian world-view, flavored with Freud and finally Marx, set to counteract the traditional understanding of spiritual life.

Names like Immanuel Kant (1724-1804), Friedrich Schleiermacher (1768-1834), Albrecht Ritschl (1822-1889)—all German—came to influence western religious and philosophical thought. Their understandings were complemented by Friedrich Nietzsche (1844-1900 and also German), Sigmund

Freud (1856-1939 and Austrian) and others to impact and essentially disable continental Protestantism. The British church did not go unscathed. And with a twist of some irony, Catholicism and Orthodoxy, while absorbing their own brands of Enlightenment thinking in limited ways, largely escaped (at least until the 1960s) the dilution of their version of the Christian message.

Breaking out of a slavish, mind-numbing tradition of acceptance of church-defined dogmas is the heart of the Enlightenment. The rise of science as a valid tool for knowledge (and with a fascinating code for learning) fueled the Enlightenment and Rationalist mission. But wise church historians have acknowledged this impetus within its limits. When one or another church authority has oppressed dissension or honest inquiry it should be expected that the dictates of the philosophers would be found attractive and even seductive.

The message of the Gospel can become, "do good things for people and they will heal themselves." This is, in fact, a change of message entirely from what Jesus and the apostles taught. Good works, philanthropy, humility, and dignity *flow out of* the Gospel. But His message was for a redeeming salvation from sin and of a coming Kingdom not of this world, both provided for by Him. The effect of redemption upon attitudes, philanthropy and government do not define the Gospel. The redeemed and transformed person who has come to believe in and know Jesus Christ by faith alone—the Reformation clarion call—will hear His voice often for the performance of beneficial acts for all kinds of people. That voice whispers or calls loudly for refusal to indulge selfishness, narcissism, exploitation, and other carnalities; it articulates faith in the one true God —other supposed deities envisioned in history by humans, notwithstanding.

The Church in Europe was sick, in the years of the rise of the Third Reich. I cannot be too preachy about this because the Church also existed at the time of the Civil Wars of England and

America too. But certain Christian heroes emerged, nonetheless. Corrie ten Boom (1892-1983) stands out. A Dutch single woman, she and her family secretly housed Jewish refugees in Haarlem (part of Amsterdam) until they were discovered and Corrie and her family were arrested and incarcerated in prison camps. Corrie and her sister Betsie's experiences in Ravensbrück (where Betsie died) are recorded in her book, *The Hiding Place*.

There were many other heroes of the faith in that time who deserve a full understanding of their places in history: Dietrich Bonhoeffer, Martin Niemöller are two. They were part of the Confessing Church which opposed National Socialism in Germany. Conversely, the great New Testament scholar and lexicographer of biblical languages, Gerhard Kittle (1888-1948), was allegedly an enthusiastic supporter of the Nazis and an open antisemite. But this is contested still. He died at fifty-nine before any final conclusions of his collaborations could be confirmed.

And lastly in this chronicle is the story if Mitsuo Fuchida (1902-1976), a Japanese pilot captain and the overall air commander of the Japanese strike force attacking Pearl Harbor. He eventually came to faith in Christ and after the war and embarked on a significant Christian ministry. In the fall of 1948, Fuchida was passing by the bronze statue of Hachikō, a famous dog, at the Shibuya Railway Station when he was handed a pamphlet about the life of Jacob DeShazer, a member of the Doolittle Raid who was captured by the Japanese after his B-25 bomber ran out of fuel over occupied China. In the pamphlet, "I Was a Prisoner of Japan," DeShazer, a former US Army Air Force staff sergeant and bombardier, told his story of imprisonment, torture and his account of an "awakening to God." This experience increased Fuchida's curiosity of the Christian faith. In September 1949, after reading the Bible for himself, he became a Christian. In May 1950, Fuchida and DeShazer met for the first time. Fuchida created the Captain Fuchida Evangelistic Association based in Seattle, Washington

and spoke full-time of his conversion to the Christian faith in presentations titled, “From Pearl Harbor to Calvary.” Fuchida’s ministry persevered well until his death in 1976.

The Awakenings

There have been various “great awakenings” in Christian history. The Reformation certainly was that.

The Great Awakening was a series of religious revivals that took place in the American colonies in the 1730s and 1740s. It was a time when people became more interested in religion, and many historians believe it had a lasting impact on American culture and Christian denominations. America’s greatest theologian, Jonathan Edwards, ministered in this time in the northeast United States.

The Second Great Awakening was a Protestant religious revival that took place in the United States from around 1795 to 1835. It was a time of great social and political change, and the movement challenged the dominant religious and political ideas of the era.

The Welsh Revivals of 1859 (the Layman’s Prayer Revival) were marked by a commitment to prayer and bold preaching for repentance. This was followed in 1904 and ’05 by the largest Christian revival in Wales in the twentieth century, characterized by spontaneous singing, prayer, and open repentance.

Regarding the Curious Rise of the Classic Cults and Other Variants, it is interesting that the major world “Christian” cults all found their beginnings in the nineteenth centuries: The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints (the Mormons); the Jehovah’s Witnesses; Christian

Science, and others. Also, certain broadly orthodox but aberrant in certain doctrines, and highly distinguishable by their unique practices, found their beginnings in these times. Some of these were anabaptist-rooted, going back to the late sixteenth century: the Amish, the Quakers, the Old German Baptists (Dunkards), the Mennonites. Others were more exclusive and separated from the rest of Protestantism, including the Churches of Christ, the Disciples of Christ, and the “Christian Churches.”

It is also in this time, 1901 specifically, that the birth of Pentecostalism occurs.

Pentecostalism And The Third Wave

This movement within Christianity flexes an interesting message: “we are the most Spirit-filled entity among God’s people.” That is quite a claim. It is their “pneumatology,” their doctrine of the Holy Spirit, which is on display. They have also been very evangelistic in promoting their understanding of what God wants to do with, to, by and through people today.

It is rare for such a large movement to be traceable to one point in time. Christian theologians of course, point to the Day of Pentecost as one great example. All Soul’s Day, October 31, 1517, is another. Popularly, some have suggested that the day the English Pilgrims stepped on to the shore of Massachusetts on that beach as another. The Layman’s Prayer Revival began in 1858 in a single locale in New York City at lunchtime and spread over the country and to England as well.

In 1901, Agnes Ozman, a student at Bethel Bible College in Topeka, Kansas, allegedly spoke in tongues during a prayer meeting. In 1905 William J. Seymour, an African-American preacher, heard Charles Fox Parham speak in tongues in Houston, Texas. In 1906, the Azusa Street Revival began in Los Angeles, where Seymour led emotional revival meetings

that included speaking in tongues. In 1908, William Oliver Hutchinson founded the first Pentecostal church in the UK at the Emmanuel Mission Hall in Bournemouth. In 1914 the first Pentecostal denomination, the Church of God in Christ, was founded. So in this case, a major global movement can be sourced in a brief fifteen-year envelope of time.

These early twentieth century years were dubbed, by modern Pentecostal scholars, as the "First Wave," the emergence of supernatural "sign gifts" for the first time since the first century. They were watched more by the news media at first, and later by the more established church channels and institutions. All of these presented the "First Wave" with a great amount of skepticism and distrust.

The "Second Wave" is interpreted to have begun in about 1960, in mainline examples and Catholic "charismatic" expressions first, then in random outbreaks elsewhere. The belief and practice saw these gifts as authenticating the preaching of the Gospel as they did in the times of the apostles. Sometimes the presence of these gifts was used as a test for genuine faith (as was originally specified in the Assemblies of God foundational doctrinal statement), even the sign of the infusion of the Holy Spirit into the life of a new convert. They included healing, prophetic utterances, "words of knowledge," exorcism of demons, speaking in tongues—almost always claimed to be prayer languages of heaven and rarely known human languages—and interpretation of tongues. Other more exotic expressions were occasionally claimed too. The movement took root, grew, drew large numbers of new adherents drawn from existing congregations, and began to organize in new distinctly Pentecostal assemblies. The largest in the world has been the Assemblies of God, begun in Hot Springs, Arkansas in 1914.

A "third wave" was announced, popularized, and promoted by the Vineyard Christian movement (which grew globally to 600 congregations), and joined soon by other groups. This group was led by John Wimber, centered on a baseline Calvinist view

of salvation but conjoined with sign gifts and a popular and contemporary style of music in worship. As of 2024 Vineyard USA posts 502 churches including 131,100 people who call Vineyard USA churches their home.[48] The name "Vineyard" as a ministry endeavor was given by co-founder Kenn Gulliksen, who pastored the Vineyard church in our town in Dartmouth, Massachusetts for a time. I enjoyed coffee with him one time.

I remember hearing one very gifted Vineyard worship leader instruct his musical worship team, "We sing until the sacrifice [of praise] is consumed," which presumably, the worship leader would discern. I have had several personal encounters and friendships with third-wave Pentecostal and charismatic Christians. Their history is marked by an appeal to a Christian worship environment sometimes lean on excitement, intrigue, and security challenges. They were started in American places of mid-twentieth century affluence, with many already established Christian traditions and movements. They attracted few new members from well-grounded and connected Southern evangelical ministries. There were localized exceptions to this but in general the appeal was found in West Coast regions, and in Florida and in the Northeast. Growth came with many younger generation progressive-minded converts.

There is something deeply historical about the rise of such movements. They met a need, or a set of needs that some *status quo* is not meeting. I see it in these occurrences:

- Addressing an expectation, born of some faith, that God can, will and desires to show Himself to current believers and to new "seekers" in more visible ways
- They boldly acknowledge and seek to meet a deep hunger among Christians for a theologically sound and historically orthodox faith that is at the same time dynamic and immediately perceivable in worship meetings.
- Church music that is more direct, less dated sounding, less musically traditional and more

contemporary in style and more oriented toward personal expression
- A shedding of cultural protocols and formalities for gatherings and services, largely abandoning liturgy or instituting replacements; a "come as you are" mindset
- A more deliberate inclusiveness and diversity of audience

These features show up in earlier eras of the church and in other countries. Formalized liturgical music in the Middle Ages occasionally explored new musical structures. Intentional communities of earnest believers formed, sometimes separating themselves from the general population. Leadership would sometimes explore the inclusion of women leaders. What the "third wave" of Pentecostalism was doing is not without precedent. Its coloring by "sign gifts" aside, their prospering has been rooted in deeper needs of context.

Believers in Christ become hungry for more than a status quo of routine. If their environment of ministry is not challenged in some meaningful way, they will create challenge. If it is a time of little or no persecution—which can last for decades—they will swell with an imagined self-assurance. Perhaps this is why a certain amount of restlessness is a good thing.

The American Scene

As I am writing this, the Church—globally—is as expansive as it has ever been. There are genuine believers in Jesus Christ on every continent and presumably, in every nation; even within the most anti-Christian countries. The Gospel, when made clear, attracts and wins new adherents every year. Despite many strategies to defeat her, the church continues to serve her Savior here on earth and to make His name and claims known.

We cannot say how long there will even be a United States of America. So far we are only two-hundred and fifty years old,

still a very young country as go nations' longevities. How old is Russia? How old is England? How old is China?

The Church was born in Judea, an occupied country. The core bullet points of her message were consolidated and linked together into a Gospel message which spread across many borders and cultural differences. Jerusalem Jewish hierarchy could not stop her. Neither could Rome, internal conflict, or heresy. The enemy himself could not arrest her growth. By her first century she could be found all across north and into southeastern Africa, as far as Britain and spreading toward India.

For fertile spiritual soil, the Americas together are still a rich field of harvest. The Church has undergone a remarkable revival in certain regions of South and Central America in recent years. Canada possesses
its own unique spiritual challenges but there are growing and newly planted churches there. In the United States, the church continues to grow and find new ways to communicate the Gospel. New fellowships, churches, affiliations, and denominations are still being started. Older ones still exist and in places, grow. The size of some affiliations are so large and complex and necessarily political that it is daunting to still see the simple spirit of excitement felt by the apostles two thousand years ago. The Southern Baptist Convention (16.2 million), the Assemblies of God (2.9 million), the United Methodist Church (7.8 million) and the Church of God in Christ (5.5 million) represent sizable movements. Together these, by themselves, make up 10 percent of the adult American population.

More stridently and sharply defined evangelical affiliations include the Presbyterian Church in America at .393 million; the Evangelical Free Church at .371 million; the Baptist General Conference (now called Converge) at .324 million. The new Anglican Church in North America, begun only in 2009, recently reported 85,000 attendees nationwide. This illustrates a wider trend of former mainline churches leaving their

more liberal mother-denominations and forming new alliances which are theologically conservative. This has been happening among Anglicans, Lutherans, Presbyterians, and Methodists in significant numbers since about 1980. As a side note, the sizes of theologically conservative graduate schools for theological education—usually called theological seminaries—have greatly outpaced in growth their liberal counterparts. Liberal schools like Harvard Divinity School, Yale Divinity School, Princeton Theological Seminary, Duke Divinity School, etc. have been on a serious decline since 1970 while more evangelical schools (Fuller, Southern Baptist, Dallas, Trinity, etc.) have sustained impressive rates of growth. This metric might be one of the most revealing of the state of the church in America. There has been a huge surge in the need for more trained local church pastors, and commensurately a great growth in enrollments. And so it is with great irony that in the most recent times those growth statistics have leveled off and even diminished for some schools with the advent of on-line and virtual education options and then the COVID 19 pandemic.

The American church has largely been the first home for other innovations in ministry technique:

- Christian contemporary music and radio broadcasting
- New worship music, presentation software and electronic and lighting enhancements
- Publishing and library-building
- Software for Bible and theological study
- Large-scale conference hosting[49]
- Christian family ministries
- Camping and adventure excursion endeavors
- Audio-visual support for worship services
- Cross-cultural transplantation of ministry ideas
- Theological Education by Extension
- The creation of Christian political entities
- Christian film making, podcasting and news distribution
- The rise of parachurch ministries

Another indicator of the health of the church as a macro symptom is the status of mission, or a missional dynamic. Mission, also referred to as "missions," continues to prosper alongside other spiritual priorities. This burden undergoes a debate as to its focus: content and the Gospel message, or good works and endeavors to effect social justice in equitable ways? The American church grapples with this dichotomy but in a good way: each priority receives much investment. With the Emancipation Proclamation and the Civil War with its outcome, the formerly enslaved communities were brought into a new focus for at least a beginning for a civilly just atmosphere. Such a state of American citizenship that has fair opportunity and legal treatment for all is still a goal and a target if not yet a national victory. In addition to the national philosophy of recovery for formerly enslaved people groups, the church has the responsibility to add her voice to the plight of the Native American experience. Puritan missionary John Eliot (1604-1690) in Massachusetts was an early advocate and visionary for this.

On the American scene there has been a church role and urgency to address and engage rights for women, for immigrant groups who move to our country, to the disabled among us (physical and mental), to veteran citizens and to the growing population of incarcerated people.

The Church has also given its voice to many moral and ethical issues—with varying effect or effectiveness. Clearly the general national attitude has changed on some things, chief being anything related to sexuality. This has impacted gender, divorce, abortion, child care and protective services, human trafficking, pornography, and all public funding relating to curtailing vice, depravity, and corruption.

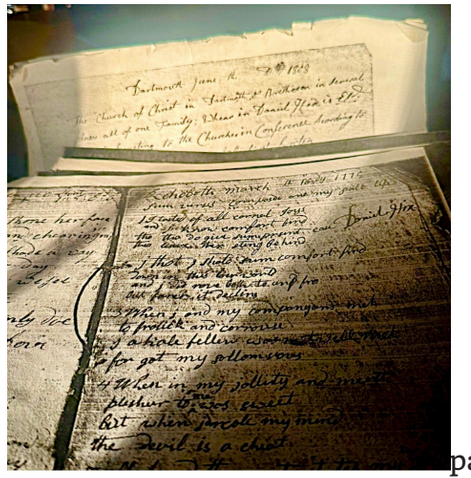
The Church cannot say (nor perhaps should it) that it has

avoided any intersection between its views on the above and American politics. In recent times the church and political activism have sometimes become almost indistinguishable. Ecclesiastical leaders have not always been above giving open endorsements to specific candidates for political office. Secularists have often preached that the church (and its prominent spokespersons) should be politically uninvolved and publicly muted about moral issues. That is a problematic option because the same secularists have often reprimanded the church for not being *more* vocal on select issues (i.e., race-based slavery, political corruption, military interventions, colonialism, equal pay for equal work between men and women, disparity in educational opportunity, law enforcement, gun control, male patriarchy, undue profiteering, environmental and climate impact, energy production and taxation).

We cannot write the American church's history in advance. But it is clear that if that church can keep focused on the Gospel, the testimony of the apostles and a good adherence to their principles for how to live, that the church will remain on earth a chosen means of applying the Kingdom of the Lord Jesus. And this will be regardless of what flags fly over statehouses in the land. *Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.*

A Poignant Example

One micro-example of American church history deserves mention, linking my passion for its study with random encounters with period literature and personal friendship. In my first year of pastoral ministry in New England (1983) I made a new friend. His name is Ken Harman and he was a colleague



pastor of a sister church of like doctrine and mission. His church was the First Christian Church of Hixville (which is a tiny village within the larger town of Dartmouth), and it was begun in 1780 by a man named Daniel

Hix (1755-1838). He is buried in the church cemetery alongside his wife, Mary. The stones are almost completely obscured, due to acid rain, my friend Ken told me. But his story is still sharply remembered and it is remarkable—the stuff of classic American lore.

As my friendship with Ken Harman grew, he taught me some of his church's history. My own church had been planted in 1963 by a previous Hixville pastor, Rev. Chaloner Durfee (Hixville's pastor from 1950 to 1963). Elder Hix was part of a New England church movement of Puritan stock, called "the Christian Churches" of no kinship to later movements of a similar designation or history. New England's "Christian Church" network would be similar to today's loose fellowship of so many independent but mutually acknowledged evangelical

fellowships: baptistic, Calvinistic, biblically traditional, and fervently evangelistic. Hix had personally planted no less than six independent churches in the Southcoast of Massachusetts in his time. I found him to be a fascinating church figure

and wanted to learn as much about him as possible.[50]

I found out that the New Bedford Public Library included a rare documents room, of limited admittance. I was welcomed, as an area clergyman, and introduced to a file cabinet of folders for materials for many of the area's oldest churches. What a treasure chest! There was an old and apparently rarely accessed folder for the First Christian Church of Hixville (right), and in it I found Hix's own journal. It was a musty, fragile document—like a child's essay notebook--handwritten, full of poetry, anecdotes, and observations about the time in which he lived which included the American Revolution. It was bound by a fine thread and required very careful handling. The librarian allowed me to peruse it and I copied some of its pages. Hix was born during the French and Indian War (in fact, in the same year as Mary Draper Ingles's capture in Virginia). As a teenager he would ride on a farm wagon delivering local crops, writing short verse and thoughts as he rode, mingling a record of what agricultural stores he was giving portage to that day, with meanderings of his own meditation. I could not have stumbled upon a more charming and powerful bit of Americana. As the Revolutionary War broke out, he composed poems and thoughts as a passionate young man of his day might. Here are three poems (of the ten that I copied from his journal) from the bench of the wagon from Rehoboth to Dartmouth, by Daniel Hix of which I am sure are previously unpublished. This was a time predating standardization of spelling among many writers of the period. As a fifteen-year-old, he wrote in early 1771:

(Note: original spelling with one word sometimes being spelled multiple ways, punctuation and blurred glosses included in my transcription)

Vers 1
Shall we go on to sin a gain
When Crist has set us free
And when he shed his one blod
He bought our libetee

Vers 2
and if we justis t___
Gods venges we must bar
and that with out mixter
we myst for ever shar

Vers 3
Dont I pra not go a stra
From the ever blesed God
For it you don't and him obay
A blessing you will have

Vers 4
And if he shold ___ the ___y
And thr___ the are to fly
You would not be a frid to M—thi__
And see his fais and sng his glory then

Vers 5
___ wished men wold ___ to enter
In to the heavela ___aslim
But all in vain had gasp them in
And burning flaims ___must endure

About a month before Lexington/Concord, on March 16, 1775, Hix wrote (he was then nineteen):

Sum verses composed on my past life

1 I tasted of all carnal joys
and I [k]no[w] comfort find
tho tha do give some present ease
tha leave their sting behind

2 I thot I shold some comfort find
down in this _____
and I did rove both to and fro
but ____ it decline

3 When I and my companyans met
to frolick and carrouse
I ____ fellow was not well met
for got my Sollom vows

4 When in my jollity and merth
pleshur to me was sweet
but when I ____ my mind
the devil is a cheat

5 all he doth want it tis my sole
and carre it to hell
with devils and damones gosts
there to ever dwell

6 Yet how offen I do tri
Som comfrt hear to find
Then I will gow buth to and frow
To ease my trbeld mind

7 I tel my sole to take her living
In plusher her be to
Deni your self of nothing hear
___ gow wher you want to gow

Then, two weeks after Lexington/Concord, Hix scrawled this powerful verse:

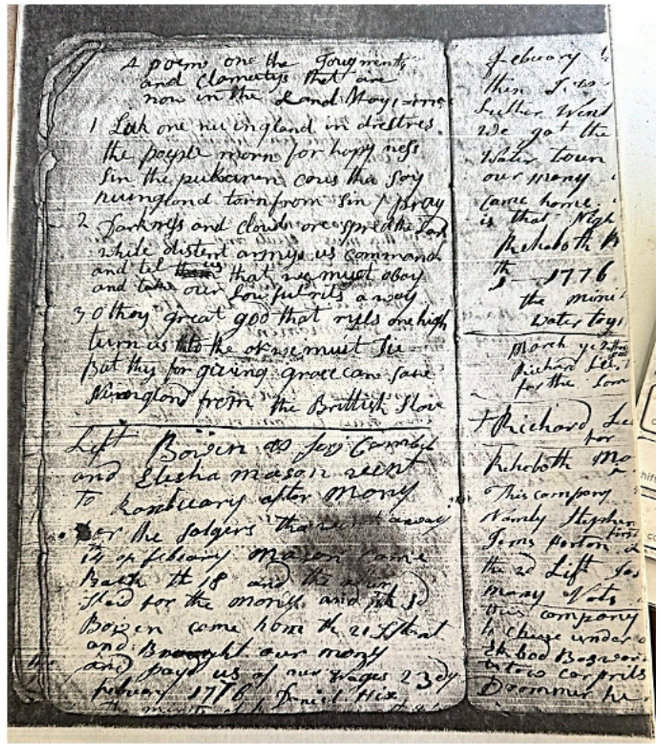
A poem on the Toryments and Clamatys that are now in the land May 1, 1775

1 Luk one nu ingland in drestres
The people morn for hapy ness
Sin the ____ ____ ____
Nuingland torn from sin I pray

2 Darknys and clouds ore spred the land
while distent armys us command
and tell us that we must obey
and take our low _____s a way

3 O Thou great god that ____one high
turn us to The[e] or we must die
but Thy forgiving grace can save
Nuingland from the Brittish slave

Here is the original:


A poem on the Government and Clemacters that are now in the Land Mayflower
1 Lak one nu ingland in distres
the people morne for happy nes
Sin the pukearm comes tha Sey
nuingland turn from Sin I pray
2 Sarkrys and clouds ore spred the Lad
while distent armys us Command
and bid them that we must obay
and take over Lawfull rits away
3 O they great god that rylds on high
turn us into the ways must lie
but thy forgiving grace can save
Nuingland from the Brittish Slave

Left Boyen at Jey Comfit
and Elesha masan sent
To Londenerry after Money
for the Solgiers tha
12 of febuary Mason came
Bath the 18 and the other
staid for the monys and the 20
Boyen come hom the 21 of that
and Brought our money
and payd us of our wages 23 of
febuary 1776 Daniel Hix

February
then S
Luther went
We got the
Water town
our money
came home
is that Nigh
Rebeth
the
1776
the mini
Water toy
March ye
Richard Lee
for the Sow
Richard Le
for
Rebeth Ma
This company
Wanly Stephen
Jems Porter
the 2d Lift Jos
Many Watts
this company
In charge under
Eldad Bagasow
to co Corpls
Drummer he

Hix's focus went from a deep introspection in March to a strident awareness and alarm at the current events in Massachusetts in May. Lexington/Concord and the "shot heard round the world" occurred on April 19.

For me, the discovery and development of this story is almost intoxicating for its power. The story of Daniel Hix and the church which he founded is itself fascinating. Harman compiled from the church records a document (unpublished) which he intitled "Hixville Highlights" which featured a blend of church minutes-style events, names, crises, and changes with some of his own commentary. He also compiled a rendering of an 1806 sermon by Hix, which also included a tabulation by Hix of baptisms he administered with people from surrounding towns, listed by town: 98 in 1805 and 48 in 1806. My friend was, until his retirement, intimately connected to this little church (and a few others). Harman ministered over two separate tenures of pastoring in Dartmouth. The Hixville church's quaint location,

classically New England appearance, deeply historic cemetery, warm and fervently committed congregation and success story as a base for the planting of several other congregations are all inspirational. Church history is rarely bland or banal. It is alive, even long after its contemporary members are gone. Hixville bound together its prototypical Second Great Awakening-era Protestant history with a clear evangelical theology, its personalities, my friendship with Ken Harman (and with later pastor Rev. Ed Baci), its hidden documentation which I discovered in the New Bedford Public Library, and the American Revolution. For me, so powerfully, one thing led to another.

The Importance Of Evangelicalism

Many people of faith showcase the history of their own faith traditions in one way or another. They feel at home talking about a very important aspect of their lives, which comes from the deepest place in their souls. And they might speak of it in affectionate terms, or with mostly happy memories.

I wasn't raised in any kind of an evangelical tradition at all. I was raised in American Lutheranism, in the mid-twentieth century, and knew only that. I have some happy memories of my experience there, to be sure, but most of my life is found in various communities of an evangelical Christian faith: in Blacksburg, Virginia, in Falls Church and Roanoke, and then in Dallas, Texas. Then in New Bedford and Dartmouth, Massachusetts. I traveled and visited evangelically aligned communities in Springfield, Missouri; Grand Goave, Haiti; Belfast, N. Ireland; London, England; Rumney, New Hampshire; Boston, Seattle, Los Angeles, and St. Petersburg, Florida.

The perspective of this writer is driven by a world-view that is based upon certain assumptions:

1. There is one God, and He is three persons: the Father, the Son—the Lord Jesus Christ—and the Holy Spirit;

and He created all that is.

2. Humankind was created specifically by God but fell into a state of rebellion against Him. That fall was a combination of self-will, disobedience, beguilement, and consequence. That state is called "sin." It was and is a universal malady inherited by every human being and therefore placing all in a profound need for redemption from its indebtedness. No subsequent learned, collaborative or inherited human act can accomplish this redemption.

3. The Son of God came to earth (of which He was the creative agent) to give His life in atonement for the redemption and for the sins of many. He Himself had no sin nor any sin nature. He is described by the apostle Paul (1 Tim. 6:15) . . . *the blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings, and Lord of lords,* and seen by direct revelation by the apostle John (Rev. 17:14 and 19:16) as *the Lamb shall overcome them: for he is Lord of lords, and King of kings.* And similarly, *and they that are with him are called, and chosen, and faithful* and as One who *hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written, king of kings and lord of lords.*

4. The Son of God was crucified and died. Then He rose from the dead. The apostle Paul's exposition of this in his first letter to the Corinthian Christians (in Greece):

> For I passed on to you as most important what I also received: that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures, that He was buried, that He was raised on the third day according to the Scriptures, and that He appeared to Cephas, then to the Twelve. Then He appeared to over 500 brothers at one time; most of them are still

> alive, but some have fallen asleep. Then He appeared to James, then to all the apostles. Last of all, as to one abnormally born, He also appeared to me. (1 Cor. 15:3-8, HSCB)

5. He and His disciples (then being named apostles or "sent ones") began to proclaim a whole new Kingdom on earth. It would be one that has the Son as King.

6. This forgiveness of sin is available to any person on the planet.

7. This forgiveness of sin can be appropriated in a permanent way by believing in its historicity and in its promise.

8. The Son of God promised to return to earth, yes literally, in the future at the time appointed by the Father.

There are other secondary and tertiary issues of belief and points of sub- doctrinal definition too, which define my world-view further and place it in the school of thought of a traditionally orthodox category. Since perhaps the beginning of the twentieth century that has been called "evangelicalism" and included all the Reformed and many other associations too. Its main filter was (and is), "Is that what the Bible teaches?" And the appropriate corollary is "how can we best interpret the Holy Scriptures?"

Evangelicals believe those basic beliefs that can be shown to be what Moses, David, the prophets, Jesus, and the apostles all revealed through the revelation of truth of which they spoke and wrote. Evangelicals see a unity between these writers, speakers, and preachers. Together, those teachings comprise the summary of truth of all that can be understood about the world, human life, the past workings of God, His plan for this planet and its ultimate future. With variations, this is what defines

evangelicalism. It is significantly different from a modernist form of Christianity, from the Catholic dogmas and different in major points from Eastern Orthodoxy. Evangelicals share much belief with Pentecostals. And despite our creed, we still share some with more liberal traditions and a very small amount of commonality even with traditional Muslims. We can all say we are monotheistic, as opposed to Hinduism, Buddhism and Shintoism. Cults have historically been defined as those who, while often using a similar vocabulary, diverge away from these basic core truths at one or more significant point, usually related to the nature of God and basic Christology, redefining the divine plan of redemption and often upon their concepts of authority as well as their own witness to uniqueness.

Church history is, in essence, the development of those basic truths. It is the debates, deliberations, disputes, and agreements upon them by Councils, Confessions and Conferences. Church history might make us feel embarrassed that such a consistent set of beliefs had taken so long to evolve, and still is not universally received by all who call themselves "Christian."

But the history of a unique family of people, who are joined in communion around their basic faith identifies us in the world of many religions, philosophies, and creeds—especially distinct from those that are clearly non-theistic and secular.

Evangelicals should always be respectful, good listeners and informed. They should excel with this attitude, as the apostle Peter wrote (in Koiné Greek):

> κύριον δὲ τὸν Χριστὸν ἁγιάσατε ἐν ταῖς καρδίαις ὑμῶν, ἕτοιμοι ἀεὶ πρὸς ἀπολογίαν παντὶ τῷ αἰτοῦντι ὑμᾶς λόγον περὶ τῆς ἐν ὑμῖν ἐλπίδος
>
> But sanctify the Lord God in your hearts: and be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear (1 Pet. 3:15, KJV)

Peter's use of the word ἀπολογίαν, an "answer," or more commonly translated today as "defense," Peter was not recommending a defensiveness, but a readiness to explain and defend with answers to those who inquire.

It does not serve the cause of Christian witness to be dismissive or mean-spirited. It does not enhance our prospects for evangelism to talk down to people. Our theology is powerful without any kind of ecclesiastical intimidation or competitive spirit. And as the universal collection of people who enjoy and revere the written Word, the empowerment of the Spirit, and a history of outreach, we should first remember its privilege and its dependence on the grace and mercy and lovingkindess of God.

Recent Names Which Should Be Remembered To Church History

It seems almost folly to try to build a good list of honorable and heroic names from the most recent church history for there are numerous candidates and far more than Americans. But here are some names which I honor:

Bill Graham Ruth Bell Graham Franklin Graham
Corrie ten Boom Dutch Joni Eareckson Tada
Elisabeth Elliot Rosaria Butterfield
J.I. Packer British John R.W. Stott British
C.S. Lewis British Keith Green Lewis Sperry Chafer
John Walvoord Edmund Clowney Cornelius Van Til
Carl FH Henry Vern Poythress Ray Stedman
Walter Kaiser Francis Schaeffer Edith Schaeffer
Bill Bright Eric Liddell Scottish Louis Zamperini
Josh McDowell Philip Yancey
Herman Bavinck Dutch John D. Hannah Edwin Blum
F. F. Bruce British D. James Kennedy Jim Elliot

Dietrich Bonhoeffer German Larry Crabb
John MacArthur S. Lewis Johnson D. A. Carson Canada
Wayne Grudem Brooke Ligertwood New Zealand
Keith & Kristin Getty Larry Norman
Phil Keaggy Twila Paris John Perkins
John Reed Johann Lai Chinese
Kristin & Keith Getty Irish R.C. Sproul
William Hendriksen James Montgomery Boice
C. Everett Koop Tim Keller
Richard A. Swenson Leon J. Arp
James Dobson Eta Linneman German
Daniel Wallace Dawson Trotman
Martyn Lloyd-Jones British Chuck Swindoll
Raymond Pendleton Armand Nicholi
Josef Tson Romania Richard Wurmbrand Romania
Howard G. Hendricks Jeanne Hendricks
Mitsuo Fuchida Japan A.W. Pink British
Donald Grey Barnhouse J. Gresham Machen
Richard C. Halverson Martin Niemöller
G. Campbell Morgan Carl Trueman
Joyce G. Baldwin British Bruce Waltke
Eugene F. Merrill Harold Hoehner Allen P. Ross

Admitting Some Sad Tragedies

Church history should reflect the grand divine plan of the ages and the victory of the Gospel over sin. It should be repleat with inspiring heroes, conquests of strongholds of the enemy and wondrous tales of transformation of lives from darkness to light. Sanctification should win out over depravity. Christians should be getting better at being Christians.

Our rally cry should be (as was granted to the City of New

Bedford with the 1857 Latin motto, *Lucem Diffundo*) "We light the world." And the church's story is indeed filled with all of the above. There is an excitement and a warm love among us for what the church is, what she has achieved—all to God's credit—and for what we believe is still in store for her. But there are also tragedies along the way, which are internal, heart-breaking, and shameful. They are embarrassing and sometimes humiliating. An honest historian will acknowledge these too. I also note that it is all too easy to admit someone else's tragedies and to speak of them in an intellectualized and impersonal way. I have my own failings. They are many and of them I am embarrassed too. Thankfully, I will likely not be much remembered in history. And those failings are known to the King who died for them on the cross.

Representative of more that could be cited, here are **nine modern tragedies** among us that should illustrate our continuing need for grace, for forgiveness, for watchfulness against temptation, for clear thinking in responding to other people's short-sightedness, and for mercy.

The Five Missionary Murders in Ecuador

On January 8, 1956, five American missionaries were speared to death in the jungles of Ecuador by members of the Huaorani tribe.

1. Jim Elliot, born in Portland, Oregon in 1927, was a missionary who planned to go overseas from a young age.
2. Nate Saint was the pilot for the mission.
3. Ed McCully was one of the missionaries killed.
4. Peter Fleming was one of the missionaries killed.
5. Roger Youderian was one of the missionaries killed.

These missionaries were trying to evangelize the isolated Waorani tribe. The news of their deaths made headlines around the world and inspired a bestselling book. *Life* magazine published a ten-page article on the event. Elisabeth Elliot came to notice because of this experience and her later career. She and Nate Saint's sister, Rachel, later went back into the jungles for some years to continue to the work, at significant risk. My daughter Jocelyn and I met Elisabeth Eliott in 2000 in Boston.

One of the men who killed the missionaries, Mincaye Enquedi, later came to faith in Christ. He became an elder in the Ecuadorian Church and was known for preaching to other tribes.

The media tends to refer to the incident as "killings" not "murders" because the subtext seems to be that the missionaries' presence to begin with was inappropriate and that the very idea of missionary activity is a colonial-era and white-race patriarchy. But from the accounts of Elisabeth Elliot and her biographers, and subsequent researchers, the men's outreach

was good-hearted, well-intentioned, and possessing of no threat to undermine the Waorani culture. I place this incident, famous as it is, in this section of a study of church history because the idea of missions is under assault today. It is ultimately not an embarrassment but fully tragic. The tragedy has cried out, "Why would men go there to begin with?" The greater good is seen in the outcome of the witness but the agony felt by the Christian community was fully felt. Much good came from the men's sacrifice and that of their families.

Church history can be happy with its many missional accomplishments and its family feel even as it humbly admits to some shortcomings, mistakes and even injustices. The simple idea of offering the "news" of the Christian message, freely, respectfully, and effectively has brought great benefit to every recipient, if they embrace it. If it is rejected, the church needs to understand the greater providence that is in play.

Church Splits and Conflicts

It is harder to see providence and to find good in the myriads of splits that have occurred among single congregations, becoming two and three separate communities. But if there is comfort found in it, a certain good is served in multiplication and the founding of new ministries when once there was one or two. And sometimes churches subdivide for healthier reasons—to strategically replant their vision and method in a previously unchurched area. But in summary: the Church at large is largely a story of splits, subdivisions, fresh plantings of churches with a core team sent out by a mother church. If begun in a temporary tragedy God's providence often turns it into growth.

PTL

In the 1980s there arose a series of relatively new, media-based Christian ministries. They included CBN (Pat Robertson, 1930-2023), The Old Time Gospel Hour (Jerry Falwell, 1933-2007), and PTL (Jim and Tammy Faye Bakker, 1942-2007). Each of these had a significant television presence and

following. They presented an evangelical understanding of Christianity and in Robertson's and the Bakkers' perspective, Pentecostal. Falwell's overall ministry was not Pentecostal, but more traditionally Baptist. In that time there were millions of viewers, supporters, and advocates of CBN, the Old Time Gospel Hour's many broadcasts, and PTL. And each ministry would undergo scandals and a skeptical media coverage. PTL's was particularly tragic in 1987 and their ministry was ended by the events.

Liberty University

A lesson to see in our times as the church continues to carry out the Great Commission, is that if she acquires too much power, security, money, success, and notoriety a door is often opened for corruption, accusations of such, and a ravenous media to explore, expose, reveal and even market. Liberty University, in Lynchburg, Virginia, is a beautiful and still relatively new campus with many very fine faculty members, graduates, students, athletes, and staff. A murky scandal apparently occurred in recent times, which involved a very few of its highest administrators. It drew a large and high-profile response in the media. Among the several lessons one can hope that were learned is the hard lesson that with great pronouncement and stand-taking on moral issues, comes a high bar then for external review. If the ministry is found to be in hypocrisy, or claimed to be as such, it is hard to conceal any weaknesses that might be part of the foundation. As of this writing, Liberty University remains the largest single site Christian educational institution in the world. And I have met a great many fine and sincere and humble faculty and students of that institution.

Gordon MacDonald

MacDonald was one of the most respected and well-spoken evangelical leaders and pastors of the American church. In 1987, after many prosperous years as pastor of Grace Chapel in Lexington, Massachusetts, and after serving more than two

years also as president of InterVarsity Christian Fellowship (IVCF), MacDonald tendered his resignation. In a statement released to the press, IVCF Board Chairman James Kay said MacDonald resigned "for personal reasons, having been involved in an adulterous relationship in late 1984 and early 1985." MacDonald, 48, took the reins of the ministry to college students in January 1985, after serving three months as minister-at-large for World Vision US. Prior to that, he served for twelve years as senior pastor of Grace Chapel in Lexington, Massachusetts, a church known for its commitment to missions. He has also been a member of the Christianity Today Inc. board of directors.[51]

I had attended several seminars over the years with Dr. MacDonald speaking. I did so again after his difficult time but to a much-diminished group (about thirty attendees). At the time of his failures, his church engaged church discipline and did so carefully and effectively. The wider church in New England observed this process and while it was handled equitably and tactfully, it was still an injury to the church and its witness. And yet our theology features "grace" and that is what MacDonald has lived out despite his own difficulties, as has his wife, Gail.

Bill Hybels

Bill Hybels found himself in an unusual fraternity of well-known church leaders. Four church leaders—Rex Horne from Immanuel Baptist in Little Rock, Tony Campolo from Eastern College, Gordon MacDonald from Grace Chapel in Massachusetts, dressed in coats and ties, and Mr. Hybels, in a sweater—sat in the private study on the second floor of the White House one evening late in November 1994. Two others—the President of the United States, in a sweater, and a presidential aide—were with them. President Bill Clinton had called in the four because he was in not only a political funk but a spiritual one as well. Voters had just repudiated him by voting in a Republican Congress. Pundits were saying that the president could look forward only to two miserable years in a castrated White House, and then involuntary retirement. All in all, a bad month, and Mr.

Clinton was perhaps hoping for balm at the end of the tunnel.[52] He had envisioned these leaders to serve as spiritual directors for him.

But later, in a web of accusation for sexual abuse from within his staff, that remained unconcluded for years, Hybels was forced to end what had been a largely successful and highly respected ministry for its innovations, dramatic growth, and its marketing as a template for an industrialized growth of ministry. All who knew of Willow Creek's importance and held its pastor in such high regard were greatly hurt by the accusations and subsequent revelations.

Ravi Zacharias

Ravi Zacharias (1946-2020) was one of the most influential figures in Christian apologetics. When asked about my spiritual models—whose work has most impact and whose approach many sought to emulate, one of those was Ravi Zacharias. His affable, simple approach to giving direct answers greatly shaped theology as a tool to share the Gospel.

Prior to his death this year, Ravi was alleged to have had an inappropriate relationship with a married woman. That dispute ended in a non-disclosure agreement. The Church, Protestant and Evangelical at least, was shocked and saddened.

Mars Hill

New church groups are born in every decade, it seems. Sometimes they last for many years. Other times they are only a brief, revivalistic moment. Mars Hill was a very quickly germinated network of new churches in the Pacific Northwest, started in 1996. Its guiding light was a pastor named Mark Driscoll. He was a capable communicator, completely orthodox and well-grounded in his theology and understanding of Bible exposition. What Mars Hill was offering, was gobbled up by the community around Seattle and in satellite cities as additional sites and churches were planted. They became affiliated with the

Acts 29 Church Planting network.

But it began to fall apart under various allegations of corruption and abuse of power in 2014. Ultimately, Driscoll resigned and Mars Hill was removed from the *Acts 29* network. *Christianity Today* produced a documentary podcast series covering all aspects of the story, with many interviews of former church leaders. Mike Cosper researched and produced the podcast series.

Here was a theologically Reformed and tightly run church organization that fell prey to internal issues of ego and coercion and control that were so naturally revealing of the frailty of human vulnerability. Our theology is not always borne out by our practices when one person is given too much power and influence. And it seems that too much success, experienced too quickly without time for an organization to mature and temper itself will sometimes result in tragedy.

Sovereign Grace and Shannon Harris

Finally, another network of theologically conservative and very alive in a fresh wave of church growth was the Sovereign Grace network of churches around the area of Washington D.C. One of their young leaders was Josh Harris, of national reputation for his published book, *I Kissed Dating Goodbye,* published in 1997 which sold 1.2 million copies.

Harris then recanted his beliefs, denied being a Christian any longer and underwent with his wife Shannon, a divorce in 2019. In 2023 she then wrote a book, *The Woman They Wanted: Shattering the Illusion of the Good Christian Wife.* Once again, the exercise of ecclesiastical authority, coercion and a misplaced use of influence turned toxic and damaged this church's witness and impact. Shannon's story breaks my heart. It makes me ask, "Is this what we are doing to our women?"

I never read about a church misstep and not made sad. And I rarely read about defection, deconstruction, scandal, or betrayal of the church by women. It is usually men who have brought

sad tales to the record. That mystifies me because in her history it is also usually men about whom we learn who have given their lives for the church's testimony and protection and unity. Yes, the church has been a male dominant story in her major historical moments. And her female members are usually storied in noble, sacrificial, and supportive ways as wives, mothers, hospitality givers, and assistants for teaching.

The Church is peppered with stories of sad tragedies all through her history. She must own these, defend her members when falsely accused, abused and misrepresented. But when they are guilty of the kinds of things outlined above, the church needs to admit the errors, sins, and damage caused. Hiding and covering up actions, abuses, mistakes, or improper loyalties only tend to deepen disillusionment.

Whether it is the Crusades, the Inquisition, the anti-Protestant counter Reformation, the abuses inflicted on Native Americans, the institution of slavery and treatment of the enslaved or any of the more recent catastrophes, the church must honor a witness to telling the truth.

Church history though, is the rough-edged chronicle of a work begun by God Himself. People did not create the church. People did not invent a legend of Jesus Christ. The Christian message is that which the apostle John recorded of Jesus, that "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John 3:16 KJV). We are all in danger of perishing but it need not be so.

In an unattributed editorial comment in Westminster Seminary's magazine, we read,

> For the Christian, the study of history is not merely some intellectual exercise where past events are recovered. It is more than that, for the study of history is, in a way, to observe the hand of providence at various times and places, and in

> the lives and work of our Christian forefathers.[53]

The Church repeats what it has seen, originally with the apostles and the hundreds and then thousands of first-century Christians all across the Mediterranean world, and then the written record (and explanation) of the Gospel in the Bible. Then the church reports the doings of itself through the ages. Their record is not always complimentary, not always pretty, and not always without competitiveness. But it is her story, given by herself ultimately in tribute and love for why she is.

I wish more Christians loved to read church history. There is so much to be gained from doing so and so much information to add to our witness.

I wish more non-Christians would read in the history of the church. If they did, they might learn about Jesus and how He moves in His people.

Are we faithful? Are we available? Are we teachable? These are questions which call to us from church history.

Textual Criticism

My aim in this book is to illustrate a love for history with a variety and linking of several areas of personal interest. They probably seem random and unrelated to each other. What does Annandale have to do with the Second World War? How can anyone see much connection between England and the American Civil War, except in that she, England, watched? And most absurdly, what link could possibly be seen between rock and roll music and *any* of the above?

Here is a term with which it seems to me that almost nobody is familiar: textual criticism. It sounds like someone wants to criticize something. But it is a technical term which is defined as **the technique of restoring texts as nearly as possible to their original form**. In this context I am interested in the history of the Bible. And especially in today's culture, one might see our faith as standing on this area of study.

I remember when I first learned of this discipline. In December of 1974, I attended a missions' conference in Grand Rapids, Michigan. In the book store of the hosting college, I found and purchased a new book entitled *Encountering New Testament Manuscripts,* by Jack Finegan and gave it to my girlfriend, Renée. Finegan (1908 – 2000) was an American biblical scholar and Professor of New Testament History and Archaeology at the Pacific School of Religion, Berkeley, California. He notes:

> In the first place, the field is truly enormous and complex, and must appear forbidding and arcane to many, so this is an attempt to give as plain an account as possible of what is involved. In the second place, to read about the manuscripts and how they are compared, must necessarily fall somewhat short of the experience of actually seeing them and reading them directly, as I have made it my own effort to do all the way from London, Paris, and Rome, to Patmos and Mount Sinai, as well as here in the Museum of the Palestine Institute of Archeology of Pacific School of Religion. No book can actually provide that experience by itself, of course, but the present one endeavors to simulate it for the reader by setting forth portions of chief manuscripts in large photographs and showing how one reads therein. [54]

Renée and I both read the volume, and Renée became so intrigued at the subject matter that she read eight more books in coming years of a similar Scholasticism by British New Testament scholar, F.F. Bruce.

In Finegan's volume we viewed pictures, and read the explanatory text, of how the New Testament was collected, about the extant manuscripts and the process of a bunch of ancient writings came to be seen as "the Word of God," or at least, the New Testament portion thereof.

Interest in the Bible has not diminished in recent times. Nor have sales dropped off. A most recent study by *Christianity Today* gives us this
chart:

Top-Selling Bibles of 2024

Bestselling Bible releases from Evangelical Christian Publishers Association members, ranked by last year's retail sales.

	Title	Publisher
1	KJV Bible Giant Print, Full Size	Christian Art Gifts
2	ESV Church Bible	Crossway
3	NIV Woman's Study Bible	Thomas Nelson
4	CSB She Reads Truth Bible (grey)	B&H Publishing
5	NKJV Personal Size Large Print Reference Bible	Thomas Nelson
6	ESV Study Bible	Crossway
7	ESV Journaling Bible	Crossway
8	KJV Large Print Personal Size Reference Bible	B&H Publishing
9	CSB She Reads Truth Bible (rose gold)	B&H Publishing
10	NIV Adventure Bible	Zonderkids
11	ESV Single Column Journaling Bible (artist series)	Crossway
12	NLT Deluxe Explorer Every Man's Bible	Tyndale House
13	NLT One Year Bible	Tyndale House
14	ESV Student Study Bible	Crossway
15	NIV Bible for Teen Girls	Zondervan
16	KJV Large Print Pew Bible	Thomas Nelson
17	ESV Journaling Study Bible	Crossway
18	KJV Holy Bible (gift edition)	Christian Art Publishers
19	ESV Journaling Bible (spiral-bound)	Crossway
20	NKJV Woman's Study Bible	Thomas Nelson

Table: Christianity Today • Source: Evangelical Christian Publishers Association • Get the data • Created with Datawrapper

What is interesting and telling, is the wide range of Bible products that are now available and the success of their marketing. In the *Christianity Today* article,[55] it is reported that:

- Bible sales increased by 22 percent in the US through the end of October 2024 compared to the year before, while total US print book sales only increased by less than 1 percent in that same time frame.
- 13.7 million copies were sold in the first ten months of the year, compared to 9.7 million sold in 2019, according to Circana Bookscan.
- At Lifeway Christian Resources, the Southern Baptist

> publisher that prints the Christian Standard Bible (CSB), along with the King James Version (KJV) and the New American Standard Bible (NASB), Bible sales were up 30 percent in 2024 compared to the previous year

The article speculates:

> Some of the recent sales uptick comes from regular Bible readers purchasing more Bibles—wanting to add a journaling Bible, a wide-margin Bible, or a large-print Bible to their study repertoire—but Bible experts also cite a growing interest from a new group of people who are curious, anxious, and eager to learn . . . People who are not necessarily churchgoers or even professing Christians are interested in the Bible in particular as a result of their sense that contemporary society has an emptiness to it.

If the Bible is authentically authoritative (a premise for which I have devoted most of my professional life), and if its writings were directly and genuinely inspired by God Himself, then it serves us well to understand the science of how those writings were recognized, copied, transferred, and collected together. This science has a long and complex history and I have been enchanted by it.

In the Old Testament *Book of Joshua* (1:8a) we read the direct words and command from **Yhwh** to Joshua. Just the concept of that is awesome:

> This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein. (KJV)

In the New Testament *Epistle to the Hebrews* (4:12) we read:

> For the word of God is quick, and powerful, and

> sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart. (KJV)

In the New Testament Book of Revelation (1:19) we read (as to Joshua perhaps 1,800 years earlier, a direct command from God):

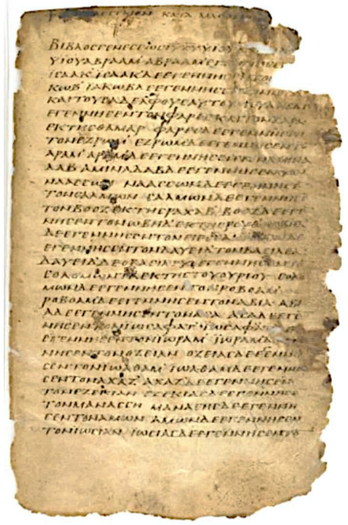
> Write the things which thou hast seen, and the things which are, and the things which shall be hereafter . . . (KJV)

Do I think these writings are true, accurate and authentic? I do. I do not think they are just the construct of religious or tradition-minded people, all be they spiritual and noble. The writings which comprise the books of the Bible generally evaluate themselves to be uniquely inspired, or "God-breathed" by God Himself, ultimately, through the words of the human authors. Scholars of the academy of thought to which I belong would call it "superintendence" by God of the process of special revelation, its preservation and canonization into the Bible.

The big-league players for textual criticism include Codex Sinaiticus (fourth century), Codex Vaticanus (fourth century), Codex Alexandrinus (fifth century), Codex Bezae (fifth century) plus the major papyri (beaten, woven, and interlaced reed matting). A most exciting example is p^{52} (early second century) which is a small piece of John 18 (left) etc. It was discovered inside of an ancient Egyptian refuse pit, strongly suggesting it was discarded as an inferior manuscript, but strongly implying that its original autograph must have been from the end of the first century (which is the traditional dating for the Gospel of John). It was first published as a documented textually critical artifact in 1920.

Another good example…

Codex Washingtonianus (GA032) (right) is a fourth or fifth century majuscule (large lettering, in which all the letters are the same height) "insular majuscule script," of the Gospels on parchment; 187 leaves, single column, 30 lines per column. Images have graciously been provided by the Freer Gallery of Art at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington DC.



This image (from the Center for the Study of New Testament Manuscripts) is of Matthew 1. In the barely readable title at the top, this manuscript reads (partially obscured), *gospel from matthew* (. . . aggelion kata math . . .). The entire text is, to the modern reader, italicized and only occasionally graced with modern word and paragraph

separations. *Washingtonianus* presents the four Gospels in the order: Matthew, John, Luke, Mark.

Rylands Professor of Biblical Criticism and Exegesis at the University of Manchester, F.F. Bruce, wrote in 1943 (during the middle of the Second World War, by the way):

> Does it matter whether the New Testament documents are reliable or not? Is it so important that we should be able to accept them as historical records? Some people will very confidently return a negative answer to both these questions. The fundamental principles of Christianity, they say, are laid down in the Sermon on the Mount and elsewhere in the New Testament; their validity is not affected by the truth or falsehood of the narrative framework in which they are set.[56]

That captures why this is my sixth focus in this volume. Perceiving and at least (humbly) partially understanding all of life, a grand and comprehensive plan of the universe and the hope given by such a cosmology, is found for us in the hope recorded by the writings of the Bible. I love the studies, the endless dissertations, the public debates, the salvos fired across the river at each other between liberal graduate schools and those that are more conservative. The details, the deep assumptions and presuppositions and the interesting people involved in this discourse are a study of unending pursuit for me. With Bible study one thing often leads to another.

And this study subject is very old, going back to the first centuries after the apostles themselves lived. Collections of apostolic writings began to be assembled in Rome as early as AD 140 by the heretic Marcion. F.F. Bruce gives us:

> Marcion distinguished the inferior Creator-God of the Old Testament from the God and Father revealed in Christ and believed that the Church ought to jettison all that appertained to the

> former. The 'theological anti-Semitism' involved not only the rejecting of the entire Old Testament, but also of those parts of the New Testament which seemed to him to be infected with Judaism. So, Marcion's canon consisted of two parts: (a) an expurgated edition of the third Gospel, which is the least Jewish of the Gospels, being written by the Gentile Luke; and (b) ten of the Pauline epistles (the three 'Pastoral Epistles' being omitted). Marcion's list did not represent the verdict of the early Church but a deliberate aberration from it.[57]

Other early lists have been discovered:

- *The Muratorian Fragment*, about AD 180 – with mentions of Matthew and Mark, then Luke and John, Acts, Paul's thirteen letters, Jude, two epistles of John and John's Apocalypse and a respectful mention though not endorsing as canonical, the *Shepherd of Hermas*
- Tatian's *Diatessaron* harmony of the Gospels
- By Irenaeus's time (in Lyons, Gaul) AD 180 the four Gospels together are axiomatic
- Sometimes other writings, which would not stand the test of time and apocryphal or pseudepigraphal would make their way into early considerations. What do we do with them? Do we, or rather, has the church, dispensed with them as heretical, false, or incorrectly assigned in author, relegated them to a murky category of "valuable but not inspired"?

It is clear there was a very early interest and urgency to discern what writings were reliable, verifiable, and correct. It seems that the four canonical Gospels were bundled pretty early after the completion of the fourth by John. Other documents

with “sayings of Jesus” were also floating about. Could John or Matthew or Luke had access to some of that material, but the originals are now long lost? Textual critics have long debated the existence, or not, of an unnamed source which they designated as “Q” which would have sourced some material shared in common by Matthew and Mark, predating each of those Gospels.

The questions of textual criticism are vitally important in the matter of generating all the English translations of the past 450 years. For much of American history, the English King James Version (KJV, first published in 1611) was the primary and sometimes only Bible available. Its reliability was assumed and its proliferation was widespread. And the documentary basis of its translation is an interesting and complex study.

- Where did the editors get their material?
- What manuscripts did they have available?
- What about the discovery of the papyri and many other significant manuscripts that were not available to the KJV editors? Do they matter?

- Has God empowered the KJV with an extra layer of inspiration not enjoyed by later translations of the Bible into English?
- Is the assumption valid that the more ancient manuscripts that can be examined and compared to the existing corpus, the closer we get to suggesting what the original “autograph” said?

In other words, if we add Sinaiticus, Vaticanus, Alexandrinus, Bezae, Washingtonianus and all the other contributors, to the large number of papyri and many other ancient sources which give ancient reference to biblical passages, are we not guilty of harboring an “embarrassment of riches” (as textual critic Daniel Wallace has suggested)? The Apostolic Fathers had what we call the Old Testament, plus a certain limited amount of fresh Christian textual basis with which to begin to more exactly define their faith. To that would be added what the Polemicist

and Apologist Fathers would collect. A growing corpus of Scripture was developing and being recognized. To that would come Jerome’s scholarship (c. AD 400), plus all that of the Middle Ages.

As textual ***styles,*** called “text types” came to be discerned as regional identifiers (Palestinian, Byzantine, Western, Alexandrian) textual criticism of biblical material matured. Scholars were wonderfully learning how manuscripts should be understood, preserved, compared, and respected. And with the dawn of the twentieth century new discoveries were made, and older ones re-evaluated. The concept of a reliable witness to the Word of God was coming together. The original writings are all lost. We do not possess one of the original sixty-six writings that are now in our Bibles. But with so many manuscripts now available, they can be surmised with great accuracy. In the case of p^{52}, we have a fragment of what was apparently judged to be an inferior copy of the Gospel of John (since it was found in an ancient Egyptian trash heap) that dates to about AD 130, no more than fifty years after its original composition by the apostle John.

In English, there came the American Standard Version (1901), the Berkeley Version (NT 1945, whole Bible 1959), the Revised Standard Version (1947), and the New American Standard Version (1971). These were followed by the New International Version, the New King James Version edition, the Holman Christian Standard Bible (replaced in marketing now by the Christian Standard Bible), the English Standard Version, the New English Translation, the New Living Translation, and on and on. English Bible-readers have no shortage of translations and paraphrases from which to choose. Here is where a focused interest in English and American history, and that of the church of course, merge.

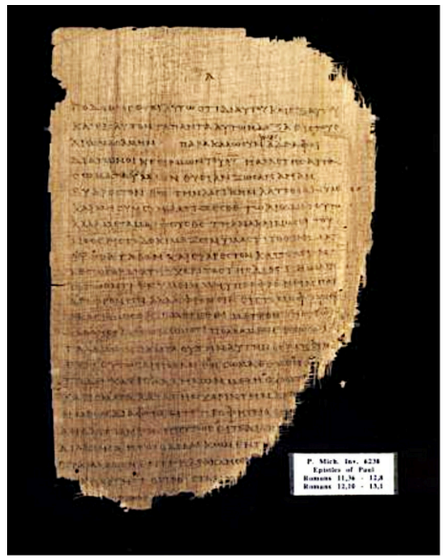
One cannot have English history with no knowledge of the KJV. One cannot have American history without the story of England and its KJV. And the entire history of

the church rests upon a credible record of the forming of its Bible. Here (left) are HCSB General Editor Dr. Edwin Blum with trans-lator Frank Carmical working on their translation, pub-lished in 2004, a ten-year project.

Studying the details of manuscript-scholarship is a love of mine. It rests on my understanding that the Bible is more than simply Elizabethan-era literature. It is more than merely a historic agent of Western culture that has had a big sociological impact. It is more than just an amalgamated study of sources, their redaction, and a documentary hypothesis. I remember being impressed with a talk by the Campus Crusade for Christ representative Josh McDowell in 1972, as he presented the evidence for the Bible being more than just "The Good Book." Its history, and the science of the text, grabbed my interest even then. It is now fifty-three years after that time for me, and I remain just as intrigued with that science.

I will probably never actually view Sinaiticus, Vaticanus, or Alexandrinus or p^{52}. But seeing them all online is a wonderful blessing. The work of the Center for the Study of New Testament Manuscripts, digitally preserving thousands of pages of ancient

"autographs" has been a noble, visionary, and important ministry begun by textual critic and Greek professor Daniel B. Wallace in 2002. The site can be found at **csntm.org** and is headquartered in Dallas, Texas. For example:



p^{46} Romans 11 and 12
Late second century or early third century (c. 200)
manuscript of Paul on papyrus; 86 leaves; held in Dublin

Put simply,

The texts were written by their authors
They were received by an intended audience
They were copied
They were hidden on occasion (the Dead Sea
Scrolls, for instance)
They were edited, refined, corrected, collected, preserved
They were evaluated for authenticity
They were categorized by authoritative character
They were copied repeatedly
They were published and disseminated
They were studied and then designated for type, literary characteristics, accuracy
They were translated

They were type-set printed and published
They were mass-produced
They were re-translated for newer languages
They were sometimes paraphrased
They were culturally installed and embedded
They were digitized and culturally disseminated
electronically

The Bible was not magically "beamed down" to an elite fraternity of morally pristine guru-like men. This is the legend within some faith traditions. Biblical history sees a long-term and sometimes fragile (though determined) science of document establishment which proposes an ontology that has one triune God at the center, his creatures specially created, His Son dispatched for the free redemption of an elect portion, a call of invitation to all people to believe this freely and receive its benefits by faith, the Holy Spirit infused into that elect body and a future conclusion of this age culminating in the second advent of the Son. At each stage and effort of textual criticism this ultimate Christian consum-mation is whispered, echoed, and publicized.

This chapter might seem like an intrusion into the flow of this book. It is only about a single twelve-month sliver of time. But it is a terribly important part of history, to me for which, however, I feel little warmth and affection, mostly sadness. But it is important. I want to say something about 1968. I think it is one of the most important single years in our nation's history, joining 1620, 1776, 1812, 1863, and 1918. It was an intense year for me, personally, and I was still in high school. But it feels like a

turning point on the timeline of America, the effects of which we still feel. Journalists call it "the year that changed America."

Zooming in on only one year, of course, is blind to what is yet to come. All that was about to occur in 1969 (the moon landing, Woodstock, a new administration, the end of the Beatles), 1970 (Kent State, my going away to college), the decades of the '70s, '80s, '90s and beyond are just imagination in 1968—and then perhaps mainly to science fiction writers.

I recently asked a group of friends roughly my age what they remember about 1968. They are from various parts of the nation, and all are my age or a little older. They are all white professional men, half of them retired attorneys of note. They mostly shrug, but they can speak of that year with remembrance. When we were all young not all were paying attention to politics, the news, and the turbulence. But no one ignored it and everyone remembers the national feeling of worry. Another friend quipped, after he searching Wikipedia for "1968" to recall what was happening, "I was just a stupid, horny high school senior."

And in this, I am abruptly reminded again (a thing which inexplicably annoys me), that people who are younger cannot recall or really feel the history of that year, even if they study it. And it is certainly not fair to expect people who are younger to smell the winds of a time they did not experience. But I want them to. And so one thing leads to another and I am writing this book.

In my exuberance for this subject, I want to keep focus on the overall focus of this book: loving history. It occurs to me now, in this chapter, that loving history may not always come from a warm nostalgia about a subject, as it does for me to speak of my home town, church history, or rock and roll. Sometimes history needs to be exegeted from a hard subject, which includes much trauma (as do my chapters on the Civil War and the Second World War). I do not love talking about suffering, war,

deprivation, or injustice. And I don't enjoy the lessons of history which make us sad or angry or depressed. But some things need to be remembered, studied, and chronicled for generations yet to be born. The year 1968 is one of those things.

1968 includes:

- The Vietnam War
- The presidency of Lyndon Baines Johnson
- My parents discussing, processing, and fighting about current events as they read the *Washington Post* each morning over coffee
- The withdrawal of Johnson from the presidential campaign
- The assassinations of Martin Luther King Jr. and Robert F. Kennedy
- The riots and national outbreak of violence; with the end of an optimism for the achievement of civil rights
- My own father's reaction to the violence in Washington DC
- The Democratic Convention in Chicago
- The Apollo space vehicle takes over for the Gemini vehicle
- The Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia
- The thematic shift in popular music
- The release of the Beatles' *White Album*
- My own middle high school year
- The renewed ascendency of Richard M. Nixon
- The high-water mark of *Star Trek* as a cultural innovation

The year 1968 began with the end of 1967 and ended with the arrival of 1969. Each of those years could be described as dramatic and critical in our nation's development. But 1968 wove together an on-going and seemingly unresolvable war in Vietnam with a continuing civil rights war at home, violence and injustice in every major city and many smaller

ones, two heart-breaking assassinations, international tensions, a confusing presidential election season, and a rapidly changing popular culture.

The Vietnam War was an amazingly complex experience with more than ten years of American involvement. It is chronicled very well in documentary maker Ken Burns's 2017 video study, *The Vietnam War.* The year began with the Tet Offensive in Vietnam, a massive and carefully mobilized attempt by North Vietnam and the Viet Cong to destabilize and finally to overthrow the government and political existence of the South. Tet would be followed by foggy names like Hue, Khe San, a mini-Tet afterward, and many other battles. Our nation would sacrifice 58,200 combat deaths in our ten-year military involvement with massive untold after-effects. It occurred through the administrations of five Presidents. The My Lai Massacre occurred in March and from what news slowly eked out we felt shame. There would be no covering this up.

We watched our government wrestle with the issues and every evening the news would report their interpretation of events from that day. We got to know all the cracks and crevices in President Johnson's craggy face, growing older looking by the day, it seemed.

I was raised in the Washington DC area and it was impossible not to know current events. They lived and breathed everywhere. We heard names like Nguyễn Văn Thiệu, Nguyễn Cao Kỳ, William Westmoreland, Ho Chi Minh, Creighton Abrams, Robert McNamara, Hubert Humphrey, George McGovern, George Wallace, Jesse Jackson, Ellsworth Bunker, and again, former Vice President Richard Milhous Nixon. Walter Cronkite, Huntley and Brinkley, and whoever ABC News was broadcasting, brought us the news every night. It was sometimes cast as "good news" but we increasingly did not believe it. My father worked for the US Army and his workplace was next to National Airport. I was in and out of DC and the area all the time. When Martin Luther King Jr. was assassinated in Memphis, the District (as we referred

to Washington) exploded, as did many other cities. My dad's government secretary blatantly threatened him with "we're coming out to your suburbs and we're going to get your family." He purchased two handguns, took me to a local firing range and taught me how to shoot them, how to clean them, and gave me safety training. I already had been a member of a rifle team in earlier years and had firearm safety training. But he was worried.

For a week, our school was canceled and I spent the days with my buddies in their homes and in mine. We played table games, made music on our guitars, and shot pool. Our mothers did not want us to roam the town as we generally did. Our town was aflame in 1968, as it had not been since 1865 when Union soldiers patrolled, and Mosby's "Rangers" marauded.

Again, living in Northern Virginia brought us into other historically rich proximities: the assassination of Robert F. Kennedy Jr., although it occurred in Los Angeles, was a tectonic ripple underground, so it felt. The election was changed overnight. Even as a high school student I could feel the earth shifting. My parents nervously read *The Washington Post* together over coffee every morning before my father left for work. Their discussions were often acrimonious, even heard by our neighbors. My parents were agitated, upset, and often turned on each other. I resorted to my friends, some of whose fathers were also military men, and I burrowed into my music. I had friends that I had known since we were all small but I made new friends; friends who drew on the counter-culture for relief and expression. Our high school athletics helped to bleed off some of our energy and my school fielded excellent and championship participants. But even then, by 1968, the drug of "school spirit" was waning. Somehow the pep rally chants like "beat 'em, bust 'em, that's our custom" had lost the early '60s enthusiasm and moved over for "we shall overcome" and singing: " . . . and so it was later when the miller told this tale that her face at first just ghostly turned a whiter shade of pale."

As we viewed LBJ growing older and worn, we were all

somehow quietly saddened, I think, even some Republicans. He had not become President by choice. And his administration had inherited Vietnam and his Great Society agenda had deteriorated in the wake. I remember the night at the end of March when he stunned the country with his announcement that he "would not seek and would not accept the nomination" of his party. He was done. He was looking like FDR. Nixon was looking young.

The degree of turmoil on the national scene with rioting, violence, incarcerations, police aggressiveness, and "revolutionary" talk and the founding of conspiratorial organizations was without restraint. The SDS (Students for a Democratic Society), the Black Panthers, the Yippies, and others were canvassing for enrollment and mobilizing for action. Today, we still have some occasional unrest. But nothing since has been anything like 1968. It was also true in other nations and it felt like the whole world was coming apart. This was not "history" that I love. But it was happening. Older people were openly disdainful of younger people and vice versa. Whites and blacks were hating each other. Brothers and sisters, parents and children were turning on each other. The previous year's mantra popularized by Timothy Leary, "turn on, tune in, drop out" was becoming creedal, not just anecdotal.

I remember walking to the Annandale Theatre with a buddy that summer to view the film *Wild in the Streets,* a dystopian drama imagining the very things what we were seeing happen, I felt. It starred a very young Hal Holbrook, Shelley Winters, and black

comedian Richard Pryor in his first film appearance. Agent 007 James Bond films were entertainment. Now the movies were depicting national unraveling. A frequent chant was “Free Bobby Seale” who was an engineer, an activist, and a co-founder of the Black Panthers.

The news reports of the three-day Democratic National Convention in Chicago, the brutal Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, the occupation of college buildings and trashing of their interiors joined with the continuing body count of American deaths in Vietnam were all cause for a national state of depression.

It seemed to me that our parents turned to drinking and we turned to music and rowdy festivals to anesthetize the pain. It was a national pandemic.

The themes of music were changing markedly in 1968. The new group Chicago Transit Authority (later changed just to Chicago) opens the album’s song “Someday” with an archival recording of “The whole world’s watching,” from the August Democratic National Convention riots. In November, the Beatles *White Album* was released. It was a double album and its songs, although British and not American, spoke to the times. Pop music was singing less about dating and teenage romance topics as it had been. It was now becoming dominated by social issues, political unrest, and anger. Folk music and country music still existed in their limited realms but mainstream commercial song writing, recording, and now concerts were taking on a “revolution” theme. It set the stage in so many ways for what our country would become in decades to follow. Sexuality, gender definitions, marriage redefinition, an insatiable drug appetite, climate awareness, racial equity, alternative public service, and the new vague urgency of peace all came into the modern music for which we became brokers, marketers, and passionate fans.

In 1968, I was in my middle year of high school. And in that year the television series *Star Trek* become a new national

phenomenon. Even now, I remember 8:30 p.m. on Thursday nights. It would last another year until it moved into a Friday time slot, dying then after a run of seventy-nine episodes. The fantasy would reemerge in later years in movies and additional series. Gone were the themes of *Gunsmoke*, *McHale’s Navy,* and *Andy Griffith*. Now had arrived sci-fi themes of interplanetary politics, enculturating alien customs alongside humans, imagined enemies of terrible brutality, and an envisioned euphoria of utopic peace and harmony that had a transcendental effect on many. But some have darkly said that 1968 was the end of the old America, the end of our first dispensation.

The trauma of the Vietnam War did not disappear in January of 1969. To its end in 1975 and beyond its effects, it would haunt us. The United States was laid open for its internal organs in that time. We were politics. We were technology and economic power. We were the world’s big brother and at times, its cruel step-father. We were energized in our spirituality. But we were also conflicted, divided and becoming more so. Civics believed to be universal and assumed, had begun to crumble. Hot-points of spirituality and patriotism remained and revivals came. We would endure our own contradictions. But the anti-war movement of that time showed a diseased organism, not easily healed by any political cleverness, protesting outrage, anarchy, educational program, or entertainment cynicism. We were sick. We needed more than what we could give to ourselves or even do for each other. Europe sadly watched, no solutions forthcoming from them. South America and the Middle East had their own issues. Africa was still emerging. Our young, of which I was one, were confused and growing more so with each year. We heard our President, listened to our minstrels, sampled the Peace Corps approach, tie-dyed our t-shirts, and learned to like self-medication. It would take time; as the country required time to normalize after the Civil War and then again after the Second World War. We would get some bearing eventually. We would eventually be able to move on. Neil Armstrong would help us. Computers and the

internet would arrive. Music, theatre, education, medicine, and prosperity would all contribute to some national rehabilitation. Even if only selectively racial reconciliation would take root. Campus Crusade for Christ would emerge, grow, and be joined by Intervarsity, the Navigators, and many other grassroots and non-denominational Christian ministries. There was hope still for us as history unfolded.

Rock **and** Roll Music

There are all kinds of theories and models of how music defines a society or at least accompanies it. Was Mozart a bourgeois narcotic? Was Beethoven the German national anthem? Was Bach the Lutheran trumpet call? Was Woody Guthrie the Dust Bowl prophet? Was Glenn Miller the American cultural M*A*S*H?

I am relatively confident that in a hundred years rock and roll music will be a thing of the distant past. If the Lord tarries, if civilization doesn't vaporize itself, and if aliens do not arrive and exterminate us (or assimilate us), rock and roll music may be remembered—but only in the way that we still remember Johann Sebastian Bach and some few still study his genius. It will be a thing of the past. New art will have replaced it. Just as 1968's "Hey Jude" would inevitably replace 1941's "The Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy of Company B," so four or five generations from now other music will replace the Taylor Swift tunes of today.

So, there is a bit of an absurdity to my adding it into this book as a history by which to be intrigued, enlivened, and even enchanted. What does this topic have in common or in connection to the others of which I have meditated and sought to preach?

Rock and Roll was the spirit of the optimistic, opportunistic, happy 1950s. We could breathe and focus a bit on ourselves and on our entertainment. The war was over and we were hopeful that Korea would be contained. The Depression was over. World War I was way back in the national rearview mirror. General Eisenhower, a hero, had become President Eisenhower. Korea and Mao notwithstanding, the air was cleaner than it had been in decades. In art, a new bizarreness was born. Abstract Expressionism was happening—a new American painting style that began in the late 1940s—fed by cubism, constructivism, surrealism, fauvism, and modernism. Pop Art began in Britain

and quickly crossed the Atlantic to the US. Artists like Andy Warhol and Peter Max became mainstream. People were happy. They were "cutting loose" and the music reflected how the country felt. People were singing about romances. Doo-Wop was harmonizing. Cars were available again and they were becoming gaudy. Cars said something about the owner and it was not the Marxist, all-look-the-same proletariat feel. Hitler and Tojo and Mussolini were all dead and as for communism, well, old Joe McCarthy would see to that. Thousands of Boeing B-17s and B-29s were mothballed in Arizona and the new ten-engined Boeing B-36 "Peacekeeper" and jet B-47 "Stratofortress" flown by the new Strategic Air Command (SAC) would keep us safe from the Soviet threat.

No one was writing protest songs about Dwight Eisenhower, Senator Kennedy, or the Supreme Court. No one was paying attention much to pollution yet. Segregation was beginning to get notice and the civil rights movement was picking up steam but no one was saying much on behalf of the Native-American plight or about Central American farm workers in California or on behalf of the disabled, the displaced, or the disowned. No one was making money recording songs about Wounded Knee. Not yet. And we weren't writing songs about Nikita Khrushchev, Mao Zedong, or Ho Chi Minh or about smoking marijuana. Not yet.

But rock and roll would become the clarion call of the 1960s. It was in the wind even when the air was still. It was a cultural engine that was everywhere, as was space flight, teen recreation and romance with a new sexual hedonism, television, fast food,

and big cars. There were the East Coast versions and there was Boston, loving that "dirty water." There was Motown. L.A. and Memphis minded their boundaries for a season. There were the West Coast variations and innovations. And there was Chicago. But Nashville had country music enthroned and the Ryman Auditorium which maintained its own kind of sanctification for a long time.

Here is another unlikely **touch-point** between focuses in this book: my family and rock and roll. The Ryman, later the home of the Grand Ol' Opry was the scene of an event I heard about during my youth: the famous Church of Christ preacher N.B. Hardeman was speaking in the Ryman. He was known in my family as Uncle Brodie, revered, and the half-brother of my grandmother, Mary Ella Hardeman Porch. Mary Ella went to hear him preach and took her daughter Joe Evelyn, my mother, along with her. As he stood at the door, greeting attendees at the close of the evening, he spoke gruffly to his half-sister (saying only "Hello Ella") as she and her little girl departed. My mother never forgot that moment. And many decades later I would remember it too, in the Ryman—home of so much music history. Recently I listened to Ringo Starr speak fondly about playing concerts there with his All-Star Band.

As I came of age, rock and roll came of age. My friends and I tried to imitate it with our own guitars, drums, and amps. We tried to sing like them. Once in a while we listened to each other at sock hops. We played records for and with and despite one another. We annoyed our parents (as they probably did theirs) and they would talk about "that damned rock and roll."

Its commercialization came to dominate things soon. It became big business and the standard background drone then of the 1970s. It got too big for itself in the 1980s, drifted into the neutral zone of the 1990s, and then morphed into something altogether different with the new millennium.

Films were made about it. Some of the best are:

- ***A Hard Day's Night*** (1964), followed by *Help!* (1965) by the Beatles. The first is more artsy and is in black and white, the second shows the growing commercial influence of the group's fame.

- ***Let it Be*** (1970) the film about the Beatles' last days together. A British documentary film starring the Beatles and directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg. The film documents the group's rehearsing and recording songs in January 1969 for what was to become their twelfth and final studio album *Let It Be*. The film ends with an unannounced rooftop concert by the group, their last public performance together.

- ***Woodstock*** (1970) as an innovative and unprecedented documentary about the event, and the effects of the festival.

- The less known ***Gimme Shelter*** (1970) about The Rolling Stones last weeks of their 1969 US tour which culminated in the disastrous Altamont Free Concert and the killing of Meredith Hunter.

- ***The Blues Brothers*** (1980) as a comedy film about two fictional musical brothers (Jake and Ellwood Blues played by John Belushi and Dan Akroyd) and backed by the real group, Booker T. and the MGs featuring guitarist Steve Cropper, Booker T. Jones, and Donald "Duck" Dunn, and others with the famous Cab Calloway. The film really captured the importance of music (classic rhythm and blues) in the wider Chicago environment.

- ***Eddie and the Cruisers*** (1983) about a fictional group concurrent with the early 1960s in New Jersey, pre-Beatles. It enjoyed a sequel in 1989 *Eddie and the Cruisers II.*

- ***That Thing You Do*** (1996) about a fictional group in the early 1960s, *The Wonders*, produced by film maker Tom Hanks.

- ***High Fidelity*** (2000), a comedy/romance film about a record store in Chicago with John Cusack, his sister Joan Cusack, Jack Black, and Iben Hjejle. Actually, an intelligent movie illustrating a history of rock and roll, formation of street bands, and the record marketing world. Joined that year by the less-famous film *Almost Famous* the story of a teenage journalist, played by Patrick Fugit, writing for *Rolling Stone* magazine in the early 1970s, touring with the fictitious rock band *Stillwater*, and writing his first cover story on the band.

- ***Get Back*** (2022) a documentary television series directed and produced by Peter Jackson. It covers the making of the Beatles' 1970 album *Let It Be* (which had the working title of *Get Back*) and draws largely from unused footage and audio material originally captured for and recycled original footage, 468 minutes in length (7.8 hours) and facilitated by co-producers Paul McCartney, Ringo Staff, Yoko Ono Lennon, Olivia Harrison, and others.

When I was young, rock and roll was still young. In fact, perhaps a case can be made that it began at roughly the same time as I did: 1952. In 1952 Elvis Presley was 17. In 1954, Presley, on guitar and accompanied by lead guitarist Scotty Moore and bassist Bill Black, was a pioneer of rockabilly, an up-tempo, backbeat-driven fusion of country music and rhythm and blues. In 1955, drummer D. J. Fontana joined to complete the lineup of Presley's classic quartet and RCA Victor acquired his contract in a deal arranged by Colonel Tom Parker, who managed him for the rest of his career. Presley's first RCA Victor single, "Heartbreak Hotel," was released in January 1956 and became a number-one hit in

the US.

In my earliest radio-listening I was aware of Doo-Wop, those chorus groups that leaned heavily on harmony and beat. Their songs were fun, passionate, usually themed by romance or broken-romance, featuring the vocals of the artists and often only backed up, incidentally, by session musicians. Rock and Roll drew heavily on Doo-Wop and the groups I remember included the Del-Vikings ("Come Go With Me"), The Cadillacs ("Gloria"), The Platters ("Smoke Gets in Your Eyes"), The Drifters ("Stand By Me"), The Tymes ("So Much in Love"), The Flamingos ("I Only Have Eyes for You"), The Satins ("In The Still of The Night"), plus The Dubs, The Belmonts, The Skyliners, The Cascades and (of course) Buddy Holly and the Crickets. Many 1950s songs would find new life in the 1970s and '80s in new versions by artists such as James Taylor, Art Garfunkel, Sha Na Na, Manhattan Transfer, and countless others. The appeal and craft of Doo- Wop endured and replicated itself over and over with new listeners and a new generation who appreciated the same musical warmth and fun.

American modern music exploded and was fed by many contributing influences as the 1950s dawned: jazz, soul, show-tunes, folk, country, bluegrass, cowboy, classical, choral, barbershop, church, and black spiritual, Native American, Latin, Indian (Hindu), swing, rhythm and blues and Big Band hits. The introduction of wireless radio broadcasting in the 1920s greatly transformed American culture and especially in promoting, advertising, and educating about current popular music. Television would add to that from the late 1940s on (followed by the internet in the 1990s). Live performance by broadcast would be joined by vinyl records, magnetic tape recording (reel to reel), cassette recording, eight-track tape cartridges, compact discs, video disks and finally downloading and streaming services. We are a country and a culture ravenous for music. The same has happened in the UK, Germany, Japan, and Russia.

Our national music scene has been extremely diverse and

welcoming to countless migrations from other places. The ethnic melting pot of a place like Ellis Island transferred its spirit to recording and musical ports of call like Los Angeles, Detroit, Memphis, New Orleans, Bristol (Virginia), and Nashville.

My earliest tunes of choice were by Rick Nelson and Peter, Paul and Mary. Nelson was a popular young icon featured on his parents' weekly television show, *Ozzie and Harriet*. Peter, Paul & Mary stood as folk music prophets. Their music was still pre-rock and their later 1967 song, "I Dig Rock and Roll Music" was a fun parody of rock. They were a bit older, and a bit less counter-culture in their attitude but extremely committed to the social justice themes of the day.

In like manner to visiting Civil War battlefields, viewing the Magna Carta in Parliament in London, stumbling across the top of Masada, walking through the grounds of Buchenwald concentration camp, or driving around Northern Virginia—attending rock and roll concerts was living its history.

In those years I attended concerts as often as I could. My first one was Jefferson Airplane and then Poco (three times), Hot Tuna, Alice Cooper, Chicago, Sha Na Na, Blood, Sweat & Tears, Lighthouse, Nils Lofgren, The Yes, Peter, Paul & Mary, the Beach Boys, Jethro Tull (three times), Ten Years After, Grand Funk Railroad, Renaissance, Crosby, Stills & Nash (twice) and with Neil Young once, and Crosby & Nash once and just Crosby once, Don McLean, Neil Diamond, the Marshall Tucker Band and the Friends of Distinction.

A resurgence of the use of brass caught our attention: Blood, Sweat and Tears and Chicago became most famous for horns and were complemented nicely by the Canadian band, Lighthouse, and The Ides of March. Saxophones of course were never abandoned but these 1969 groups revived the use of a full line of horns blending with electric guitars, keyboard, and a driving bass. Chimes, bells, and xylophones were also sometimes added and even the occasional harp. And finally, the Moog synthesizer

(and other electronic music devices) joined modern music. I took an independent study with Professor Richard Cole at Virginia Tech for a semester, using and experimenting with a mini-Moog. These were the days still that predated the arrivals of disco music, rap, hip hop, grunge, growler, industrial, thrash and the strangest heavy metal groups. Songs seemed to focus on a few topics, six that I will identify, which is probably fewer than should be seen:

- Romance – we were young and so it is no surprise that romance and all its ins and outs was a constant reservoir of experience from which to write songs. This might be the dominant theme of all 1950s popular music.

- Family – occasionally someone would write about a father or mother or sister or brother. For me, the finest example is from Dan Fogelberg (1981), "Leader of the Band," which was a tribute to his father, Lawrence Fogelberg who had directed the UCLA marching band and who died in 1982. A mother to a son is beautifully written in Judy Collins's own "Born to the Breed," for her late son, Clark (1975).

- Meditation/drug-induced euphoria – there are countless, hard-to- understand if they were even meant-to-be-understood examples here. Many songs illustrate by Ultimate Spinach, Pink Floyd, Eric Clapton and Cream, Quicksilver Messenger Service, etc. This theme found occasional stop-offs in country music too.

- Politics – by 1966 the world attitude had become very mindful and critical of a plethora of political issues, raging against corporate greed and governmental interference. "Taxman," by the Beatles, "Fixin' to Die Rag," by Country Joe and the Fish, "Immigration Man," by Crosby, Stills and Nash, "Ohio" by Neil

Young, "Fortunate Son," by Creedence Clearwater Revival, "Respect" (Otis Redding and Aretha Franklin), "Blowin' in the Wind" and "The Times They Are A-Changin'," (Bob Dylan, Peter, Paul and Mary etc.), "A Change is Gonna Come," (Sam Cooke), "What's Goin' On," (Marvin Gaye), "Abraham, Martin and John," (Dion), "One Tin Soldier" (The Original Caste)—made famous by the film Billy Jack, "Won't Get Fooled Again," (The Who) are just a few.

- Cars – "409," "Little Deuce Coupe," "Don't Worry Baby," by the Beach Boys; "Drive My Car" (the Beatles), "On the Road Again" (Canned Heat), "Dead Man's Curve" (Jan and Dean), "Mercedes Benz" (Janis Joplin), "King of the Road" (Roger Miller), "Mustang Sally" (Wilson Pickett), and my favorite: "Fun, Fun, Fun," by the Beach Boys because I drove a Thunderbird!

- Events – Deep Purple's "Smoke on the Water," is an example about a fire in Switzerland at a Frank Zappa & the Mothers of Invention concert (1971); "For What it's Worth," by Buffalo Springfield (1966), "Ode to Billy Joe," by Bobbie Gentry (1967), "Ohio," by Neil Young in 1970 (and performed for the first time in public in Baltimore with Crosby, Stills and Nash, which I attended.) I have loved "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down," written by Robbie Robertson and The Band (in 1969) and recorded more famously by Joan Baez in 1971. The song is a first-person narrative relating the economic and social distress experienced by the protagonist, a poor white Southerner, during the last year of the American Civil War, when General George Stoneman was raiding southwest Virginia.[58] Baez sang it though, for some reason, as "so much" cavalry came and tore up the tracks again.

Critic Ralph J. Gleason in a review in *Rolling Stone* (US edition only) of October 1969, explains why this song has such an impact on listeners:

> Nothing I have read . . . has brought home the over-whelming human sense of history that this song does. The only thing I can relate it to at all is *The Red Badge of Courage*. It's a remarkable song, the rhythmic structure, the voice of Levon and the bass line with the drum accents and then the heavy close harmony of Levon, Richard, and Rick in the theme, make it seem impossible that this isn't some traditional material handed down from father to son straight from that winter of 1865 to today. It has that ring of truth and the whole aura of authenticity.

> Virgil Caine is the name, and I served on the Danville train,
> Til Stoneman's cavalry came and tore up the tracks again.
> In the winter of '65, we were hungry, just barely alive.
> By May tenth, Richmond had fell, it's a time I remember
> oh so well . . .

Through my college years, and in a counterpoint to rock and roll, I attended many classical and choral concerts too. And once, in about 2005, Renée and I were able to attend a Christmas performance (on period instruments) of the full Handel's *Messiah* by the Handel & Haydn Society in Symphony Hall in Boston. I also attended a very dramatic performance of the musical *Titanic* at the Wang Center in Boston. Finally, Renée and I attended a Harvey Fierstein/Rosie O'Donnell performance of *Fiddler on the Roof* on Broadway, all giving me something of a variant context to understand the world in which rock and roll

emerged.

Christian rock and roll concerts emerged also, that was more than Gospel music. They seemed like Nashville-inspired Christian country, revival, and media-defined shows. I attended three Phil Keaggy concerts, one each with Twila Paris, Keith Green, Larry Norman, Resurrection Band (Rez Band) and numerous less chart-busting performers, worship leaders, soloists, and song-writers. The late Keith Green and Larry Norman were both able to befriend Bob Dylan, and Dylan played on one of Keith's last albums. (Dylan's story is epic and his impact on both rock and roll and folk music is inestimable. Today he is eighty-four and says he can no longer write songs as he once did —he has said it was a magic given to him for that time.

> Another **connect**: Dylan was born in Duluth, Minnesota in May 1941 just across the river from my 26-year-old father who would leave Superior for the army, and Dylan, five months later. I owned only three Bob Dylan albums: *Blonde on Blonde*, *Nashville Skyline,* and *Slow Train.*

The Christian response to or assimilation of rock and roll has been, to my evaluation, hot and cold. Some Christian musicians effectively took their message into rock and roll and others merely tried to imitate it and often not too well. This was alongside the church's hesitance or skepticism to embrace this genre of music. Then eventually within the church's culture there came worship music events which, somehow seemed (to me) only barely congruent with the church's history.[59] Their music is modern, loud, highly produced, and enhanced with sophisticated (and expensive) video techniques. They attract many thousands of attendees, echoing (as strange as it may seem) Monterey, Woodstock, and (sadly) Woodstock II.

Here is another **intersection** in history between my points of focus in this book: Church history intersects with rock and roll heavily, especially in recent years with several well-known

artists having had their beginnings in the church: Aretha Franklin and Whitney Houston pre-eminently. Black culture is filled with church hymnology, Christian folk songs and historic slavery-era tunes. White church music is less discernible in rock and roll's story, but not absent. Judy Collins's rendition of "Amazing Grace" is still beloved to many rockers' memories. The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band's ground-breaking album *Will the Circle Be Unbroken,* which was followed by two sequels, recorded in 1972, crossed the genres of folk and rock. It included "I Saw the Light," an old spiritual. The Electric Prunes, very strangely, utilized high-church liturgies in albums such as 1968's *Release of an Oath* composed and arranged by David Axelrod, and band members played little part in its recording. The work follows the musical pattern of their Mass in F Minor, also composed by Axelrod. Even as a teenager I loved the songs "Holy Are You" and "General Confessional" (which I remember hearing on FM and alternative radio).

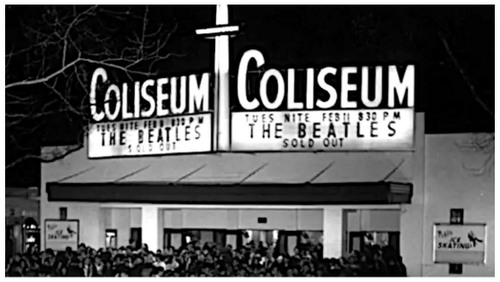
In my life, rock and roll really begins in 1964. The Beatles arrived in America from England where they were already a huge success. They had a history before England even, in Hamburg, Germany—then only seventeen years after V-E Day. As they opened their first US tour we were all aware because of their first broadcast on *The Ed Sullivan Show* on February 9. One song which traversed three decades was Chuck Berry's 1957 song "Rock and Roll Music" (reprised perhaps more famously by the Beatles in 1964 and again by the Beach Boys in 1976.) Its lyrics describe the feeling that the new rock and roll gave:

> Just let me hear some of that rock and roll music
> Any old way you choose it
> It's got a back beat, you can't lose it
> Any old time you use it
> It's got to be rock and roll music
> If you want to dance with me
> If you want to dance with me
>
> I've got no kick against modern jazz
> Unless they try to play it too darn fast

> And lose the beauty of the melody
> Until they sound just like a symphony
>
> That's why I go for that rock and roll music
> Any old way you choose it
> It's got a back beat, you can't lose it
> Any old time you use it
> It's got to be rock and roll music
> If you want to dance with me
> If you want to dance with me
>
> I took my loved one over across the tracks
> So she can hear my man a wailin' sax
> I must admit they have a rocking band
> Man, they were blowing like a hurricane
>
> That's why I go for that rock and roll music
> Any old way you choose it
> It's got a back beat, you can't lose it
> Any old time you use it
> It's got to be rock and roll music
> If you want to dance with me
> If you want to dance with me
>
> Way down South they had a jubilee
> Them Georgia folks they had a jamboree
> They're drinking home brew from a wooden cup
> The folks dancing there are all shook up
>
> And started playing that rock and roll music
> Any old time you use it
> It's got a back beat, you can't lose it
> Any old time you use it
> Got to be rock and roll music
> If you want to dance with me
> If you want to dance with me
>
> Don't care to hear them play a tango
> And in the mood they take a mambo
> It's way too early for a congo
> So keep a rocking that piano
>
> That's why I go for that rock and roll music
> Any old time you use it
> It's got a back beat, you can't lose it

Any old time you use it
Oh, you got rock and roll music
If you want to dance with me
If you want to dance with me

The excitement began shortly after 8 p.m. EST when Sullivan gave his famous introduction: “Now yesterday and today our theater’s been jammed with newspapermen and hundreds of photographers from all over the nation, and these veterans agreed with me that the city never has the excitement stirred by these youngsters from Liverpool, who call themselves the Beatles. Now tonight, you're gonna twice be entertained by them. Right now, and again in the second half of our show. Ladies and gentlemen, the Beatles. Let's bring them on.”



My sixth-grade classroom in Annandale was full of excited classmates of mine about the concert in Washington on February 11 (coincidentally my wife’s birthday.) The show took place at the Washington Coliseum, about a mile north of the US Capitol building. The seating plan for the arena was in its configuration for boxing, with the Beatles setting up on the unroped ring in the middle. This meant that the group were only facing 25 percent of the 8,092 fans in attendance at any given time. In between songs, they moved the amplifiers, microphones, and Ringo Starr’s drum riser one-quarter turn clockwise. (above: Hulton Archives, Getty Images).

At this time, my parents gave me a Panasonic transistor radio which I played all the time, often using an earplug. I listened to WEAM and WPGC for Top 40 listening. Rick Nelson and Peter, Paul and Mary were in the distant past now. I listened to the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, the Dave Clark Five, the

Guess Who, and many other groups and single artists. Top 40 radio introduced me to soul music. Motown in 1965 and the summer of 1966 was an explosion of sound in my life—in no small way by groups like The Mamas & the Papas. The long story of Americans John Phillips, Cass Elliot, Michelle Phillips, and Canadian Denny Doherty is as charming as it is romantic, tragic, prototypical of 1960s groups, filled with unique stories of each of its band members. It is also relatively short-lived as with many groups. Harmonizing by The Mamas and the Papas branded the era. And if their pop fame with its success became narcotic for them, they were not the first or the last to fall prey to that.

I also began to play the guitar in 1967 with two friends--Jeff Kemp (whose Air Force father is referenced earlier in this book) and the late Glenn Tomkinson. We played many current hits (Paul Revere and the Raiders, the Troggs, the Beatles) after school most afternoons (although none of us could sing). We briefly recruited classmates Pamela Tolliver (vocals) and Michael Persh (who was a drummer) and later singer Rick LeCompte for a very brief experiment with being a group. Later in high school it was down to just Jeff and me, and we explored being a progressive-minded duo, writing our own avant-garde songs and recording them for our own entertainment. Jeff played a Harmony electric guitar, and I played a Teisco (at first) and then a Silvertone hollow-body electric (which I still own) with my Estey t22 tube amplifier.

At this time—and it was still pre-Woodstock—FM radio was becoming popular among the counter-culture crowd and we listened devotedly to radio stations WHFS and WMOD in

Maryland, to progressive rock and roll shows and disc jockeys. Frank Richards, Spiritous Cheese, Essex and others took us way past mere Top 40 songs. We learned about Traffic, King Crimson, Jefferson Airplane, Quicksilver Messenger Service, Cream, Tracy Nelson and Mother Earth, Big Brother and the Holding Company, The Jimi Hendrix Experience, Moby Grape, Frank Zappa, Canned Heat, the Doors, the Moody Blues, the Grateful Dead, and even the very strange comedy troupe of Firesign Theatre which seemed like the perfect complement to the music of the age. Bob Dylan's songs were everywhere. FM broadcast was late-night. It was punctuated by advertisements from music stores, head shops, ticket sales for upcoming rock concerts, news of specific famous performers (Grace Slick was pregnant, Janis Joplin died, the Beatles were breaking up, etc.) Certain Rock musicians became folk heroes: Eric Clapton, Jeff Beck, Carlos Santana, Duane Allman on guitar; Jack Bruce, Jack Casady on bass; Ginger Baker, Charlie Watts, Ringo Starr on drums; Nicky Hopkins, Steve Winwood, Booker T. Jones, and Ray Charles on keyboards.

The song "Witchi-Tai-To," by Brewer and Shipley (1969) incorporated Native-American chanting. In the original tune songwriter and saxophonist Jim Pepper adapted the song from an ancient peyote chant that he learned from his Native American grandfather. "Witchi Tai To" was first recorded by Pepper's group, the short-lived, Everything Is Everything. The group's producers encouraged Pepper to express his Native American heritage in his music, and helped him work out the arrangement and English translation. To this day "Witchi Tai To" is the only hit in the history of the Billboard pop charts (reaching #69 in 1969) to feature an authentic Native American chant.

Some famous but second-tier names seemed to us of lesser importance and somehow of lesser craft: *Aerosmith*, Bruce Springsteen, Prince, Sting, Bowie, Tina Turner, Tom Petty, and Fleetwood Mac. By their times—the mid to late seventies--it felt like real rock and roll had died. We found ourselves asking, "has it come to this?" Commercialism, fame-tracking, political

activism, and tiresome individual dramas seemed to have eclipsed the importance and wonder of the music itself.

A few groups were amalgamations of former groups, which we loved. David Crosby from the Byrds, Steven Stills and Neil Young from Buffalo Springfield, and Graham Nash of the Hollies joined together for a stellar and long career—first performing together publicly at Woodstock. The Eagles brought in guitarist Joe Walsh from James Gang and bassist Timothy B. Schmit with Randy Meisner from Poco to join Don Henley, Glenn Frey, and Don Felder on guitars and vocals. The Eagles were truly one of America's supergroups for a very long time. And the Yardbirds fed us Jimmy Page, Jeff Beck, Eric Clapton, and Keith Relf and Jim McCarty (who went to Renaissance), The Traveling Wilburys (George Harrison, Tom Petty, Jeff Lynne, Bob Dylan, and Roy Orbison). The beautiful Beach Boys' harmony is so clear on the 1996 version (with Lorrie Morgan singing lead) of "Don't Worry Baby."

Woodstock was an unprecedented event, "Three Days of Peace, Love and Music," held August 16 to 18 on Max Yasgur's 300-acre farm in Sullivan County, New York, and energized by an anti-Vietnam War spirit. The festival featured multiple rock and roll groups and single performers with 400,000 people attending.

There are endless sources of listings, reviews, opinions, and statistics for the "best" rock and roll albums ever. There is, of course, no single "Bible" of truth about music, and opinion, preference and production quality tend to provide the reasoning for various outcomes. From a site called www.BestAlbumsEver.com I compiled this short sample:

1		1997	OK Computer	Radiohead	16		1986	The Queen is Dead	The Smiths
2		1973	Dark Side of the Moon	Pink Floyd	17	?	1998	In the Aeroplane Over the Sea	Neutral Milk Hotel
3	√	1969	Abbey Road	The Beatles	18	?	2015	To Pimp a Butterfly	Kendrick Lamar
4	√	1966	Revolver	The Beatles	19	?	1989	Doolittle	Pixies
5		2007	In Rainbows	Radiohead	20		1979	London Calling	The Clash Meutral Milk Hotel
6		1975	Wish You Were Here	Pink Floyd	21	√	1977	Rumours	Fleetwood Mac
7		1972	Rise & Fall Ziggy	David Bowie	22	?	1991	Loveless	My Bloody Valentine
8	√	1967	Sgt. Pepper	The Beatles	23		1995	The Bends	Radiohead
9		2000	Kid A	Radiohead	24	?	2001	Is This It	The Strokes
10		1967	Velvet Underground & Nico		25	√	1969	In the Court of the Crimson King	King Crimson
11	√	1966	Pet Sounds	The Beach Boys	26		1980	Remain in Light	Talking Heads
12	√	1971	Led Zeppelin IV	Led Zeppelin	27	√	1965	Rubber Soul	The Beatles
13	√	1968	The Beatles (White Album)	The Beatles	28		1965	Highway 61 Revisited	Bob Dylan
14		1991	Nevermind	Nirvana	29	√	1967	The Doors	The Doors
15	?	2004	Funeral	Arcade Fire	30		1979	The Wall	Pink Floyd
16					32		1966	Blonde on Blonde	Bob Dylan
17		from	BestAlbumsEver.com		37		1959	Kind of Blue	Miles Davis
18					39	√	1967	Are You Experienced	The Jimi Hendrix Experience
19					40	√	1971	Who's Next	The Who
20		√	personal favorites						

Of interest to me is that only four of the top fifteen albums by the metrics of this website are Beatles albums and listed as number one is Radiohead's *OK Computer,* joined in the rest of this top echelon by three other Radiohead albums and three Pink Floyd albums. Six groups are artists I have never heard of. Absent are offerings like *Tommy* (by The Who), anything by The Eagles or anything by Crosby, Stills and Nash. Neil Young does reach the Top 100 list twice (*After the Gold Rush* and *Harvest*). This just illustrates that even sporting favored algorithms, rating art is ultimately subjective and some obvious candidates are ignored.

Gratifying to me, though, is that in the number twenty-five spot is *In the Court of the Crimson King* by Britain's King Crimson, an album of great importance to me in the time of its release. It represented a kind of fresh development in rock and roll that was overwhelmingly appealing to me, then, and would become a full motif in years to come. The album was a complete work of story, use of the mellotron, good vocals by Greg Lake (later known for *Emerson, Lake and Palmer*), Robert Fripp's guitars and to say the least some very weird graphics. Art and sound and a good story combined for a new direction. It would not change rock and roll but it would deepen its

reach. The follow up album, a few months later, *In The Wake of Poseidon* was no disappointment. Both albums struck deeply in me to something ineffable, maybe going on related to my home situation. They had a sadness but tied to some kind of victory too in their story.

But I cannot go further yet--I must speak of **the Beatles**, once again. They were together in my experience, when I was paying attention, for just five years. Their individual solo careers, after the Beatles, are less than inspiring although Paul McCartney's and Ringo Starr's longevity and impact on music are, of course, legendary. And as of this writing (May 2025), amazingly, each is still active in the rock and roll world. Ringo is eighty-four and Paul is eighty-two. We all loved every Beatles album and with the release of each there was always a stir among my contemporaries. Before we had drivers' licenses, we walked to the record stores to purchase new albums as they were released. I did so with *Rubber Soul* and my friend Blair did so to acquire *Sgt. Pepper.* And other groups reacted to new Beatles albums, not the least of which is the Beach Boys' famous album, *Pet Sounds*, allegedly Brian Wilson's visceral need to respond to the Beatles. Especially noticeable were *Meet the Beatles, Hard Day's Night, Rubber Soul, Revolver, Sgt. Pepper,* and *Abbey Road*. With the Beatles '65*, Help!, Magical Mystery Tour, Yellow Submarine,* and *Hey Jude* albums we all knew we were supposed to love them but each bore something disappointing that was exegeted thoroughly—and that's what we did: talked about Beatles albums continuously! *Let it Be* was a funereal gesture, and we were all so very sad at the breakup. And it would not be for years before most fans (including me and my friends) would understand what happened. The solo albums that followed felt a little like an insult: *McCartney, All Things Must Pass,* and *Plastic Ono Band.* Ringo's first solo album, *Sentimental Journey,* did not draw much attention, if a noble attempt. But the Beatles were so loved, as the Beatles, no one wanted to lose them. For myself, I liked two tracks on *McCartney*, most of *All Things Must Pass* (a ridiculously long and self-indulgent boxed triple album by

Harrison and joined by Eric Clapton, Klaus Voorman, Bobby Whitlock, Jim Gordon, Billy Preston, Ringo Starr, Dave Mason, Peter Frampton and about thirty others) and four tracks on Lennon's first album.

- "Mother"
- "Working Class Hero"
- "Isolation"
- "Love"

Off of his second album, *Imagine*, I thought worthy tunes included:

- "Crippled Inside"
- "Gimme Some Truth"
- "Oh My Love"
- "Oh Yoko"

But the complete lack of any evidence at all of Christian hope in the title song itself, made and makes me sad still. The cynicism and dark rejection of Christian, English, and Reformation joy is a thing I never get used to in the rock and roll that I love.

A number of George Harrison's songs took on a very Indian style in instrumentation, structure, lyrical content, and religious viewpoint. He collaborated happily with sitarist Ravi Shankar and performed in concert with him. I knew of no one who really liked these songs, most of my friends interpreted George's creations as a flagrant exploitation of the Beatles' platform to introduce a strange and foreign intrusion into pop music and his own struggle to win respect for himself between Lennon and McCartney. Stand outs here include "Within You Without You" and "My Sweet Lord."

Lennon's death by murder in 1980 and Harrison's from cancer in 2001 were heartbreaking to everyone. Selfish as we are, the whole world had (quietly) hoped the Beatles would reunite someday.

The release of "Free as a Bird" and "Real Love" in 1995 as cleverly done new creations by the remaining three Beatles, around two

old John Lennon recordings from the mid 1970s provided by Yoko Ono, and then by "Now and Then" in 2023 (and billed as "the last Beatles' song" and of the same vintage), an also marvelously clever and digitally produced music video by Peter Jackson were welcomed and wistful postscripts. Jackson also released a seven-hour video series documentary in 2021 about the break-up called *Get Back* which is loved by all once-young Beatles fans. Now, we could all really see that their time was completed. Meanings in history sometimes take several decades to become clear. But with time, one thing leads to another and we can see more clearly. Most important in the *Get Back* project is the complete inclusion of the roof-top concert, which was the last time the Beatles played together in public, January 1969. Lennon's final comment: "I hope we passed the audition."

On November 12, 2001, Paul McCartney, Ringo Starr and George Harrison met for the last time.
The meeting took place due to the few days of life left to George.
#TheBeatles4Ever
#thebeatles
#TheBeatles
#TheBeatles
best legend of the music

So many books have been written about the Beatles that my inclusion of them here in this little history of rock and roll is certainly unneeded. But to write of them, even briefly, feels cathartic, memorial, and important to me and giving a milestone its final tribute. The impact of the group always surprised each of the "Fab Four" who would say, "We're just four lads from Liverpool." And we loved them. They *were* the sixties. They were the Beatles. As a closing footnote remembrance of their charm: as they were interviewed upon arrival in New York and asked, "How do you find America?" John replied, "Turn left at Greenland."

I also loved The Rolling Stones, the Moody Blues, Buffalo Springfield, Poco, Jefferson Airplane, CSN&Y, the Byrds, the Temptations, the Four Tops, the Supremes, Jethro Tull, Yes, The Fifth Dimension, Renaissance, Orpheus, Neil Young (with his various collaborations) and finally, James Taylor. His album *JT,* I would say, was beloved among us. For a while he and Carly Simon collaborated beautifully, too—especially on their song "Terra Nova." The last minute of that recording is like a closing hymn. In the '70s others also came with much appreciation: Linda Ronstadt, Jackson Browne, Dan Fogelberg (1951-2007), Karen Carpenter's rich voice, other single artists and countless "one-hit wonders."

Fogelberg's 1980 song *The Innocent Age* strongly captured my feelings about the 1960s (with haunting guitar work). Richie

Furay, from Buffalo Springfield and Poco (and later a Christian) plus Emmylou Harris, Don Henley, Glenn Frey, Joni Mitchell provided backup vocals:

Capture the moment, carry the day
Stay with the chase as long as you may
Follow the dreamer, the fool and the sage
Back to the days of the innocent age
Storybook endings never appear
They're just someone's way of leading us here
Waiting for wisdom to open the cage
We forged in the fires of the innocent age

[Chorus]
Back at the start it was easy to see
No one to own to, nowhere to be
Deep in the heartlands a sad memory
Calls to me (Calls to me)

Fretful horizons, worrisome skies (Worrisome skies)
Tearful misgivings burning your eyes
Yearnings unanswered, reckon the wage (Reckon the wage)
You pay to recapture the innocent age

Some groups had amazing harmonizations: The Fifth Dimension, The Association, The Happenings, The Tremeloes, Martha and the Vandellas, the Beach Boys, and a completely unknown group called Lazarus that was produced by Peter Yarrow. And family groups, with genetic assist, included The Cowsills, The Bee Gees, and The Jackson Five who enjoyed seasons of fame as had The Andrews Sisters in the '40s.

Another notable combination was the 1990s-era band Wilson Phillips, the three daughters of the Beach Boys' Brian Wilson and the Mamas and the Papas' John Philips: Carnie and Wendy Wilson and Chynna Phillips. As second-generation singers they possessed all the exposure imaginable with their upbringings around the rock and roll world. Their sound was clean laced with

good personal chemistry and harmonization too. I loved their sound and that is gratifying because I also loved that of their parents. Their song “Flesh and Blood” was an early heart-cry and appeal to their dysfunctional fathers, as daughters. It moved me as I have two daughters too.

Lastly, Michael Jackson and Quincy Jones gathered an amazing array of pop songwriters, musicians, performers, and superstars for a one-time performance and recording called “We Are the World” on January 28, 1985, in Los Angeles. It had a hymn-like quality to it. It was inspired by “Do They Know It's Christmas?” a 1984 charity single recorded by some of the most popular British and Irish musicians to raise money to end famine in Ethiopia. It was written by Michael Jackson and Lionel Richie and produced by Quincy Jones and Michael Omartian for the album *We Are the World*. With sales in excess of twenty million physical copies, it is the eighth-best-selling single of all time, meant to raise money for the 1983–1985 famine in Ethiopia. It was an early gesture of philanthropy by the rock and roll world for a focused cause, and drew world attention to Ethiopia’s need.

The ensemble included an impressive catalog of soloists:

Lionel Richie, Stevie Wonder, Paul Simon, Kenny Rogers, James Ingram, Tina Turner, Billy Joel, Michael and Jackie and LaToya and Marlon and Randy and Tito Jackson, Diana Ross, Dionne Warwick, Willie Nelson, Al Jarreau, Bruce Springsteen, Kenny Loggins, Steve Perry, Daryl Hall, Huey Lewis, Cyndi Lauper, Kim Carnes, Bob Dylan, and Ray Charles. They were joined by chorus singers from the Pointer Sisters, Huey Lewis and The News, Smokey Robinson, Harry Belafonte, and others.

With my generation, music came to us in five ways:

- played it on the radio, anywhere our radios could go
- played it off long-playing (LP) vinyl albums in our homes that we purchased or traded plus their little partners, 45 rpm singles (two songs). I still have one hundred, each, of 45s and LPs. They have traveled

from Annandale, to Blacksburg, to Falls Church, to Roanoke, to Dallas, to New Bedford and now back to Roanoke. Quite the road trip!

- by taping with reels of magnetic tape. As soon as I got home from the store with my new purchase of the Beatles 1968 double album, the plastic wrap barely off, I loaned it to my friend Jeff to tape on his father’s reel to reel tape deck. Small format cassette recording arrived in about 1970 on a popular level and eight-track tape cartridges at that time too. That technology seems short-lived now.
- Attending concerts, the sound quality and comfort was usually lacking. Without doubt my hearing was permanently damaged in those years by the volume that was thought to be sacramental to the event. We also heard music at school dances, made famous of course by the 1985 film *Back to the Future*.
- Played “live” by us which, of course, included training and performance as part of organized school bands, our own Folk or Rock groups, and impromptu “jamming” at parties and in random public places like parks, community centers, bars, and restaurants. With my guitar and given to limited skill I spent hours enjoying playing current songs, altering them, making up new verses of lyrics and improvising on guitar riffs.

As a final acknowledgment of influence in how I hear music: I remember that when I was very young my father would sing to me at night and in the dark, as I was going to sleep. He had a lovely baritone voice and sang songs of the 1940s to me. I remember “Home on the Range,” “The Chattanooga Choo Choo,” and “Summertime,” which was my favorite.

Human art in our western culture seems to inevitably undergo successive phases and rock and roll was not exempt of this natural change process and cycle.

Birth – beginning in the late 1940s, and continuing its genesis in the early '50s, both British and American, rock and roll came out of the post-war optimism (or pessimism in England especially), convention-breaking creativity, commercial ripeness of the entertainment industry and with the children of the baby boomers and the political seedbed nature of our politics.

Development – discovery of a sizable and quickly growing number of gifted artists, their partnerships with each other, and with agents, record companies, labels and concert venue promoters gave formation to the new art form.

Refinement – with a few years, the human musician tends to become weary of simple repetition of a "hit" that succeeded preciously; new explorations are needed and attempted, adding new instrumentation, technology, personnel, lyricists. By 1966, rock and roll had become the dominant cultural signature of American life.

Recognition – in Tom Hanks's fictional film *That Thing You Do* (about The Wonders), there is the sequence for the group of finding each other, being recognized locally and given limited acclaim, to regional, to national fame.

Celebration – fresh recording contracts, concert dates and success in those concerts, follow-up recording pressures and growing press recognition, fueling lots of financial success in a short period of time, travel, sexual prowess, advertising, and competition between hit acts, all make for a powerful stage of celebrating the group.

Franchising – some groups developed their own corporate structure: beach movies, Apple (Corps, not Inc.--nothing to do with iPhones, iPads, or Macs), Threshold, and Grunt Records are a few brands which gained national notice.

Commercialization – inevitably success breeds more strategies to make money; merchandising (and what now

is referred to as merch), advertising income, reviews, media interviews, book deals, and spin-off groups all define the industry of what happens when a rock and roll group really makes it big. Many "rockers" have spoken of being consumed by their own success.

Deterioration – no group or performer can stay vibrant, creative, or appealing forever; eventually the magic fades, or the times fade and the national ethos drifts for newer acts, issues, or platforms; aging occurs perhaps with illness (Karen Carpenter's story is especially tragic, and Linda Ronstadt's is sad though courageous), accidents happen (Buddy Holly, Ritchie Valens, and J.P. "The Big Bopper" Richardson were killed in a plane crash on February 3, 1959, near Clear Lake, Iowa on "The Day the Music Died"), conflicts erupt and groups split up.

Rebirth in new form – perhaps most artists hope for rebirth into new areas of musical art and performance when their original creations are digested by the culture. Linda Ronstadt remade herself with new styles of music; probably Paul McCartney deserves mention for Wings and a very long post-Wings recording history; Michael Jackson crafted a whole career after his days with his brothers.

I say little in this chapter about rock and roll as it has developed since 1980. I stopped hearing much that has arisen since then. There are still, of course, many talented, creative, and gifted writers, performers, and instrumentalists. But I can think of few who move my soul now like those I have mentioned.

I can recommend *Leonid and Friends* a Chicago tribute band based in Moscow. They began as a YouTube band, and now tour the United States extensively in the spring and fall. Leonid Vorobyev (b. 7 Nov 1954 in Moscow, Russia), is the founder and leader of the band. Vorobyev is a multi-instrumentalist, a recording studio sound engineer and choir conductor by training, at the East Siberian Institute of Culture. Vorobyev made

his first Chicago video recording of the song "Brand New Love Affair" in 2014.

With Ukrainian vocalist Serge Tiagniryadno, female vocalist Ksenia Buzina (from Chita, Siberia) *Leonid and Friends*' YouTube videos have "gone viral", with views in the millions. Leonid & Friends have recorded three Chicago tribute albums, titled *Chicagovich*.

After touring in Russia, the band first toured the United States in 2019. Starting in 2018, songs by Earth, Wind, & Fire, Blood, Sweat & Tears, Tower of Power, The Ides of March, Lighthouse and Steely Dan were added to the playlist. In 2022, Ksenia Buzina was added to the setlist.

I have also said nothing about the *kinds* of rock and roll music, technically—old, new, loud and angry, soft and lovely, orchestrally supported or simply arranged—two or three guitars, bass and drums; cross-over with intentional input from country music/Latin/soul/ foreign; rewritten songs of the distant past; heavily synthesized or even AI generated and on and on. Rock and Roll's diversity for core material was (and is) bounded only by the creative limits of its creators.

England has its own musical history blending Victorian era instrumental and chamber music with folk music energized and punctuated with English, Irish, Scottish, and Welsh elements. By the 1960s, their musical heritage gave birth in the British Isles to a prolific and highly fruitful contribution of popular and young people's music which, in turn, gave to America the "British invasion."

The American Civil War gave a large number of popular songs to the culture including the beginnings of a heritage from the black experience. Out from that grew rap and hip hop. The Second World War saw music's propagation compacted down from taking years to taking only weeks. And the church has had its own fortress of musical story. I cannot speak to the development of music in Russia, China, South or Central America or Africa.

I do not know how music developed in Scandinavia, Germany, France, the Middle East, or Eastern Europe. Of music from India I only know of Ravi Shankar which is to say I know nothing. But I have found nowhere where music is absent and no culture that exists in a musical vacuum.

In Genesis Chapter 4 in the Bible we read "And Adah bare Jabal: he was the father of such as dwell in tents, and of such as have cattle. And his brother's name was **Jubal**: he was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ." (Gen. 4:20-21 KJV). Whatever else we say about Jubal—eight generations from Adam—he was about music, in a literary sense the "father of music." Music goes back in human history as far as we might try to take it. It is deeply human, I would suggest instinctive to our species, a lovely voice of our being.

The expression, creativity and personal statement of music is so central to us that it can be called the song of the soul. It mines from within us the deepest and even wordless affections, dreams, murmurings, longings, outcries, and praises. And for me rock and roll has been the anthem—for the human side—of my soul.

A Few Favorite Albums

At its peak, my album collection of vinyl LP records was at about a thousand (and two hundred 45s) being shuttled in crates from Annandale to Blacksburg, to Falls Church and then to Roanoke, and then to Dallas and then to Massachusetts. And finally, back to Roanoke where it is now a shadow of its former self, about 125 favorites. These include:

Peter, Paul and Mary (1962); Peter, Paul & Mary's *Moving* (1963) and my first ever album purchase, with lawn-mowing money; Peter, Paul and Mary *Late Again* (1968); Rick Nelson, *For You* (1963).

I held on to from the Beatles, *Rubber Soul* (1965); *The White Album* (1968); *Abbey Road* (1969) and *Yellow Submarine* (1969).

Add to this Jefferson Airplane's *After Bathing at Baxter's* (1967) and *Volunteers* (1969) appended with Paul Kantner's/Gracie Slick's *Blows Against the Empire* (1970) which were joined at the hip (as it were) with Country Joe and the Fish's *Electric Music for the Mind and Body* (1967); Ultimate Spinach's *Behold and See* (1968); The Moody Blues *On the Threshold of a Dream* (1969); Poco, *From the Inside* (1971); Derek & the Dominos *Layla*; and George Harrison's *All Things Must Pass*.

As to Christian albums, there are Keith Green's *For Him Who Has Ears to Hear; No Compromise*; and *So You Want to Go Back to Egypt*? There is Larry Norman's *In Another Land* and from the beginning of the Maranatha! Music world in 1971, *Praise II* and *The Everlastin' Living Jesus Music Concert (Maranatha! One),* and various Phil Keaggy and Twila Paris albums.

I append my study of rock and roll to those of my home town, the Civil War, the Second World War, England, the Church, Textual Criticism, and briefly, to 1968. These are the settlements of interest to me for the greater passion of studying and applying a love for history. I could write more, I am sure. But one thing leads to another . . .

Summarial Thoughts

It is about the *human* side, which is the meaningfulness of studying history. In my reading, some historians and writers have understood this so well. If an alien race landed, and with no previous acquaintance with us, what would they want to understand about our race? They would need to absorb our history.

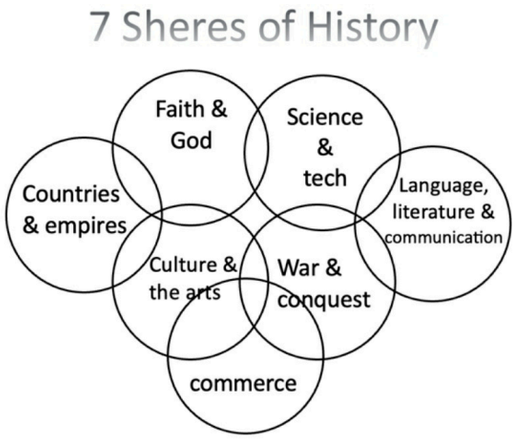
Bruce Catton got this. He wrote about the Civil War. Filmmaker Ken Burns excels at bringing in the personal stories of individuals in his many documentary series, not the least of which is his 1990 series on *The Civil War.*[60] So did Doris Kearns Goodwin. She has written about Presidents. So did Ernest Hemingway. He understood about writing bluntly, directly, and genuinely—so much so that it raised lots of controversy. But he captured the human experience so well.

History is distorted and significantly stultified if one is taught only events: Appomattox, D-Day, Hiroshima, The Council of Nicaea, the Suffrage March, Woodstock, or if one is taught only the sterility of notable dates: July 4, June 6, October 31, and April 9. I think Mr. Douglas and Professor Alexander and Dr. Hannah would object.

If history is related only as a grid of road-connected names like Manassas, Richmond, Malmedy and Bastogne; Selma; Fairfax, Arlington, and Bethesda; Bethel, New York to Cleveland, Ohio; Wittenberg, Worms and Münster, it is no surprise that people nod off. If we simply memorize the names and dates of certain documents: The Magna Carta, The Mayflower Compact, The Declaration of Independence, The Gettysburg Address, SCOTUS *Roe vs. Wade*, the Apostles' Creed, or FDR's address to Congress on the day after Pearl Harbor, history is deposited passionless into a file cabinet. If I only learn the technological jargon of a day: a Roman broadsword, the Guttenberg press, the cotton gin, the Dahlgren coastal gun, the P-38 Lightning or the Fender

Stratocaster, my study of history is enervated.

But if we consider the stories of people like Katherine von Bora (Mrs. Martin Luther), Olympic runner and missionary Eric Liddell, U.S. Grant, or Corrie ten Boom, Louis Zamperini, and John Basilone we learn something of the humanity that populated the important moments of history. The dates, events, locations, equipment, and decisions of history are essential for appreciating humanity's saga. But the people and their stories are the life of history. And once again, the focus of tracking people's advancement connect to each other. The circles intersect with each other, influence each other, sometimes cancel each other out or diminish each other, sometimes enhance and nurture each other.



My areas of interest are not sacrosanct. They are just *my* focal points of interest and I wish everybody was as excited to learn within each focus as I have been.

You might pick for your focus the history of cooking, Bolivia, Mormonism, bicycle development, or Salvadore Dali.

You might pick Shakespeare, Roman bath design, the American space program, the Spanish American War, and the literature of the Russian Revolution.

You might pick Navajo cave dwelling, bird migration patterns, textile production in industrial mills, railroad development, and the prairie music of the late nineteenth century.

But this book is preaching a message of "Listen up!" Hear what I think is important or at least interesting, and come with me on a quest to learn all I can about that which fascinates.

Have an eye for some focus. Learn about it. Talk with others about it. Go see it. Write about it.

Appendix A

Perhaps a Hundred Years from Now

Perhaps in a century, if anyone reads this and if the church called Dartmouth Bible Church is still there, it may be of pinpoint niche of historical interest to learn of some of the design and artistic enhancements of one small, New England church. It will be history and most of these details no one will remember. That is one thing that makes writing history fun—imagining an informing of readers in the distant future of details they might not otherwise acquire.

I love the stories I have heard over the years of the design and decoration and improvements to the metaphorical four walls of a church. I think that often, the decision to make something look more attractive, more appealing, or more intuitive reflects the creative nature of God and in us, made in the *imago dei*, like Him.

Here is a paper I wrote two years before my retirement from the church, telling some of the stories of its design and art. Perhaps in a hundred years, it will be of interest. For me, and for this book, it is the final icing on the cake. It is an excursion into a history of one small facility, how its design and outfitting occurred. The decisions were not industrial or commercial or dictated by some traditional mandate. They were all personalized for its people. There were the native Americans, and the land. Then there were the pilgrims. Then a Revolution and the Daniel Hix ministries. Then three terrible wars and a university planted and a little church planted across the street. Then

a ministry from the church *to* that university. And through it all there was lots of music. One thing led to another…

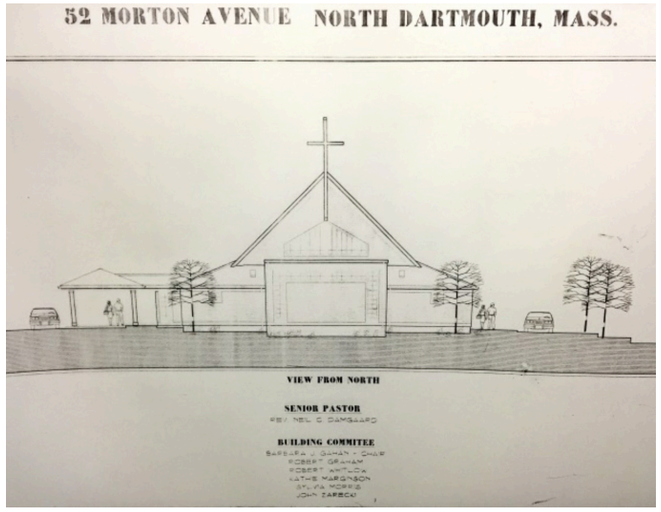
Art, Architecture, And Anecdotes

of the Dartmouth Bible Church

North Dartmouth, Massachusetts

Rev. Dr. Neil C. Damgaard, BS[IEOR], ThM, DMin

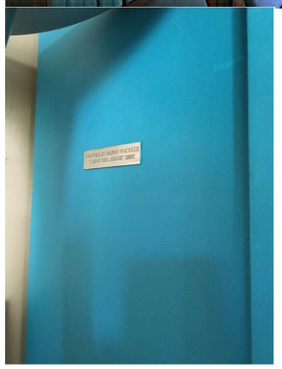
Senior Pastor *August 2017*



These pictures are from my observation, memory, and opinion. Protestant (and especially evangelical) building aesthetics tend to be very spartan, intentionally utilitarian, and cost-conscious. Because the body of Dartmouth Bible Church had so long to dwell on design—ten years—plus our hiring of an outstanding architect (**Peter Brown**, who as it happened was lead architect on the SMU campus design thirty years before, though we did not know this at the time), we managed a few design niceties originally, and have added a few others later. Note: We have no confusion that God is somehow contained in a "space," in a

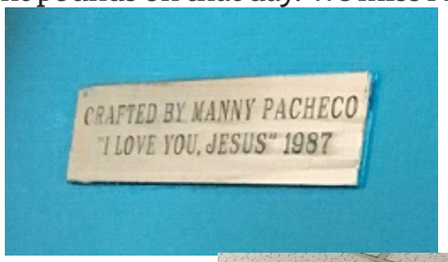
building, or in any other way. But I delight in the efforts of all kinds of people who occasionally bring talent and their art to the place of our community. They do so to the glory of God and because they love His people and their space.

This painting (above), done in 1991 by the late **Frank (Francisco) Barboza** shows our original little building, completed in 1968 and in itself a great undertaking of faith. Frank and wife **Shirley** (still our church Clerk) were part of the church at that time. Frank and Shirley gave me this picture not long before he went home to be with the Lord. It has been in my attic for many years and is at DBC now. These shelves (in the old Pastor's office) were crafted by Master carpenter Paul Matson, for DBC as a gift. The old pulpit, DBC's first, was one of two--theother given to Pacific Union Congregational Church.

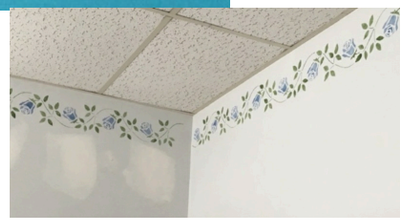


Manny Pachoco was part of our church from 1984 until about 1998. He was a POW from the Second World War (captured in the Battle of the Bulge on the Elsenborn Ridge), marched into Germany and cruelly incarcerated in the Bad Orb concentration camp (Stalag IX-B) along with hundreds of

Soviet POWs until release on April 10, 1945. He weighed seventy-eight pounds on that day. We miss Manny and Julie.



DBC Secretary Lynn Brown did this stenciling (right) in the old foyer.

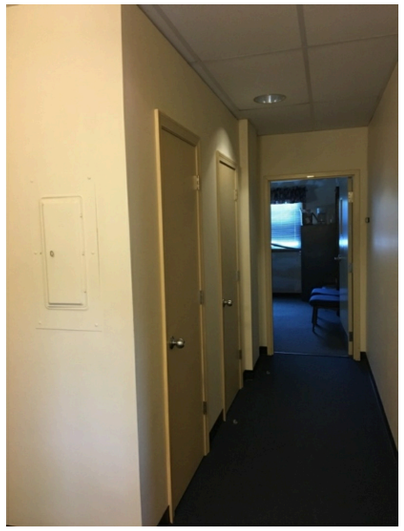


There was a time when stenciling was very popular. Lynn also did the stenciling and painting in the old kitchen (left), the cabinets of which were donated by the late Don Rodrigues in memory of his mother. Lynn was also joined by husband **Mike** on many less artistic but nonetheless vital HVAC projects in our church.

Project manager T.C. told me that the hardest part of an addition project is connecting the old building with new construction. Phil Cronin assigned that aspect of our building to T.C., to figure our connector out. He did a great job!

DBC began dreaming of an addition in the late 1970s and we built this lovely new building (left) in 1999 taking occupancy with our first worship service on December 12. This is the exterior of the worship team space with many windows. (The wood shakes say, “This is New England”). It is no European cathedral, but it is for DBC a legacy of stepping out in faith and trusting God to fulfill a vision for a growing ministry. DBC became debt-free of the construction loan in just eight years. God is good. All the time. (It only took one summer of occupancy with no air conditioning to trust God to provide the six-compressor central A/C system in the spring of

This area (left) in the old “upstairs” was originally the pulpit area. It is now a hallway with these nice closets that Mike Holmes recently constructed for us. Mike is our part-time maintenance person, and is also at this time an elder-in-training. He is a retired US Coast Guard Captain, USCG Academy graduate, commander of the USS *Bibb*, and helicopter pilot. We are glad to have

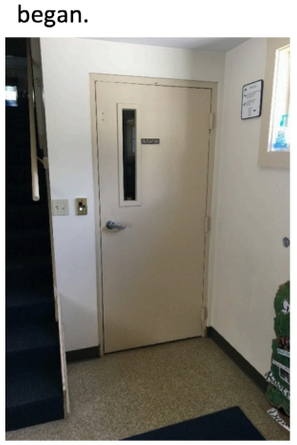


For some reason, this space between the buildings (left) is a favorite place for people. Mike Holmes installed this fence and gate and the space is used for a children’s play area in nice weather and sometimes playground items are available.

Recently we renovated the old building and the downstairs has come to be a nice living room space (right) for youth events, Sunday School, and adult small groups too. This layout was former Youth & Christian EducationDirector (2009-2017) **Natasha Ferro**’s brainchild. She did a nice job.

The appropriate boards in Boston allowed us to obtain variances for the elevator construction because we had been hand-carrying wheelchair bound double amputee Nancy Graham into and out of the building and up and down two flights of stairs by hand for years. Even bureaucracies find some common sense sometimes! We have benefited from Bob's and Lou's hard labor for many years now!

In 1993 we knew we would eventually build a new building. We hired architect **Dan Lewis** from Southborough to design an elevator enclosure for us, which would integrate into any new building design. Bob Graham and then-Associate Pastor Lou Parascand constructed this great three-stop elevator (left) for us in the summer and fall of 1993. It would be another five years before construction began.

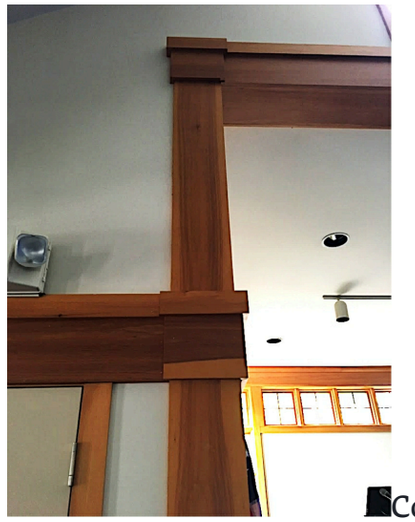


Robert Graham crafted this headpiece (below) for over the exterior door to the elevator:

Based on the sign at Rumney Bible Conference in New Hampshire, Bob Graham also, and son Craig, drew up and built this sign (left) for DBC. Later, Matthew Whitlow electrified it for us as part of his Eagle Scout service project. It has always been something simple and elegant that all are proud of. Church member Deb Ashworth plants greenery each year.

Before DBC came to 52 Morton Avenue, the land on which there is now our building had a pond. Contractor **Phil Cronin** and his construction architect, the late **Jay McMichael** (who sadly passed away at fifty-six in June 2014), discovered terrible dirt. All of what you see in these pictures had to be removed and replaced with “buildable

fill”—another $24,000 to the project This is the less-artsy real-world part of architecture.

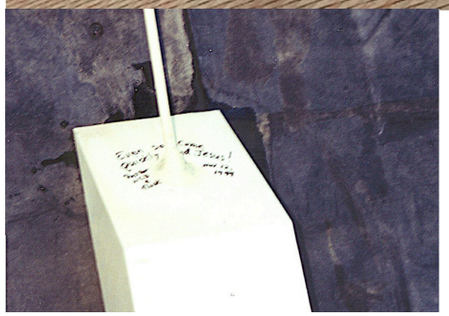


Coastal’s finish carpenter, **Joel Pontz**, envisioned lots of warm wood, with interesting detail features. We were not disappointed. (I love the grain colors and flow). At that time CR owner Phil Cronin empowered Joel to make detail design decisions on interior projects. On the October 1998 day of receiving construction bids at architect Peter Brown’s office in Yarmouthport, as it became quickly obvious we would be accepting Coastal Restoration’s bid, Peter invited me to stop by Christ Chapel where Joel was finishing up a project. He was the first Coastal employee I met and a true artisan. It was a joy to work with him.

Everyone loves the big windows that open onto lovely trees, sunshine, and blue sky (left). This was the vision of architect Peter Brown and finish carpenter Joel Pontz. What is not generally remembered is that when the large windows arrived, it was soon discovered by foreman Tom Collins (T.C.) that the angle of the top windows did not conform to the angle of the roofline.

T.C. gave us two options: wait six more weeks for a re-order of the windows; or use this shipment and receive one more room of sheet-rocking and ceiling installation at no additional charge. We took the latter and no one ever even notices the geometric incongruity and we have even been told that the unmatched angles subtly suggest an upward arrow!

As the time of construction neared its end, Bob Whitlow and I climbed to the top of the new cross and wrote the words "Even so, come quickly Lord Jesus" on the top. The rod is a lightning rod.



This is our ROCK (above). Coastal was “all done” removing stones and boulders from our site. This one came from right under what is now where our grand piano is. Coastal placed it here, to stay. In 2002 Bob Bouley said, “Let’s get a stone-cutter to put a verse on it,” and contributed the money. I chose the verse: 1 Corinthians 10:4, “and the rock was Christ.” Recently, I imagined ROCK to stand for what is our vision: **R**edemption, **O**thers, **C**hristian education, **K**ingdom—the four priorities of our church.

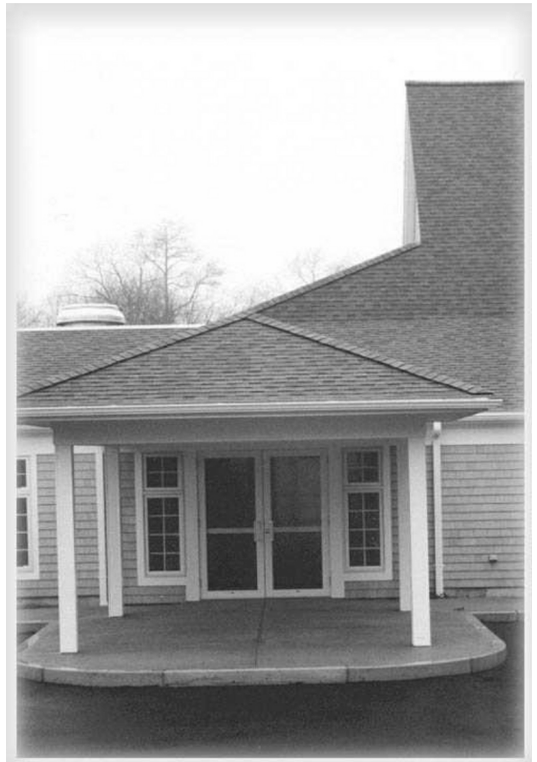
Another favorite design feature of our church is the canopy out back. Or is it out front? I never know what is the back and what is the front. Our address is 52 Morton Avenue, suggesting Morton Avenue is the front. But all access on Sundays comes through this canopy (above), from the parking lot—off Delano Street. It hints of our being "strangers in a strange land" or as the writer to the Hebrews put it: "and having acknowledged that they were strangers and exiles on the earth," (Heb. 11:13b). The canopy almost "wasn't." It was one of the design features targeted for deletion from construction
to save costs. No one has ever regretted keeping this beautifully lined feature. During construction I was intrigued that a full and heavy foundation was laid in under this canopy structure. It will not be moved!

It was never more than a silly fantasy of mine: to build something that somehow had the look, even in the smallest detail, of a Frank Lloyd Wright building. Architect Paul Rudolph, designer of the main campus at the University of Massachusetts at Dartmouth, left a complex, modernist and brutalist concept that strongly mimicked Wright's art. Two details of the DBC Building Project

related to this delighted me.

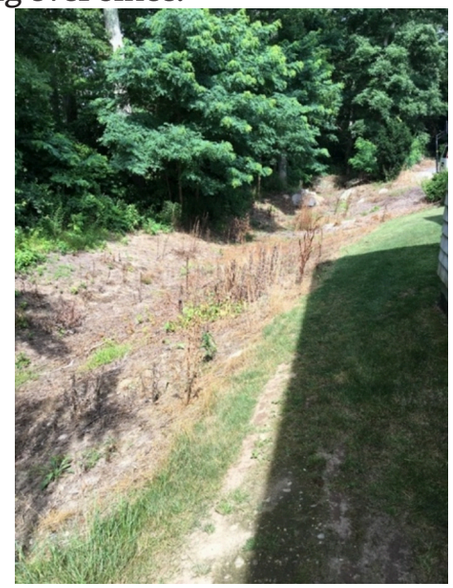
First was the architect that we hired and who designed our building--**Peter Brown** (below, died in 2016), who personally loved FLW work, turned out to have been the lead architect on the Rudolph design of UMass Dartmouth (then, Southeastern Massachusetts Technical Institute). He was president at the time of Desmond and Lord, Architects and later founded Brown and Lindquist Architects. As I understood it, Mr. Lindquist had been one of Frank Lloyd Wright's apprentices when young, and I saw two or three original Wright drafting plates framed in Lindquist's office.

Second was a conversation with Peter: we spoke of Wright's Oak Park Unity church and I told him that I dreamed of somehow replicating something resembling that sanctuary in our new building. Peter chuckled, but also respected my dream. "I don't think we'll be able to pull that off, Neil, but we will do something elegant." Which we did. The DBC sanctuary is much smaller than Oak Park's. But the light and the lines and the wood tones are delightful, as I demonstrate in pictures here.

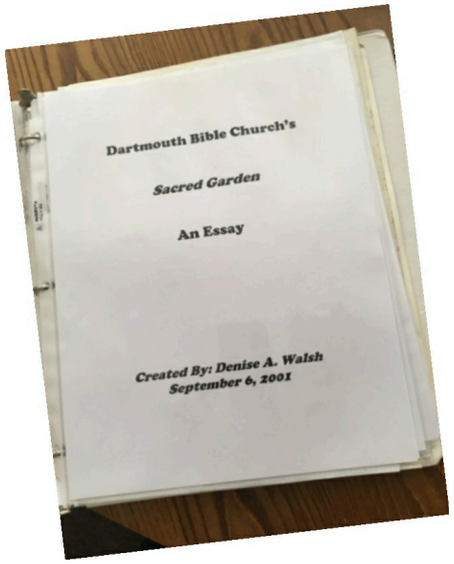


Everybody loves the skylight (above). It is yet another design feature we might easily have deleted during the actual construction phase in 1999 to save money. I credit

our building committee chairperson Barbara Gahan, who said, “Can’t we keep this this?” We all agreed and it has been a blessing ever since.



It doesn’t look like much today but our drainage pond is a clever innovation. The idea is that the entire property, including the two buildings drain to this area. The grading of the property during construction and the underground drainage system—which is extensive—ensured this. Twice in eighteen years I have seen this pond briefly filled during heavy rains.



In 2001, University of Massachusetts Dartmouth senior **Denise Walsh** completed a senior project for Professor **Jim Sears** (UMD retired 2002) that would see this area beautified and improved into a garden, while retaining its engineering mission.

Thus far, we have not seen fit to engage Denise's vision. Professor Sears lived across Delano Street from DBC in the antebellum blue house (right) which he had moved intact from New Bedford.

Speaking of Professor Sears, long before we began work on a new building he offered us this tree

(below), from his own yard.

His home on Delano Street is an 1850-vintage dwelling that was originally in New Bedford and moved to this location. In adding on to his house, Professor Sears needed to move and re-plant this ginkgo tree. He asked me if DBC would like it. I said "yes" and Sears hired a backhoe to place it where it is today. Every year its leaves all turn yellow almost at once and fall to the ground in about forty-eight hours. Professor Sears said ginkgo itself is a very ancient species of tree. He was a botanist and retired biology professor. And speaking of Delano Street it has always given me cause to wonder if this intersection

of Delano and Morton does not hint of two Plymouth pilgrims meeting up here in the wild. Phillip de la Noye and a pilgrim named Morton came to Plymouth early in its history. De la Noye was a believer and lived a long life. Morton, I am unsure of except that I feel Morton Avenue bears his name and the section of town in which our church lies was called Morton Park in the late nineteenth century. It is fun that the site of our church brings together two very early colonists. Delano also points to the Delano family of Fairhaven of which FDR was a member.

This all of course has nothing to do with the art or architecture of our church. But it is an interesting anecdote to ponder. We live in a place where the nation's earliest Christians (English though they be) wandered, explored, met up with the Wampanoag, hiked, hunted, fished, died, married, had children, built thatched roof houses, managed their church covenant, and never went back to England. I often imagine those same pilgrims wandering through North Dartmouth. The last Mayflower pilgrim, **John Cooke**, who lived in our area, died in Dartmouth in 1695 at age eighty-eight. At that time it included Fairhaven, where his bones still presumably lie. Of course before too long they began to build homes here. Russell's Garrison in Padanaram is still seen for its foundation from King Philip's War (1675-76). I easily imagine those Christians, sporting a Geneva Bible, wandering through the woods near our church, going to see Massasoit.

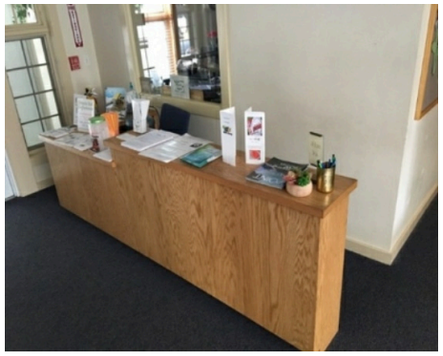
Our baptistery is hidden under the drum kit. The fiberglass unit with pump and heater is below floor level, a clever design by Peter Brown and Coastal Restoration. When the baptistery was delivered during construction the workmen did not know what it was and asked me, "Why are you putting a Jacuzzi in the front of the church?" After each baptism service I write the names of the baptized on the underside of one of the four large covers. To date, about

110 people since construction in 1999.

The steps and platform face (left) were simple carpet covering and starting to become worn until 2014 when we hired finish carpenter **Ed Charette**, then attending DBC, to replace with a nice wood design—which was, to me, essentially completing the original design. The tops and steps match the pulpit and communion table and the faces match the existing darker wood trim in the sanctuary. I look at this step design every Sunday and it makes me happy.

Ed did two other wonderful jobs for us:

- ➢ This welcome desk in the foyer (below), and
- ➢ Re-design of the pastor's office (right, below). Ed deconstructed all the SJ Bailey book cases and re-fashioned them into a corner desk after my own design. This was an exceptionally creative and cost-effective way to redo the office and provide more workspace and shelving than we had originally.

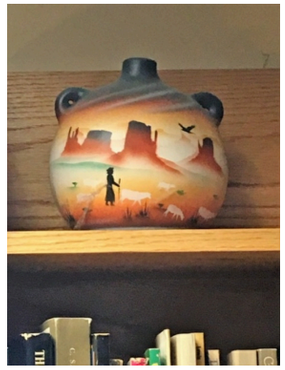


The following pictures display three pieces of DBCs design resourcefulness. The pew (left) is the last remaining of the original pews from the old sanctuary. These were purchased by the late Amy Carter and given to DBC on the occasion of opening the first building in 1968. This last vestige of those days is used every Sunday and reminds of an earlier day. The missions banner (above the pew) was the creation of member **Valorie Schofield with the Bailey family** helping. The electric missions map is the work of DBC member **Michael Gemaly** of New Bedford.

The Library and Conference Room (left) were my brainchild and I had to withstand pressure to make this room an additional Nursery. **Paul Souza** and I purchased, sanded, and finished the conference table.

Max and Tuesday Bethoney offered to paint the mural in our Nursery (right). We have loved it ever since!

The little white two-sided corner fence (left) on the southeast corner of our property was the gift of one-time DBC attender **Alicia Sullivan** who was with us for just a couple of years. She was once married to the Chief of the Boat on the U.S.S. Enterprise, the top enlisted man on the aircraft carrier. She said she was home alone most of the time!

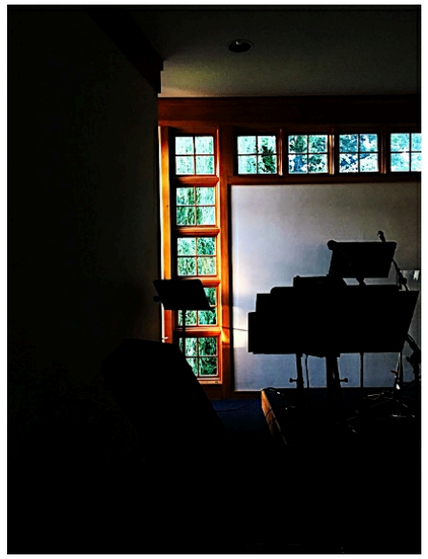


This pottery item (right) was the gift of missionary **Martha Gushee** to me a number of years ago. We are given lots of mementos and special gifts by missionaries but this one is special because it is from the Navajo reservation near her. It is displayed in my office.

A parking lot (left) hardly seems like something worth noticing . . . but we parked in mud, on uneven ground, on ice, in water puddles for many years. When Coastal finished this aspect of our property I was happy and it was actually very aesthetically pleasing—two levels, a nice slope down—I would love to see a white gazebo erected over the short walkway between the two levels--many boulders surrounding (they're all covered with foliage now), two beautiful lighting poles, curbing and close-in handicapped access. Also note all the town-required plantings which really look nice now, eighteen years later. I am thankful for this wonderful enhancement of sixty-four parking spaces.

I love what light does in our building, Peter Brown being very mindful of this aspect. Over the years I have discovered more and more examples. There follow a few pictures that I caught at good moments.
Here is what I call "the front end." The late afternoon sunlight on the warm wood.

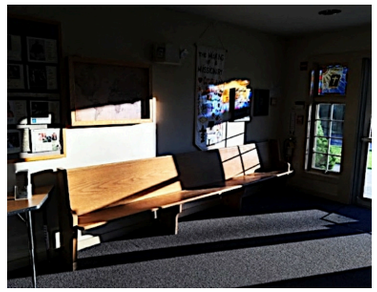
Another late afternoon sun picture (below), but coming through one of **Tom Marginson**'s stained glass gifts. Again, the sun on wood and the shadows enchant me, just a little. I am so weary of warehouse-like evangelical churches,



that some design and even unanticipated discoveries encourage me.

No credit to us, Peter Brown or Coastal, the sunset (below) recently just hit me right. The profile of our whole facility seems "right" to me.

I wonder if our people ever look up to see what presents itself.



Here (left) there are four kinds of light—direct late afternoon sun, muted skylight blue, a little bit of stained-glass bleed-through under the kitchen counter and the plain daylight-in-dark-sanctuary-effect. I

love them all here, in one shot.

As the light comes through the hidden side windows in the worship area (right), it complements the glow of the main front windows.

And one more time, the large windows (left) and what everyone except the preacher can see every Lord's Day.

No more delay—here are retired New Bedford

District Fire Chief Tom Marginson's lovely four gifts to DBC, done two at a time.

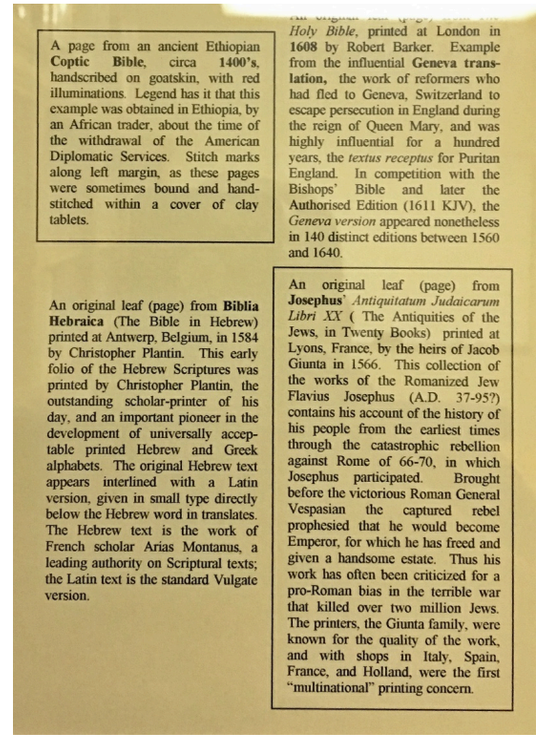
Few things are so easy on the eyes as Tom's creations. It harkens to the ancient sacred glass makers of Europe. One example:

The Good Samaritan

from Chartres Cathedral
France, c. AD 1200

Alison Sherman was a server at a little café near Westport Harbor called *Ellie's Place*, now closed. **Dr. Dean Schmidlin** (Professor of Electrical Engineering, UMD), Brendan Gahan, and many others of us spent years enjoying breakfast there. Alison was also a UMass Dartmouth art student, and she displayed some of her work in Ellie's. As our merger with Elim Baptist Church took place in 1991, and we knew and planned to construct a new facility, Dean Schmidlin commissioned Alison to draw each of Elim Baptist Church (Middle Street in New Bedford and constructed in the 1880s) and the Dartmouth Bible Church (1968) for future display in the new building. This would be a reminder of the unity and hard work of two congregations who each loved their own communities, to bring them together in "something new." These pictures were stored in my old office from 1993 until 2000 when we took occupancy of the new building and happily hung them in the new foyer where they still are. I continue to appreciate Alison's unique drawing style and Dean's gift to us all, and his forward-looking insight, foreseeing a good new day for the two churches.

I purchased these documents a number of years ago from a rare documents dealer in Rhode Island. I always intended them for display in a Library. They are each unique!



A page from an ancient Ethiopian **Coptic Bible**, circa **1400's**, handscribed on goatskin, with red illuminations. Legend has it that this example was obtained in Ethiopia, by an African trader, about the time of the withdrawal of the American Diplomatic Services. Stitch marks along left margin, as these pages were sometimes bound and hand-stitched within a cover of clay tablets.

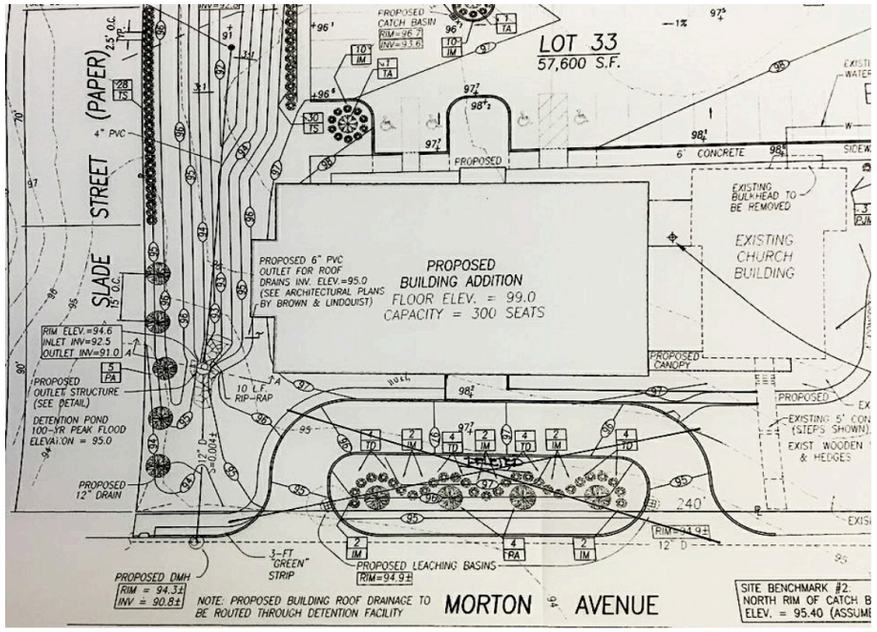
Holy Bible, printed at London in **1608** by Robert Barker. Example from the influential **Geneva translation,** the work of reformers who had fled to Geneva, Switzerland to escape persecution in England during the reign of Queen Mary, and was highly influential for a hundred years, the *textus receptus* for Puritan England. In competition with the Bishops' Bible and later the Authorised Edition (1611 KJV), the *Geneva version* appeared nonetheless in 140 distinct editions between 1560 and 1640.

An original leaf (page) from **Biblia Hebraica** (The Bible in Hebrew) printed at Antwerp, Belgium, in 1584 by Christopher Plantin. This early folio of the Hebrew Scriptures was printed by Christopher Plantin, the outstanding scholar-printer of his day, and an important pioneer in the development of universally acceptable printed Hebrew and Greek alphabets. The original Hebrew text appears interlined with a Latin version, given in small type directly below the Hebrew word in translates. The Hebrew text is the work of French scholar Arias Montanus, a leading authority on Scriptural texts; the Latin text is the standard Vulgate version.

An original leaf (page) from **Josephus'** *Antiquitatum Judaicarum Libri XX* (The Antiquities of the Jews, in Twenty Books) printed at Lyons, France, by the heirs of Jacob Giunta in 1566. This collection of the works of the Romanized Jew Flavius Josephus (A.D. 37-95?) contains his account of the history of his people from the earliest times through the catastrophic rebellion against Rome of 66-70, in which Josephus participated. Brought before the victorious Roman General Vespasian the captured rebel prophesied that he would become Emperor, for which he has freed and given a handsome estate. Thus his work has often been criticized for a pro-Roman bias in the terrible war that killed over two million Jews. The printers, the Giunta family, were known for the quality of the work, and with shops in Italy, Spain, France, and Holland, were the first "multinational" printing concern.

These (and a key that I wrote up) include a page from a fifteenth century Ethiopian Coptic Bible (just having *anything* which predates the discovery of the New World is unique and special); a page from a 1608 Geneva Bible, which was the Bible used by the Pilgrims in Plymouth; an original page from a 1584 Hebrew Bible printed in Antwerp, Belgium; a page from a 1566 French copy (from Lyons) of Josephus's "The Antiquities of the Jews."

In high school and college I took four full years of "mechanical and architectural" drawing. I was in high school when DBC's original building was built from blueprints. By 1998 architecture had evolved to electronic drafting and computer assisted design. This drawing makes me sad. It shows the circular driveway we could have had if we had not eliminated it for cost reduction at the end of the project. I still wish we had it, but I love the drawing of it (below).



We tend to think of a church's ministry as limited to Bible teaching, evangelism, and discipling people. But part of worship is bringing our creative gifts into the fellowship and using them as tools for glorifying God and instilling joy among us.

I am grateful for the many people—probably only here in a sampling of them—who have contributed their artisanship, skills, hard work, and ingenuity to make our church a delightful place to be.

Thank you, Lord, for gifting us so wonderfully. And thank you, Lord, for bringing the Gospel to 52 Avenue North in Dartmouth where once and for hundreds of years, there was just a simple field and pond.

Appendix B, which is simply the Title Page for my Master's thesis can be found in its entirety on my website at DrNeilDamgaard.com under Publications.

ISSUES OF POLITY IN

ENGLISH

CONGREGATIONALISM

1640-1670

A Thesis Presented to the Faculty

of the Department of Historical Theology

Dallas Theological Seminary

In Partial Fulfillment

of the Requirements for the Degree

Master of Theology

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by

Neil Christian Damgaard

May, 1983

Word Processed by Renée E. Damgaard

on the Micom 2001, Dallas, Texas

One Thing Leads to Another

For the Love of History

Footnotes

[1] Roanoke's map was drawn in 1891 and New Bedford's map was drawn in 1876.

[2] Daniel Ricketson, *The History of New Bedford, Bristol County, Massachusetts*: Including a History of the Old Township of Dartmouth and the Present Townships of Westport, Dartmouth, and Fairhaven, From Their Settlement to the Present Time (1858).

[3] I find some small significance (or at least fun) in the fact that von Tischendorf was raised only 130 miles away from Martin Luther's birthplace (Lengenfeld to Eisleben, Saxony).

[4] John Long, *Remembering the Great Wordsmith Yogi Berra,* The Roanoke Times, May 9, 2025.

[5] U.S. Grant (Ulysses Simpson). *Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant* - Volume 1 (Function). Kindle Edition.

[6] U.S. Grant, *Personal Memoirs of U.S. Grant in Two Volumes*, Volume II, p. 119. 1886, Charles W. Webster & Co.

[7] Doris Kearns Goodwin reports in her book *An Unfinished Love Story* that her late husband, Dick Goodwin—a speechwriter for JFK and LBJ—worked for Mr. Burling's law firm, Covington-Burling, early in his career.

[8] https://www.atlasobscura.com/places/burling-cabin-site

[9] from the Master Class website offering, "Writing History" https://www.masterclass.com/classes/doris-kearns-goodwin-teaches-us-presidential-history-and-leadership/chapters/writing-history

[10] Preliminary Scholastic Aptitude Test

[11] The companion series, *The Pacific* (2010) and the final series, *Masters of the Air* (2024) are both excellent, filled with memories and testimonies of the participants.

[12] Leary died in 1996, Liddy in 2021.

[13] Photo from NETROnline/Historic Aerials Tempe, AZ

[14] Saunders Guerrant, *Franklin County Corn,* 1977, pp. 90, 91

[15] *The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World*, Sir Edward Creasy (1851), p. 250 Enhanced Media 2016 copy

[16] https://plato.stanford.edu/entries/history/

[17] The Lumpkins still live in Dallas today and remain good friends, after good careers in ministry and the service industry. Guy and I and their son, Daniel, returned once to

Rehoboth and found the 350-year-old home still intact.

[18] A wonderful summary of Santillane exists at https://www.brookallenauthor.com/post/blog-santillane~worthy-of-american-history by local author Brook Allen. Allen has also published a historical novel about Julia, *West of Santillane* (Dawg House Books, 2024) built on much solid research of the subject and the times.

[19] https://www.nps.gov/articles/william-clark-julia-hancock-edding-jan-5-1808.htm

[20] Neil Damgaard, *A Ghost in August*, 2022, Amazon

[21] In 2025 I also published a book (*For the Next Hour*) on Dallas Seminary, covering my reflections and remembrances in attending there.

[22] Brook Allen, *West of Santillane*, Author's Notes (Dawg House Books, 2024)

[23] Agasso, Domenico. "Sant Arnolfo of Metz", *Santi e Beati*, February 1, 2001

[24] https://www.findagrave.com/

[25] Lt. Colonel Martin Jens Damgaard (1914-1994)

[26] Grant, vol. 2, p. 142

[27] *A Ghost in August*, Neil Damgaard, Amazon, 2023

[28] *Shadows of Ravensworth (Tales of My Neighborhood)* by Neil Damgaard, Amazon, 2023

[29] Also known variously as The War Between the States, the War of Northern Aggression, the War of States' Rights, the Second Revolution, the War of the Rebellion, and other depictions.

[30] In *An Evening When Alone, Four Journals of Single Women in the South*, 1827-57 (edited by Michael O'Brien, Southern Texts Society, University of Virginia Press, 1993)

[31] https://castlestudiestrust.org/blog/tag/bodiam/

[32] See Neil Damgaard, *Issues of Polity in English Congregationalism 1640-1670* at DrNeilDamgaard.com, my Master of Theology thesis

[33] "For many women around the United States, volunteering at home wasn't enough. They too, wanted to fight for their country. In May 1942 the Army created a female branch, the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps (WAAC), which was followed a few months later by the Navy (Women Accepted for Volunteer Emergency Service, WAVES) and the Marines (Women's Reservists, WR)—Later that year the US Army Air Forces (WASPS) and the US Coast Guard (SPARS) also added women to their ranks. Throughout the war 350,000 women served in one of these organizations…filling roles as secretaries, nurses, control tower operators, parachute riggers, pilots, machinists, cryptographers (code breakers) and more." *The Canteen* (Eric Grose), p. 55, Arcadia Children's Books, 2022. My friend Sandy Young's mother--**Beverly Francis Brandt,** was a pilot here in her Boeing Stearman Model 75, her first trainer…

[34] According to his letters many of which I compiled in *Defiance at Cairo - The Love and War Confluence of the*

Damgaard and Porch Families, Book Baby, 2020

[35] Also spelled Goering

[36] *The Top Dresser Drawer: Essays of Miscellany*, Neil Damgaard with Samuel G. Wilson, 2024 (Amazon)

[37] http://www.wwiihistoryclass.com/education/transcripts/Clizbe_R_204.pdf

[38] Can be found on DrNeilDamgaard.com under Publications as *The 602nd; 602nd Engineer Camouflage Battalion. Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration*, August 7, 1993 Letter by Roy Kallio

[39] Plantinga, Cornelius. *Not the Way It's Supposed to Be: A Breviary of Sin* (p. 3). 1995, Wm. B. Eerdmans Publishing Co. Kindle Edition.

[40] 1 Corinthians 2:2

[41] Gerald Bray (DLitt, University of Paris-Sorbonne) is Research Professor at Beeson Divinity School and Director of Research for the Latimer Trust. He is a prolific writer and has authored or edited numerous books, including *The Doctrine of God* and *Biblical Interpretation: Past and Present*.

[42] I read *The Institutes* in winter 1983 as an independent study with Dr. Edwin Blum, Dallas Theological Seminary, Department of Historical Theology. My summarizing paper can be found at DrNeilDamgaard.com

[43] As of the 1986 Concordia Publishing editions

[44] This essay is part of the Concise Theology series. All views expressed in this essay are those of the author. This essay is freely available under Creative Commons License with Attribution-ShareAlike, allowing users to share it in other mediums/formats and adapt/translate the content as long as an attribution link, indication of changes, and the same Creative Commons License applies to that material. This work is licensed under CC BY-SA 4.0

[45] *Systematic Theology: Roman Catholic Perspectives*, Francos Schüssler Fiorenza and John P. Galvin (Editors), Fortress Press, 1991, p. 5 and cobbling together writings by twelve authors, eight men and four women

[46] Bart D. Ehrman, *Apostolic Fathers, Volume I Vol. I: I Clement. II Clement. Ignatius. Polycarp*. Didache Book Series Loeb Classical Library Harvard University Press 2003

[47] Fisher, Mary Pat (2005). *Women in Religion*. New York: Pearson Longman. p. 209

[48] https://vineyardusa.org/2024annualreport/

[49] The Promise Keepers *Stand in the Gap* men's rally on the Mall in Washington D.C. in 1994 drew one million participants

[50] Today the church continues, of a Reformed Baptist persuasion.

[51] *Christianity Today,* July 10. 1987

[52] *World* magazine, April 5, 1997

[53] *Westminster Magazine*, Volume 5, Issue 1, Fall 2024, p. 86

[54] Finegan, Jack, *Encountering New Testament Manuscripts*, Eerdmans, 1974

[55] Kuo, Christopher, *In Bible Publishing Boom, All Scripture is Profitable*, in *Christianity Today*, News email, February 1, 2025

[56] F.F. Bruce, *The New Testament Documents: Are They Reliable?* p.7, (1943, 1985)

[57] F.F. Bruce, *Ibid*, p.22

[58] See my included picture of the remnants of the New River rail bridge of which the song refers

[59] Retired Music Professor Joseph Blaha of Roanoke College told me recently that he believes that Rock and Roll derives ultimately from further back than the 1940s but from songs of revolution from the Reformation (conversation on January 28, 2025).

[60] This year, 2025, Burns presents his latest mammoth project: *The American Revolution*

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Neil C. Damgaard

Raised in Annandale, Virginia, graduating from Annandale High School, Virginia Tech and Dallas Theological Seminary (twice), the author worked for Naval Sea Systems Command as an engineer, then entered vocational ministry. Serving churches in Virginia, Texas and Massachusetts he served as Senior Pastor of the Dartmouth Bible Church for 36 years and also concurrently as Protestant Chaplain for the University of Massachusetts at Dartmouth for 12 years. Married to Renée in 1975, a math teacher and legal secretary, they now live in retirement in Roanoke, Virginia. They are proud parents to two grown daughters: Jocelyn, a patent attorney for Boeing and Susanna, a labor & delivery RN (and "triple crown" hiker). They also enjoy the company of Chesty, their mini-Poodle.

BOOKS BY THIS AUTHOR

History Of Dartmouth Bible Church 1963-2013

A history of one New England church, written by one of its pastors of 36 years. 2013

Defiance At Cairo

The story of the confluence of the Damgaard and the Porch families in the time of the Second World War, 2020

Wounded Faith

Recovery and healing from spiritual abuse, 2020 (through ICSA)

Hit-G

A Christocentric sci-fi novel about New Mexico and São Paulo Brazil, 2023

Shadows Of Ravensworth

The story of the Ravensworth estate and the author's upbringing nearby, 2022

Going Home

A reflection of the primitive longings for home, 2024

For The Next Hour

A personal retridpective with reflections on the author's experience in studying at Dallas Theological Seminary, 2025

A Ghost In August

A novelette time-travel story about going back to 1862 in Annandale, Virginia, the author's home town, 2022

One Thing Leads To Another

For a love of history, its pursuit and seven areas of passion under investigation by the author, 2025

Proof